THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of C. Fred Varnum occurred from the residence of his parents, 75 Smith street, yesterday afternoon and the large attendance of relatives and friends of the deceased, testified to the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him. Rev. Dr. J. M. Greene of the Eliot church conducted the services. The bearers were six members of D Company, Second Corps Cadets, of which deceased was a member; they were Privates Edward A. Barnes, Herbert E. Nichols, Fred W. Howard, J. F. Honey, Sergt. George E. Worthen and Harry K. Noyes. There were a large number of floral tributes, the gifts of loving friends, noticeable among which were a scroll from the members of D Company and a wreath from the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Eliot church. The interment was in the Lowell cemetery.

LOCAL NOTES.

The Utopia Tennis club took supper at Lakeview, last evening and afterwards listened to "Said Pasha."

On the North common this afternoon, two teams from the Mathew Temperance Institute will play a game of ball.

The police learned yesterday afternoon that Joseph Ormond, the man who was before the court yesterday, and who refused to say a word when questioned had escaped from the insane department at Tewksbury, last Wednesday. He was sent back to that institution.

DEATHS.

Mary A. Berry, aged 40 years, daughter of Daniel A. Berry, died yesterday at her home in Tyngsboro.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Row on an Electric.

There was a lively scrimmage on the 8 30 electric car from Lakeview last evening. Among those who boarded the train were four individuals who were considerably under the influence of liquor. They created some loud talk and when near the Navy Yard began to rain blows upon each other.

It was two against two, and the pair who carried the greatest "jag" came out at the small end.

Much blood was spilled and when the car stopped at the Navy Yard the vanquished couple were removed from and taken to the house of a friend, where their wounds were dressed.

The victors continued on to Lakeview only to meet defeat. Here Frank Scott, the Dracut officer and George Dunlap were awaiting them with open arms and returned with them to the police station where they were booked for disturbing the peace and assault and battery. Their names are Joseph Kelley and Edward Denneault.

Carpet Strike Nearly Over.

There is a belief among many of the Carpet mill strikers that the company will soon come to terms and reach some agreement with the operatives. The strikers also claim that the stock of goods on hand when they left work is about run out.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

WANTED—First class dressmakers, and no others need apply, at the Dressmakers League, Associate Building, cor Worthen and Merrimack streets, where they make dresses out of the finest material at $1.00 per week instalments

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Stayner & Co., Providence, R. I.

YOUNG GIRL (clean, respectable). 12 to 14 years of age, wanted during vacation to help look after small child Apply 49 Hampshire street, piazza door.

JOHN W. McEVOY,
137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY,
107 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

WM. F. COURTNEY,
13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER,
260 Merrimack Street.
Depot Cigar Store.
All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

E. R. DONOVAN,
Office: 85 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL,
No. 97 Central Street,
Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

CHARLES H. FROST,
78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

FAY'S SCENE

It is Still Agitating the City of Manchester.

WHAT THE BROTHER HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Some Explanations in Regard to the Affair.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 7.—The abduction of Miss Mary Fay, a novice at Mt. St. Mary's convent, by her brother, Hon. Peter A. Fay, of Lowell, in this city, Thursday, occasioned a tremendous sensation which has today reached large proportions and overshadows all other subjects of discussion in public places.

Taking place as it did, on the main street of the city, in front of the largest business block in town, and in the face and eyes of hundreds of people, it could not fail to attract attention and to elicit most extravagant and sensational reports.

The young woman is now 23 years old, and first came to Manchester four years ago, at which time she entered the celebrated academy connected with Mt. St. Mary's convent.

Her people are among the wealthiest Catholic residents of Lowell, and as she is the youngest daughter she is the "baby," the pet of the family.

Naturally nothing was too good for her, and knowing by reputation of the fine school kept by the Sisters of Mercy in this city, it was decided that she should enter the institution and fit herself to occupy any position in life that might come to her.

The full term of school life in Mt. St. Mary's is seven years, but advanced pupils frequently graduate on less time, and in fact very few young ladies, unless they enter at the age of 13 or 15, ever take the full seven years' course.

Miss Fay was a remarkably bright and talented scholar, and she was only in the school two years, graduating with honor.

She oftentimes expressed herself as desirous of becoming a nun, but finding her family a unit in opposition to her desires, and receiving no encouragement from the sisters, she made application for admission to the Manchester training school, and having finished a course of a year and a half graduated from there last month, and then on Monday took at Mt. St. Mary's convent the white veil, the first step in the path of the professed.

Her brother Peter was particularly bitter against her desire to become a nun, and finally obtained from her a promise not to enter the sisterhood.

This promise it is understood Miss Fay claims, was given under duress, and therefore not binding upon her.

When Mr Fay learned of what his sister had done in joining the order, he at once sent a note to the reverend mother superior, demanding that she not only not admit his sister to the order, but that she turn her out of the convent.

To this the latter sent back word that no nun would ever be turned away from the convent, but that any sister who desired to leave could do so at any time.

This was received by Mr Fay yesterday morning, and he at once came to this city and with the sensational results already rendered.

George D. Fay, a brother of the girl and of the Hon. Peter Fay, is employed by the Granite State Provident association in this city, and in an interview today said:

"My sister Mary has not been well for some time, and what she did last Monday was done when she could not have been in her right mind.

"The young woman has an aged mother and father, four brothers and one sister.

"Our family may appear to be a large one, but not long ago three or four members died.

"My mother felt very much afflicted, and relied for comfort on her children.

"Mary was the pet of the family, and action in taking the veil in the convent in this city was a great blow to mother.

"The entire family was unanimous in its desire that Mary should not go into the convent.

"We heard about six weeks ago that Mary was talking about taking holy orders, and my brother Peter at that time came up here and had a long talk with my sister.

"She finally agreed that she would not enter the convent, and gave us her word of honor.

"Then suddenly we learned that she had taken the first veil, and I so notified the family.

"Peter at once notified the mother superior to release his sister.

"The mother wrote back that Mary was of age and could stay or leave the convent at her will, and that they never turned a nun away from the convent without that nun giving cause for such action.

"When my brother came to Manchester yesterday he was as sober as a judge.

"He is not a drinking man in the common acceptance of the term, and he surely was all right yesterday.

"It was more by advice that he did what took place yesterday. I told him to go up to the convent and try to gain admittance.

"If he failed to get in go to Varick's get a good axe and force his way in.

"If he was arrested I told him I would go on his bail immediately.

"My mother's idea was to take a carriage, take Mary from the convent and drive directly to Lowell.

"That plan was of no avail, from the fact that one of the sisters came down with my sister.

"We have never believed that Mary wanted to go into the convent, anyway, but that she was influenced to do so.

"Only a few months ago she spoke disparagingly of a friend of ours who had taken holy orders in another place, so you can see she did not know her own mind.

"Mary could have gone to Europe this summer if she desired.

"She graduated from the Lowell public high school, and we had heard so much of the excellent instruction at the convent that we concluded that it would do Mary no harm to take a two years' course.

"So we sent her to Manchester and she took the two years' course and afterwards entered the public training school to further fit herself for teaching.

"The first thing we knew there were rumors that she was going to enter the convent as a nun, and such a story proved of great concern to the family.

"Of course, we deprecate using force in the matter, but it was necessary that we should do so.

"I was in Lowell last night and saw my sister.

"She appeared very composed and cheerful, although I had not much to say to her.

"She is being closely watched, and I assure you that if she finds her way back to the convent again the same scene that was enacted yesterday will be repeated, and perhaps there will be still more trouble.

"We are very well convinced that if the authorities had had more warning at the convent that my brother was to have done what he did do, there would have been two or three men there to oppose him.

'Fortunately, circumstances helped my brother."

At the convent the affair is greatly regretted, but those in charge do not see how they are in any way to blame for what has happened.

POLITICAL CAUCUSES.

New Law the Most Important One Passed by the Legislature This Year.

The enactment of the caucus reform bill is considered to be the most important law adopted by the present legislature. There are some measures affecting corporate interests which have attracted more public attention, but the immediate and future effect of the caucus bill will be to make radical and improving changes in our election methods. A prominent politician speaking of the law says:

"Curiously enough, although the first caucus was held in Massachusetts, it has never had legal standing. Any methods acceptable to party managers were adopted in them, and it is not strange that abuses have crept in. People not especially interested in the personal fortunes of political candidates have shown their disapproval of the caucus by staying away from them. This was exactly what those who had selfish interests to serve desired. But public attention has been called to the failures and dangers of the caucus system, or rather lack of system, of late, and this new law has received the support of the public and press in a way that shows a demand for it, and indicates a public sentiment that will insist on its enforcement.

"It will take some time for the people to understand that primary political meetings are hereafter to be dignified and fair gatherings of voters, where they can have their voice and vote tell as much as on election day, but the adoption of this law marks the beginning of a great change in Massachusetts politics. There will be no backward steps taken. The history of all such movements shows that an improving election law, once adopted, it is impossible to rescind it.

"This law will require perfecting changes, as all laws do, but caucus reform has come to stay. The days of the snap caucus are numbered, and the time gone by when a committee of five chosen by the chairman, of peculiar, but convenient hearing faculties, will bring in a list of delegates. Primary meetings will, in the near future, be as much an expression of public opinion within a party as the vote on an election day in a test of it between parties.

"The caucus bill, when considered section by section, seems complicated, as all laws relating to elections do. But the provisions which are mandatory, and which affect the voters, are very simple indeed.

"Caucuses for state, congressional and county conventions must be held throughout the state on one of two consecutive days. So must caucuses to chose delegates to representative, senatorial and county conventions to be held on one of two consecutive days. Such caucuses are to be called by the state central committee at least three weeks before being held. Town and city committees must give public notice of the caucus of at least seven days, designating which of the two days the caucus shall be held, and stating time and place.

"Cities and towns must furnish polling places at the expense of the municipalities and provision is made for keeping the polls open at least 30 minutes. The remaining compulsory provisions of the bill are mainly directions to political committees. The permissive part of the bill relates mainly to the use of the Australian system of voting in caucuses as it is now used at elections.

"This portion of the bill is substantially an adaptation of the Boston caucus rules which have been found to work very satisfactorily. Of course there are some things in this measure that I would have different, but I am surprised that so good a bill has become a law. There is no more difficult legislative work than to reach an agreement on a caucus law.

"The results of a fair open political fight are decisive, because their results are accepted. But tricks and frauds in the caucuses that have been possible under the old caucus system, or rather the lack of system, invariably breed disastrous dissensions and promote party factions.

"A fair trial of this law will so change the conduct and management of primary meetings that we shall all wonder that we ever submitted to the haphazard and unfair methods which have so long prevailed in nominating candidates for public offices."

STABBING AFFRAY

Which Occurred on the South Common on the Fourth.

Henry Desmarais, Philip Dumond and Leon Dumond, lives with their wives on Davidson street, in Belvidere. On the Fourth of July the South common was the center of interest for many people, and among the throng gathered there were the above named parties.

They sought a shady spot and sat there watching the sights. Desmarais and Leon Dumond grew weary of sitting, and in order to shake off monotony started for a walk. They had proceeded but a short way when a man coming in the opposite direction bumped up against Desmarais. The latter pushed away the intruder, and pushed him away again when he returned. Desmarais then turned to go toward his wife when the stranger stabbed him with a knife, the weapon entering between the eighth and ninth ribs and making a two inch wound.

Desmarais turned around just in time to see his assailant preparing to make a second thrust. When he saw the danger of his position, he kicked the man and then went over and sat down by his wife. Pretty soon the assailant came along with another man, and pulling off his coat shouted, "There they are the ——." A crowd gathered and further trouble was avoided by the appearance of the police.

Charged With Assault.

Yesterday afternoon, Inspectors Laflamme and Allen arrested John J. Riley, who is accused by Desmarais of having committed the assault. Riley lives on Fulton street and is employed in the Massachusetts mills.

He denies all knowledge of the stabbing, and says that on the Fourth, he was on the South common with his three children.

Desmarais says that the man who assaulted him was drunk, while Riley claims he never drinks.

Hosiery Business Brisk.

Business is booming at the Lowell and Lawrence companies hosieries to all appearances.

In the former employes are working noons and overtime. The Lawrence hosiery was never putting out a larger amount of hosiery and underwear than at present. Surely the black clouds are breaking and the silver lining is being seen.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Get all your printing done at THE SUN office.

INCENDIARISM

The Desperate Resort of Misguided Strikers.

The Leaders Lose Control of Men and Lawlessness Reigns Supreme.

Deputy Marshals Use Their Revolvers With Fatal Effect in Opposing the Furious Mobs.

Mayor Hopkins Calls For More Troops and Enlarges the Police Force—Strike May Extend From Ocean to Ocean. Hordes of Firebugs Destroy Thousands of Cars and Untold Quantities of Merchandise Furnish Food For Flames. Locomotives Wrecked and Tracks Ruined—Awful Work of Mobs.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Six dead and an indefinite number of injured is the record of casualties in the strike conflicts in Chicago yesterday.

The developments of Thursday went far to convince all thinking people that the gravity of the situation had not been appreciated by the authorities or the people at large, for after 12 hours of as patient and persistent coolness and bravery under trying circumstances military officers were forced to admit that it was still a long march to peace and the resumption of unimpeded traffic on any of the railroads running out of Chicago.

The developments of Thursday night and those of yesterday have but confirmed the conviction that nothing short of an overwhelming armed force with instructions to shoot to kill can settle the trouble; or, as Colonel Crofton put it: "It has ceased to be a mere movement of troops and has become a campaign."

The local and state authorities have awakened to the critical and grave nature of the strike malady and are taking measures to apply adequate remedies. The city police force has already been recruited up to over 3000 men, and by request of Mayor Hopkins and by order of Governor Altgeld two brigades of state militia have been ordered here to aid in quelling the disturbances.

At the nation's capital, also, the fact is recognized that the prevailing conditions are entirely out of the ordinary, and that provision must be made for such a massing of fighing men as has never before been seen together in the history of this nation in time of peace, if the authority and dignity of the federation and the processes of its courts are not to be laughed to scorn for an indefinite time.

The strike infection has become so widespread and so menacing at many points that the president and his advisers believe it would be unwise to withdraw any more regular troops from the country west of Chicago. It is, therefore, in contemplation, should the forces, federal, state and government, already gathered here, be unequal to the task of restoring order, to send here the 10 companies stationed on the Canadian border in the state of New York, with the reserved intention, if circumstances demand it, of exercising the right to call for 20,000 men from the crack militia regiments of New York and Pennsylvania.

An Eventful Day.

The day in Chicago has been one of constant alarms and calling for police, deputy marshals and soldiers, here, there and everywhere, throughout that wide stretch of territory in the southern part of the city. Riot has been running rampant throughout the day; cars have been overturned, switches broken and tracks obstructed in numerous way; the torch has been applied in numerous instances to cars.

Switchtowers and the like, not to mention an attempt to fire a part of the great Armour packing places—in fact at one time the incendiary blazes followed each other with such quick succession that the fire department was put to straits to care for all of them. To add to the gravity of the situation it was found that the strikers were interfering with the police railroad and fire alarm telegraph system, and in one or two instances policemen who were using telephone calls were stoned.

On two occasions at least three attacks were met with accurately aimed lead. During a riot in the forenoon over an incoming milk train at Kensington, a deputy United States marshal shot and killed two strikers, and during the afternoon the deputies guarding an incoming Baltimore and Ohio passenger train replied to the volley of shots and stones which the strikers showered upon them by turning their revolvers loose, killing four of their assailants and wounding a number of others.

A new feature was added to the situation when a meeting of representatives of all of the bodies of organized labor in the city favored a general sympathy strike, and appointed a committee of three with full power to act, and at the same time called a meeting of all organized labor tomorrow to ratify their action.

Late in the afternoon the Second regiment state militia was ordered to the stock yards.

May Reach the Atlantic.

Of the situation in general the most significant feature of it is the carrying out of the strike east to Cleveland, tying up all the connections of the seaboard trunk lines there, with the promise that by tonight it will reach the trunk lines themselves, and so practically reach the Atlantic seaboard by tying up the railroads at Buffalo. Thus the strike would be extended from ocean to ocean.

There is no notable relief at the points placed under embargo, and the situation at Kansas City is complicated by the tying-up of the Fort Scott road, thereby involving another southwestern line.

The Pacific coast remains in paralysis, from which there are no indications of relief, and a significant note comes from Seattle, Wash., where the stevedores were called out by the chief of the Knights of Labor to prevent the unloading of a steamer from San Francisco, indicating that Sovereign's promise to Debs to help him in every way possible was no boast.

Flames Rampant.

With flaming torch lawless hordes of firebugs went to work at a score of points in the south half of Chicago.

Fires raged in every direction among the numerous railroad yards, hundreds of cars and tens of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise have already gone up in smoke or been carried off by the now frenzied mobs of rioters.

Incendiarism is rampant, alarm after alarm followed in quick succession throughout the day, and at midnight the glare reflected from the heavens showed that the dastardly pastime continued unabated. From early morning until midnight reports of fresh outrages and fires followed each other with startling rapidity, being confined, however, principally to railroad rolling stock and the buildings against which thus far the greater part of the mob's fury has been directed.

Early yesterday morning a blaze started among some overturned cars at Kensington, quickly communicated to other tracks filled with long lines of cars, many containing valuable merchandise, all of which were soon blazing furiously. Fanned by strong winds, there was at this point a total of 80 cars wiped out. At the stock yards one blaze after another was reported, and from the outlying districts came urgent calls for police protection, increasing in frequency.

A Terrible Night.

But with the falling shades of night came the climax of the fiery festival. The Pan Handle yards, from Fifty-fifth to Sixty-third streets, were a mass of fire. Ten tracks containing from 1000 to 2000 cars, half of them loaded, will be a total loss. No water being at hand, the fire must burn itself out. The Pan Handle station at Sixty-third street was also fired and destroyed.

The Grand Trunk yards at Elston was a sea of flames, 500 box cars were burned, and efforts to check the flames were futile. The flag shanties and other railroad property were also burned.

While directing the movement of the Eleventh battalion at this point, Marshal Fitzpatrick was seized by the thoroughly frenzied mob of firebugs and thrown into a pond, from which he was rescued by the police, more dead than alive.

Everything at this point will probably be a total loss. At Hyde Park, near the fair grounds, the ashes of 40 cars are now smoldering, and word has just come in that after numerous efforts the mob has succeeded in firing the Illinois Central shop at Burnside.

Fury of the Mobs.

Only one residence has been burned thus far as a direct result of the incendiaries' work, and that in one of the stock yards districts, and business buildings have escaped altogether, but the wanton destruction of railway property continues unchecked and with increasing destructiveness.

The maddened mobs, worked up to the highest pitch of fury, paralleled the scenes of the commune, and it appears as though nothing short of the miraculous can prevent an armed demonstration against them and the sacrifice of many lives.

To illustrate the tactics resorted to by the incendiaries to hamper the work of the fire department, empty cartridges were forced into the keyholes of the fire alarm boxes, firemen were knocked down with stones and bricks, and while working at the fires the horses of the department were stolen.

At midnight all the cars in the yards had been destroyed. The mob showed much method in its incendiarism and hundreds of cars were rifled and their contents carried away before the torch was applied. The loss in the Pan Handle yard is estimated at $1,200,000.

Military on Duty.

The First regiment, 750 strong, went to Hyde Park and Kensington last evening. The Second regiment, with about the same number of men, followed shortly after, being assigned to the stock yards district, under direction of Police Inspector Hunt. The Third regiment, 600 men, were placed on duty in the district north of Thirty-ninth street. The Seventh regiment, 700 men, is held in reserve, together with Battery D, at the Michigan avenue armory.

Troops are hurrying south; company after company, in heavy marching order, hurrying to the turbulent district from the center of the city.

The aggregate of the losses to the railroads will be enormous. Miles of their tracks have been ruined by the fierce heat; hundreds of switch and signal towers, with their expensive mechanism, utterly ruined; thousands of cars and untold quantities of merchandise have fed the flames and gorged the larders of thieves; valuable locomotives have been wrecked and disabled; miles of tangled wires and private poles litter the ground.

Telephone, telegraph, electric light and fire alarm wires are now the especial object of attack, the plugging of fire alarm boxes constituting a new and doubly dangerous element in the tremendous wave of incendiarism now sweeping over the southwest section of the city, preventing, as it does, notice being received of the state of affairs until a fire has attained such headway that it cannot be stopped except through lack of further material on which to feed.

Cold-Blooded Assassination.

S R. Ritchie, a special policeman, employed by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, was stoned to death by a mob at the Fifty-seventh street crossing of that road.

Ritchie, who was also a deputy sheriff, caught some boys overturning a switch shanty and compelled them to set it upright again. While he was talking to the boys a mob approached and attempted to burn the shanty.

Ritchie drew his revolver and threatened to kill the first man who approached the shanty. The mob surged around him, but he held it off until his revolver was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking him in the foot.

He was easy prey for the mob then, and they quickly had him down. They stood around his body and literally stoned him to death. His head was pounded almost to pieces. The mob finally went away leaving him for dead, but he was still alive when the police arrived. He was taken to the hospital, but died within a short time. No arrests were made.

Callaway's Coup d'Etat.

TOLEDO, July 7.—Receiver Callaway of the Clover Leaf road received a telegram signed "Committee" containing the information that the American Railway union at that place had decided to tie up his road. Mr. Callaway acted promptly and emphatically, wiring General Superintendent Mills at St. Louis to lay off every employe whose services are not actually required to run passenger trains. He also issued orders to close up every shop on the line from end to end. In explaining his action, Mr. Callaway said: "We cannot afford to spend $10 a day to earn $1 in revenue."

Loss Will Be Enormous

At the stock yards last night about 50 toughs skulked from point to point and set a large number of fires. Fires sprung up on every hand and no organized effort on the part of the police seemed to be under way to intercept them. This is the banner district of the city, if not of the entire country, for all-round toughs, and it is as much as a man's life is worth to interfere with them.

These Men Are Satisfied.

DENVER, July 7.—The Order of Railway Conductors have begun war upon E. V. Debs, his order and the strike. The first step will be to expel from the order all members who have gone out on strike on the order of Debs By their acts the striking members have weakened the influence of the order, which has always been so strong that it has never been called upon to strike in order to gain a desired point.

DENVER, July 7.—Following the example of the engineers of the Denver and Gulf system, the conductors of the Santa Fe have requested to be sworn in as deputy marshals and armed. Their desire will be complied with.

DE SOTO, Mo., July 7.—The American Railway union lodge here has surrendered its charter and will stick to work, although they are ordered out.

COLORADO CITY, Colo., July 7.—The local branch of the American Railway union has voted not to go on strike.

CLEVELAND, July 7.—Six hundred strikers on the Erie road voted to resume work today.

Cleveland to Altgeld.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Governor Altgeld of Illinois sent an extremely long dispatch to the president last night, protesting against the presence of federal troops and demanding their withdrawal. He argued that the president was going beyond his power, and intimated that in the previous reply to him (Altgeld) the points at issue were evaded.

The president wired the following reply: "While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority nor duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all in authority to restore obedience to law and to protect life and property."

Strikes In Packing Houses.

CHICAGO, July 7. — The firemen employed in the packing houses of Nelson Morris & Co., Swift & Co. and Armour & Co. struck yesterday, and were soon followed by the steamfitters in all three houses. About the same time, Armour & Co.'s teamsters refused to work longer, saying that they had been assaulted and threatened so much that they feared to take their teams.

On the Way East.

DETROIT, July 7.—Every railroad in Detroit is tied up in accordance with the action of the joint meeting of representatives of all the local brotherhoods. While there are a few dissenters among the engineers, it is believed the strike will be practically universal.

Extending South.

NASHVILLE, July 7.—It is publicly announced that all the American Railway union men at this point will go on strike. The number involved is estimated at from 1200 to 5000.

Had the Jimjams.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Otto Gudart, 36 years old, sprang from a window of a tenement while suffering from an attack of delirium tremens, and fell four stories to the sidewalk He may recover.

Held For the Grand Jury.

BOSTON, July 7.—Henry Kane, charged with causing the death of Daniel Conelly, was held without bail for the August grand jury.

UP GO PRICES.

Beef is Taking a Jump Nowadays and the Poor People Will Have to Turn Vegetarians.

A week ago a roast of beef bought by a SUN man cost 20 cents a pound; today a similar cut was quoted at 32 cents. Sirloin which sold at 22 cents is worth 28; and 25 cent steak 35 cents. Restaurants have begun to put up prices on meat. Pork has increased from three to six cents and even corn beef has risen three cents a pound.

It looks very much as if Lowell people in common with people in other places will turn vegetarians for a while.

No orders for fresh pork will be received by Boston wholesalers after today. Hams have gone up to 13½ and 14 cents per pound at wholesale in Boston, which would mean about 17 cents at retail, in Lowell. Beef at noon was reported at 40 cents for good cuts.

ON A VACATION.

Judge Frye Takes Judge Hadley's Place on the Police Court Bench.

Judge Hadley started on his vacation today and Judge Frye dispensed justice to those who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the law.

There were fourteen "drunks."

Michael Dillon was given a term of six months in the workhouse; Mary Duffy was sent to jail for two months.

A fine of $5 was imposed upon Delia Kennedy and Daniel Collins.

Two were allowed to go on probation and the others were fined $3 each.

John J. Riley who was charged with stabbing Henry Desmarais on the South common July 4, was held in $500 till next Tuesday.

Fred Whitney for non-support of his wife was placed under Officer Tuttle's care on his promise to contribute $2 each week toward the support of his family.

The case of Joseph Kelly and Edward Deneault, who were concerned in the fight on the Lakeview car at 8.30 last evening, was called. The other contestants Louis Mongeau and Nelson Dupuy were also up for trial. Dupuy's eye was fearfully blackened as a result of the "scrap."

Several conductors were called to testify. From their version of the affair it appeared that Dupuy and Mungeau provoked the assault, so they were fined $5 each and Kelly and Deneault were discharged.

"KING OF PERFUMERS."

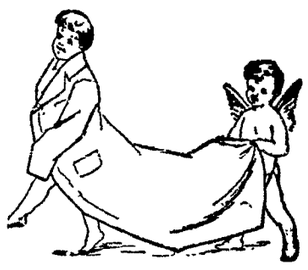
He is Introduced to the Ladies of Lowell by an Enterprising firm.

The atmosphere in O'Donnell & Gilbride's store is redolent with sweet perfume today. There is a fragrance in the air which reminds one of an orange grove, an apple orchard in bloom or a spice grove in Arabia. The reason is evident when entering the store, for there at the main entrance is a cologne stand presided over by Prof. Leon H. Meyers, "the king of perfumers" as he styles himself. The enterprising firm is always on the lookout for novelties for advertising their goods, and the attraction today and Monday is not of the ordinary sort. Prof. Leon is recommended to Lowell ladies as the finest perfumer in the country. He introduces his own perfumes in a charming style which not only gives information but fragrance. Besides giving to the ladies' samples of his goods—which include every known fragrance in perfumery—he also disposes at a sale, quantities of the cologne at surprisingly low prices. It is a long time since Lowell had a more attractive sale than that commenced today.

The License Commission.

The license commission will have a room on the third floor at city hall, adjoining the press club room. The commission will go to Worcester on Monday morning and Mayor Pickman will probably accompany it. Sometime next week the new office will be fitted up.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.



If you care just a little bit about style and goodness in clothes you'll probably come here for them.

There has to be one place in town where you can get the best, and with becoming modesty we admit that here—and here only—the best in clothing is to be had.

And there's so little difference in cost between the fashionable clothes we sell and the ordinary hackneyed ready-made that we are surprised at it ourselves.

Perhaps we ought to ask more—we've been told so—but on the whole, the "best" at fair prices has been satisfactory to our customers and ourselves.

We'll stick to it.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

GYPSIES IN HUNGARY.

They Increase In Spite of Persecution and Are Unchangeable.

In Hungary there are, according to a rough estimate, about 160,000 gypsies, vagabonds who wander about the country with their carts and horses, accompanied by their women and children, and though at one time persecuted as unbelievers and hunted to death as sorcerers and poisoners the cruel edicts which enjoined such treatment were never sympathized in by the Hungarian people. The result is that the gypsies have increased, and in their own thriftless, squalid fashion prospered, despite the hard usage they have received at the hands of their rulers.

Indeed the Hungarian kings have more than once protected them as a "poor wandering people without a country and whom all the world rejected" and granted them safe conducts to go wherever seemed good to them with their troops of donkeys and horses. Joseph II of Austria tried to settle them as agriculturists and had huts built for them. But instead of occupying the comfortable dwellings themselves they stabled their cattle in them and pitched their tents outside. Then to prevent their corn from sprouting they boiled it before sowing, and though their children were taken from them and trained up into habits of work under Magyar and German peasants these wildlings soon escaped and joined their parents without having learned anything from their forcible apprenticeship to civilization. It is affirmed that a gypsy who had actually risen to the rank of an officer in the Austrian army disappeared one day and was found six months afterward with a band of Zingari encamped on the heath.

A young Slovack peasant fell in love with and married a gypsy girl, but in his absence she escaped to the woods, and when discovered was sleeping under the skies and feeding on hedgehogs, after the fashion of the race from whom she had been taken. The Abbe Liszt, charmed with the talent for music displayed by a gypsy boy, took him to Paris and tried to train the little lad. But all in vain. The moment he saw his own people in Vienna his delight was indescribable. There was no longer any hope of keeping him under the restraint of polite life.—"Peoples of the World."

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

Bettina, the Mascot.....Miss Jennie Corea
Fiametta.....Miss Kate Powers
Frederic.....Mrs. Carrie Carvel Lloyd
Lorenzo XVII.....Raymond Hitchcock
Pippo.....John Lloyd
Rocco.....Tom Callahan
Doctor.....George Ireland
Matteo.....Peter Depew
Parafonte.....Frank Emerson
Carlo.....Miss Madeline Sandford
Macco.....Miss Edith Cinq Mars
Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.
Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 31. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of C. Fred Varnum occurred from the residence of his parents, 75 Smith street, yesterday afternoon and the large attendance of relatives and friends of the deceased, testified to the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him. Rev. Dr. J. M. Greene of the Eliot church conducted the services. The bearers were six members of D Company, Second Corps Cadets, of which deceased was a member; they were Privates Edward A. Barnes, Herbert E. Nichols, Fred W. Howard, J. F. Honey, Sergt. George E. Worthen and Harry K. Noyes. There were a large number of floral tributes, the gifts of loving friends, noticeable among which were a scroll from the members of D Company and a wreath from the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Eliot church. The interment was in the Lowell cemetery.

LOCAL NOTES.

The Utopia Tennis club took supper at Lakeview, last evening and afterwards listened to "Said Pasha."

On the North common this afternoon, two teams from the Mathew Temperance Institute will play a game of ball.

The police learned yesterday afternoon that Joseph Ormond, the man who was before the court yesterday, and who refused to say a word when questioned had escaped from the insane department at Tewksbury, last Wednesday. He was sent back to that institution.

DEATHS.

Mary A. Berry, aged 40 years, daughter of Daniel A. Berry, died yesterday at her home in Tyngsboro.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merrick sts

Row on an Electric.

There was a lively scrimmage on the 8.30 electric car from Lakeview last evening. Among those who boarded the train were four individuals who were considerably under the influence of liquor. They created some loud talk and when near the Navy Yard began to rain blows upon each other.

It was two against two, and the pair who carried the greatest "jag" came out at the small end.

Much blood was spilled and when the car stopped at the Navy Yard the vanquished couple were removed from and taken to the house of a friend, where their wounds were dressed.

The victors continued on to Lakeview only to meet defeat. Here Frank Scott, the Dracut officer and George Dunlap were awaiting them with open arms and returned with them to the police station where they were booked for disturbing the peace and assault and battery. Their names are Joseph Kelley and Edward Denneault.

Carpet Strike Nearly Over.

There is a belief among many of the Carpet mill strikers that the company will soon come to terms and reach some agreement with the operatives. The strikers also claim that the stock of goods on hand when they left work is about run out.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER.

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

WANTED—First class dressmakers, and no others need apply, at the Dressmakers League, Associate Building, cor. Worthen and Merrimack streets, where they make dresses out of the finest material at $1.00 per week instalments

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Stayner & Co., Providence, R. I.

YOUNG GIRL (clean, respectable), 12 to 14 years of age, wanted during vacation to help look after small child. Apply 49 Hampshire street, piazza door.

JOHN W. McEVOY,
137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY,
107 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

WM. F. COURTNEY,
13 and 14 Masonic Block
Attorney at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER,
200 Merrimack Street.
Depot Cigar Store.
All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

E. R. DONOVAN,
Office: 85 Gorham Street.
Constable and Auctioneer.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL,
No. 97 Central Street,
Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

CHARLES H. FROST,
78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

FAY'S SCENE

It is Still Agitating the City of Manchester.

WHAT THE BROTHER HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Some Explanations in Regard to the Affair.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 7.—The abduction of Miss Mary Fay, a novice at Mt. St. Mary's convent, by her brother, Hon. Peter A. Fay, of Lowell, in this city, Thursday, occasioned a tremendous sensation which has today reached large proportions and overshadows all other subjects of discussion in public places.

Taking place as it did, on the main street of the city, in front of the largest business block in town, and in the face and eyes of hundreds of people, it could not fail to attract attention and to elicit most extravagant and sensational reports.

The young woman is now 28 years old, and first came to Manchester four years ago, at which time she entered the celebrated academy connected with Mt. St. Mary's convent.

Her people are among the wealthiest Catholic residents of Lowell, and as she is the youngest daughter she is the "baby," the pet of the family.

Naturally nothing was too good for her, and knowing by reputation of the fine school kept by the Sisters of Mercy in this city, it was decided that she should enter the institution and fit herself to occupy any position in life that might come to her.

The full term of school life in Mt. St. Mary's is seven years, but advanced pupils frequently graduate in less time, and in fact very few young ladies, unless they enter at the age of 13 or 15, ever take the full seven years' course.

Miss Fay was a remarkably bright and talented scholar, and she was only in the school two years, graduating with honor.

She oftentimes expressed herself as desirous of becoming a nun, but finding her family a unit in opposition to her desires, and receiving no encouragement from the sisters, she made application for admission to the Manchester training school, and having finished a course of a year and a half graduated from there last month, and then on Monday took at Mt. St. Mary's convent the white veil, the first step in the path of the professed.

Her brother Peter was particularly bitter against her desire to become a nun, and finally obtained from her a promise not to enter the sisterhood.

This promise it is understood Miss Fay claims, was given under duress, and therefore not binding upon her.

When Mr Fay learned of what his sister had done in joining the order, he at once sent a note to the reverend mother superior, demanding that she not only not admit his sister to the order, but that she turn her out of the convent.

To this the latter sent back word that no nun would ever be turned away from the convent, but that any sister who desired to leave could do so at any time.

This was received by Mr. Fay yesterday morning, and he at once came to this city and with the sensational results already rendered.

George D. Fay, a brother of the girl and of the Hon. Peter Fay, is employed by the Granite State Provident association in this city, and in an interview today said:

"My sister Mary has not been well for some time, and what she did last Monday was done when she could not have been in her right mind.

"The young woman has an aged mother and father, four brothers and one sister.

"Our family may appear to be a large one, but not long ago three or four members died.

"My mother felt very much afflicted, and relied for comfort on her children.

"Mary was the pet of the family, and action in taking the veil in the convent in this city was a great blow to mother.

"The entire family was unanimous in its desire that Mary should not go into the convent.

"We heard about six weeks ago that Mary was talking about taking holy orders, and my brother Peter at that time came up here and had a long talk with my sister.

"She finally agreed that she would not enter the convent, and gave us her word of honor.

"Then suddenly we learned that she had taken the first veil, and I so notified the family.

"Peter at once notified the mother superior to release his sister.

"The mother wrote back that Mary was of age and could stay or leave the convent at her will, and that they never turned a nun away from the convent without that nun giving cause for such action.

"When my brother came to Manchester yesterday he was as sober as a judge.

"He is not a drinking man in the common acceptance of the term, and he surely was all right yesterday.

"It was more by advice that he did what took place yesterday. I told him to go up to the convent and try to gain admittance.

"If he failed to get in go to Varick's get a good axe and force his way in.

"If he was arrested I told him I would go on his bail immediately.

"My mother's idea was to take a carriage, take Mary from the convent and drive directly to Lowell.

"That plan was of no avail, from the fact that one of the sisters came down with my sister.

"We have never believed that Mary wanted to go into the convent, anyway, but that she was influenced to do so.

"Only a few months ago she spoke disparagingly of a friend of ours who had taken holy orders in another place, so you can see she did not know her own mind.

"Mary could have gone to Europe this summer if she desired.

"She graduated from the Lowell public high school, and we had heard so much of the excellent instruction at the convent that we concluded that it would do Mary no harm to take a two years' course.

"So we sent her to Manchester and she took the two years' course and afterwards entered the public training school to further fit herself for teaching.

"The first thing we knew there were rumors that she was going to enter the convent as a nun, and such a story proved of great concern to the family.

"Of course, we deprecate using force in the matter, but it was necessary that we should do so.

"I was in Lowell last night and saw my sister.

"She appeared very composed and cheerful, although I had not much to say to her.

"She is being closely watched, and I assure you that if she finds her way back to the convent again the same scene that was enacted yesterday will be repeated, and perhaps there will be still more trouble.

"We are very well convinced that if the authorities had had more warning at the convent that my brother was to have done what he did do, there would have been two or three men there to oppose him.

"Fortunately, circumstances helped my brother."

At the convent the affair is greatly regretted, but those in charge do not see how they are in any way to blame for what has happened.

POLITICAL CAUCUSES.

New Law the Most Important One Passed by the Legislature This Year.

The enactment of the caucus reform bill is considered to be the most important law adopted by the present legislature. There are some measures affecting corporate interests which have attracted more public attention, but the immediate and future effect of the caucus bill will be to make radical and improving changes in our election methods. A prominent politician speaking of the law says:

"Curiously enough, although the first caucus was held in Massachusetts, it has never had legal standing. Any methods acceptable to party managers were adopted in them, and it is not strange that abuses have crept in. People not especially interested in the personal fortunes of political candidates have shown their disapproval of the caucus by staying away from them. This was exactly what those who had selfish interests to serve desired. But public attention has been called to the failures and dangers of the caucus system, or rather lack of system, of late, and this new law has received the support of the public and press in a way that shows a demand for it, and indicates a public sentiment that will insist on its enforcement.

"It will take some time for the people to understand that primary political meetings are hereafter to be dignified and fair gatherings of voters, where they can have their voice and vote tell as much as on election day, but the adoption of this law marks the beginning of a great change in Massachusetts politics. There will be no backward steps taken. The history of all such movements shows that an improving election law, once adopted, it is impossible to rescind it.

"This law will require perfecting changes, as all laws do, but caucus reform has come to stay. The days of the snap caucus are numbered, and the time gone by when a committee of five chosen by the chairman, of peculiar, but convenient hearing faculties, will bring in a list of delegates. Primary meetings will, in the near future, be as much an expression of public opinion within a party as the vote on an election day in a test of it between parties.

"The caucus bill, when considered section by section, seems complicated, as all laws relating to elections do. But the provisions which are mandatory, and which affect the voters, are very simple indeed.

"Caucuses for state, congressional and county conventions must be held throughout the state on one of two consecutive days. So must caucuses to chose delegates to representative, senatorial and county conventions to be held on one of two consecutive days. Such caucuses are to be called by the state central committee at least three weeks before being held. Town and city committees must give public notice of the caucus of at least seven days, designating which of the two days the caucus shall be held, and stating time and place.

"Cities and towns must furnish polling places at the expense of the municipalities and provision is made for keeping the polls open at least 30 minutes. The remaining compulsory provisions of the bill are mainly directions to political committees. The permissive part of the bill relates mainly to the use of the Australian system of voting in caucuses as it is now used at elections.

"This portion of the bill is substantially an adaptation of the Boston caucus rules which have been found to work very satisfactorily. Of course there are some things in this measure that I would have different, but I am surprised that so good a bill has become a law. There is no more difficult legislative work than to reach an agreement on a caucus law.

"The results of a fair open political fight are decisive, because their results are accepted. But tricks and frauds in the caucuses that have been possible under the old caucus system, or rather the lack of system, invariably breed disastrous dissensions and promote party factions.

"A fair trial of this law will so change the conduct and management of primary meetings that we shall all wonder that we ever submitted to the haphazard and unfair methods which have so long prevailed in nominating candidates for public offices."

STABBING AFFRAY

Which Occurred on the South Common on the Fourth.

Henry Desmarais, Philip Dumond and Leon Dumond, lives with their wives on Davidson street, in Belvidere. On the Fourth of July the South common was the center of interest for many people, and among the throng gathered there were the above named parties.

They sought a shady spot and sat there watching the sights. Desmarais and Leon Dumond grew weary of sitting, and in order to shake off monotony started for a walk. They had proceeded but a short way when a man coming in the opposite direction bumped up against Desmarais. The latter pushed away the intruder, and pushed him away again when he returned. Desmarais then turned to go toward his wife when the stranger stabbed him with a knife, the weapon entering between the eighth and ninth ribs and making a two inch wound.

Desmarais turned around just in time to see his assailant preparing to make a second thrust. When he saw the danger of his position, he kicked the man and then went over and sat down by his wife. Pretty soon the assailant came along with another man, and pulling off his coat shouted, "There they are the——." A crowd gathered and further trouble was avoided by the appearance of the police.

Charged With Assault.

Yesterday afternoon, Inspectors Laflamme and Allen arrested John J. Riley, who is accused by Desmarais of having committed the assault. Riley lives on Fulton street and is employed in the Massachusetts mills.

He denies all knowledge of the stabbing, and says that on the Fourth, he was on the South common with his three children.

Desmarais says that the man who assaulted him was drunk, while Riley claims he never drinks.

Hosiery Business Brisk.

Business is booming at the Lowell and Lawrence companies hosieries to all appearances.

In the former employes are working noons and overtime. The Lawrence hosiery was never putting out a larger amount of hosiery and underwear than at present. Surely the black clouds are breaking and the silver lining is being seen.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Get all your printing done at THE SUN office.

INCENDIARISM

The Desperate Resort of Misguided Strikers.

The Leaders Lose Control of Men and Lawlessness Reigns Supreme.

Deputy Marshals Use Their Revolvers With Fatal Effect in Opposing the Furious Mobs.

Mayor Hopkins Calls For More Troops and Enlarges the Police Force—Strike May Extend From Ocean to Ocean. Hordes of Firebugs Destroy Thousands of Cars and Untold Quantities of Merchandise Furnish Food For Flames. Locomotives Wrecked and Tracks Ruined—Awful Work of Mobs.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Six dead and an indefinite number of injured is the record of casualties in the strike conflicts in Chicago yesterday.

The developments of Thursday went far to convince all thinking people that the gravity of the situation had not been appreciated by the authorities or the people at large, for after 12 hours of as patient and persistent coolness and bravery under trying circumstances military officers were forced to admit that it was still a long march to peace and the resumption of unimpeded traffic on any of the railroads running out of Chicago.

The developments of Thursday night and those of yesterday have but confirmed the conviction that nothing short of an overwhelming armed force with instructions to shoot to kill can settle the trouble; or, as Colonel Crofton put it: "It has ceased to be a mere movement of troops and has become a campaign."

The local and state authorities have awakened to the critical and grave nature of the strike malady and are taking measures to apply adequate remedies. The city police force has already been recruited up to over 3000 men, and by request of Mayor Hopkins and by order of Governor Altgeld two brigades of state militia have been ordered here to aid in quelling the disturbances.

At the nation's capital, also, the fact is recognized that the prevailing conditions are entirely out of the ordinary, and that provision must be made for such a massing of fighting men as has never before been seen together in the history of this nation in time of peace, if the authority and dignity of the federation and the processes of its courts are not to be laughed to scorn for an indefinite time.

The strike infection has become so widespread and so menacing at many points that the president and his advisers believe it would be unwise to withdraw any more regular troops from the country west of Chicago. It is, therefore, in contemplation, should the forces, federal, state and government, already gathered here, be unequal to the task of restoring order, to send here the 10 companies stationed on the Canadian border in the state of New York, with the reserved intention, if circumstances demand it, of exercising the right to call for 20,000 men from the crack militia regiments of New York and Pennsylvania.

An Eventful Day.

The day in Chicago has been one of constant alarms and calling for police, deputy marshals and soldiers, here, there and everywhere, throughout that wide stretch of territory in the southern part of the city. Riot has been running rampant throughout the day; cars have been overturned, switches broken and tracks obstructed in numerous way; the torch has been applied in numerous instances to cars.

Switchtowers and the like, not to mention an attempt to fire a part of the great Armour packing places—in fact at one time the incendiary blazes followed each other with such quick succession that the fire department was put to straits to care for all of them. To add to the gravity of the situation it was found that the strikers were interfering with the police railroad and fire alarm telegraph system, and in one or two instances policemen who were using telephone calls were stoned.

On two occasions at least three attacks were met with accurately aimed lead. During a riot in the forenoon over an incoming milk train at Kensington, a deputy United States marshal shot and killed two strikers, and during the afternoon the deputies guarding an incoming Baltimore and Ohio passenger train replied to the volley of shots and stones which the strikers showered upon them by turning their revolvers loose, killing four of their assailants and wounding a number of others.

A new feature was added to the situation when a meeting of representatives of all of the bodies of organized labor in the city favored a general sympathy strike, and appointed a committee of three with full power to act, and at the same time called a meeting of all organized labor tomorrow to ratify their action.

Late in the afternoon the Second regiment state militia was ordered to the stock yards.

May Reach the Atlantic.

Of the situation in general the most significant feature of it is the carrying out of the strike east to Cleveland, tying up all the connections of the seaboard trunk lines there, with the promise that by tonight it will reach the trunk lines themselves, and so practically reach the Atlantic seaboard by tying up the railroads at Buffalo. Thus the strike would be extended from ocean to ocean.

There is no notable relief at the points placed under embargo, and the situation at Kansas City is complicated by the tying-up of the Fort Scott road, thereby involving another southwestern line.

The Pacific coast remains in paralysis, from which there are no indications of relief, and a significant note comes from Seattle, Wash., where the stevedores were called out by the chief of the Knights of Labor to prevent the unloading of a steamer from San Francisco, indicating that Sovereign's promise to Debs to help him in every way possible was no boast.

Flames Rampant.

With flaming torch lawless hordes of firebugs went to work at a score of points in the south half of Chicago.

Fires raged in every direction among the numerous railroad yards, hundreds of cars and tens of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise have already gone up in smoke or been carried off by the now frenzied mobs of rioters.

Incendiarism in earnest, alarm after alarm followed in quick succession all day, and at midnight the glare reflected from the heavens showed that the dastardly pastime continued unabated. From early morning until midnight reports of fresh outrages and fires followed each other with startling rapidity, being confined, however, principally to railroad rolling stock and the buildings against which thus far the greater part of the mob's fury has been directed.

Early yesterday morning a blaze started among some overturned cars at Kensington, quickly communicated to other tracks filled with long lines of cars, many containing valuable merchandise, all of which were soon blazing furiously. Fanned by strong winds, there was at this point a total of 80 cars wiped out. At the stock yards one blaze after another was reported, and from the outlying districts came urgent calls for police protection, increasing in frequency.

A Terrible Night.

But with the falling shades of night came the climax of the fiery festival. The Pan Handle yards, from Fifty-fifth to Sixty-third streets, were a mass of fire. Ten tracks containing from 1000 to 2000 cars, half of them loaded, will be a total loss. No water being at hand, the fire must burn itself out. The Pan Handle station at Sixty-third street was also fired and destroyed.

The Grand Trunk yards at Elston was a sea of flames, 500 box cars were burned, and efforts to check the flames were futile. The flag shanties and other railroad property were also burned.

While directing the movement of the Eleventh battalion at this point, Marshal Fitzpatrick was seized by the thoroughly frenzied mob of firebugs and thrown into a pond, from which he was rescued by the police, more dead than alive.

Everything at this point will probably be a total loss. At Hyde Park, near the fair grounds, the ashes of 40 cars are now smoldering, and word has just come in that after numerous efforts the mob has succeeded in firing the Illinois Central shop at Burnside.

Fury of the Mobs.

Only one residence has been burned thus far as a direct result of the incendiaries' work, and that in one of the stock yards districts, and business buildings have escaped altogether, but the wanton destruction of railway property continues unchecked and with increasing destructiveness.

The maddened mobs, worked up to the highest pitch of fury, paralleled the scenes of the commune, and it appears as though nothing short of the miraculous can prevent an armed demonstration against them and the sacrifice of many lives.

To illustrate the tactics resorted to by the incendiaries to hamper the work of the fire department, empty cartridges were forced into the keyholes of the fire alarm boxes, firemen were knocked down with stones and bricks, and while working at the fires the horses of the department were stolen.

At midnight all the cars in the yards had been destroyed. The mob showed much method in its incendiarism and hundreds of cars were rifled and their contents carried away before the torch was applied. The loss in the Pan Handle yard is estimated at $1,200,000.

Military on Duty.

The First regiment, 750 strong, went to Hyde Park and Kensington last evening. The Second regiment, with about the same number of men, followed shortly after, being assigned to the stock yards district, under direction of Police Inspector Hunt. The Third regiment, 600 men, were placed on duty in the district north of Thirty-ninth street. The Seventh regiment, 700 men, is held in reserve, together with Battery D, at the Michigan avenue armory.

Troops are hurrying south; company after company, in heavy marching order, hurrying to the turbulent district from the center of the city.

The aggregate of the losses to the railroads will be enormous. Miles of their tracks have been ruined by the fierce heat; hundreds of switch and signal towers, with their expensive mechanism, utterly ruined; thousands of cars and untold quantities of merchandise have fed the flames and gorged the larders of thieves; valuable locomotives have been wrecked and disabled; miles of tangled wires and private poles litter the ground.

Telephone, telegraph, electric light and fire alarm wires are now the especial object of attack, the plugging of fire alarm boxes constituting a new and doubly dangerous element in the tremendous wave of incendiarism now sweeping over the southwest section of the city, preventing, as it does, notice being received of the state of affairs until a fire has attained such headway that it cannot be stopped except through lack of further material on which to feed.

Cold-Blooded Assassination.

S. R. Ritchie, a special policeman, employed by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, was stoned to death by a mob at the Fifty-seventh street crossing of that road.

Ritchie, who was also a deputy sheriff, caught some boys overturning a switch shanty and compelled them to set it upright again. While he was talking to the boys a mob approached and attempted to burn the shanty.

Ritchie drew his revolver and threatened to kill the first man who approached the shanty. The mob surged around him, but he held it off until his revolver was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking him in the foot.

He was easy prey for the mob then, and they quickly had him down. They stood around his body and literally stoned him to death. His head was pounded almost to pieces. The mob finally went away leaving him for dead, but he was still alive when the police arrived. He was taken to the hospital, but died within a short time. No arrests were made.

Callaway's Coup d'Etat.

TOLEDO, July 7.—Receiver Callaway of the Clover Leaf road received a telegram signed "Committee" containing the information that the American Railway union at that place had decided to tie up his road. Mr. Callaway acted promptly and emphatically, wiring General Superintendent Mills at St. Louis to lay off every employe whose services are not actually required to run passenger trains. He also issued orders to close up every shop on the line from end to end. In explaining his action, Mr. Callaway said: "We cannot afford to spend $10 a day to earn $1 in revenue."

Loss Will Be Enormous.

At the stock yards last night about 50 toughs skulked from point to point and set a large number of fires. Fires sprung up on every hand and no organized effort on the part of the police seemed to be under way to intercept them. This is the banner district of the city, if not of the entire country, for all-round toughs, and it is as much as a man's life is worth to interfere with them.

These Men Are Satisfied.

DENVER, July 7.—The Order of Railway Conductors have begun war upon E. V. Debs, his order and the strike. The first step will be to expel from the order all members who have gone out on strike on the order of Debs. By their acts the striking members have weakened the influence of the order, which has always been so strong that it has never been called upon to strike in order to gain a desired point.

DENVER, July 7.—Following the example of the engineers of the Denver and Gulf system, the conductors of the Santa Fe have requested to be sworn in as deputy marshals and armed. Their desire will be complied with.

DE SOTO, MO., July 7.—The American Railway union lodge here has surrendered its charter and will stick to work, although they are ordered out.

COLORADO CITY, COLO., July 7.—The local branch of the American Railway union has voted not to go on strike.

CLEVELAND, July 7.—Six hundred strikers on the Erie road voted to resume work today.

Cleveland to Altgeld.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Governor Altgeld of Illinois sent an extremely long dispatch to the president last night, protesting against the presence of federal troops and demanding their withdrawal. He argued that the president was going beyond his power, and intimated that in the previous reply to him (Altgeld) the points at issue were evaded.

The president wired the following reply: "While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority nor duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all in authority to restore obedience to law and to protect life and property."

Strikes In Packing Houses.

CHICAGO, July 7. — The firemen employed in the packing houses of Nelson Morris & Co., Swift & Co. and Armour & Co. struck yesterday, and were soon followed by the steamfitters in all three houses. About the same time, Armour & Co.'s teamsters refused to work longer, saying that they had been assaulted and threatened so much that they feared to take their teams.

On the Way East.

DETROIT, July 7.—Every railroad in Detroit is tied up in accordance with the action of the joint meeting of representatives of all the local brotherhoods. While there are a few dissenters among the engineers, it is believed the strike will be practically universal.

Extending South.

NASHVILLE, July 7.—It is publicly announced that all the American Railway union men at this point will go on strike. The number involved is estimated at from 1200 to 5000.

Had the Jimjams.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Otto Gudarl, 86 years old, sprang from a window of a tenement while suffering from an attack of delirium tremens, and fell four stories to the sidewalk. He may recover.

Held For the Grand Jury.

BOSTON, July 7.—Henry Kane, charged with causing the death of Daniel Conally, was held without bail for the August grand jury.

UP GO PRICES.

Beef is Taking a Jump Nowadays and the Poor People Will Have to Turn Vegetarians.

A week ago a roast of beef bought by a SUN man cost 20 cents a pound; today a similar cut was quoted at 22 cents. Sirloin which sold at 22 cents is worth 28; and 25 cent steak 35 cents. Restaurants have begun to put up prices on meat. Pork has increased from three to six cents and even corn beef has risen three cents a pound.

It looks very much as if Lowell people in common with people in other places will turn vegetarians for a while.

No orders for fresh pork will be received by Boston wholesalers after today. Hams have gone up to 13¾ and 14 cents per pound at wholesale in Boston, which would mean about 17 cents at retail in Lowell. Beef at noon was reported at 40 cents for good cuts.

ON A VACATION.

Judge Frye Takes Judge Hadley's Place on the Police Court Bench.

Judge Hadley started on his vacation today and Judge Frye dispensed justice to those who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the law.

There were fourteen "drunks."

Michael Dillon was given a term of six months in the workhouse; Mary Duffy was sent to jail for two months.

A fine of $5 was imposed upon Delia Kennedy and Daniel Collins.

Two were allowed to go on probation and the others were fined $3 each.

John J. Riley who was charged with stabbing Henry Desmarais on the South common July 4, was held in $500 till next Tuesday.

Fred Whitney for non-support of his wife was placed under Officer Tuttle's care on his promise to contribute $2 each week toward the support of his family.

The case of Joseph Kelly and Edward Deneault, who were concerned in the fight on the Lakeview car at 8.30 last evening, was called. The other contestants Louis Mongeau and Nelson Dupuy were also up for trial. Dupuy's eye was fearfully blackened as a result of the "scrap."

Several conductors were called to testify. From their version of the affair it appeared that Dupuy and Mongeau provoked the assault, so they were fined $5 each and Kelly and Deneault were discharged.

"KING OF PERFUMERS."

He is Introduced to the Ladies of Lowell by an Enterprising Firm.

The atmosphere in O'Donnell & Gilbride's store is redolent with sweet perfume today. There is a fragrance in the air which reminds one of an orange grove, an apple orchard in bloom or a spice grove in Arabia. The reason is evident when entering the store, for there at the main entrance is a cologne stand presided over by Prof. Leon H. Meyers, "the king of perfumers" as he styles himself. The enterprising firm is always on the lookout for novelties for advertising their goods, and the attraction today and Monday is not of the ordinary sort. Prof. Leon is recommended to Lowell ladies as the finest perfumer in the country. He introduces his own perfumes in a charming style which not only gives information but fragrance. Besides giving to the ladies' samples of his goods—which include every known fragrance in perfumery—he also disposes at a sale, quantities of the cologne at surprisingly low prices. It is a long time since Lowell had a more attractive sale than that commenced today.

The License Commission.

The license commission will have a room on the third floor at city hall, adjoining the press club room. The commission will go to Worcester on Monday morning and Mayor Pickman will probably accompany it. Something next week the new office will be fitted up.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.

If you care just a little bit about style and goodness in clothes you'll probably come here for them.

There has to be one place in town where you can get the best, and with becoming modesty we admit that here—and here only—the best in clothing is to be had.

And there's so little difference in cost between the fashionable clothes we sell and the ordinary hackneyed ready-made that we are surprised at it ourselves.

Perhaps we ought to ask more—we've been told so—but on the whole, the "best" at fair prices has been satisfactory to our customers and ourselves.

We'll stick to it.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

GYPSIES IN HUNGARY.

They Increase In Spite of Persecution and Are Unchangeable.

In Hungary there are, according to a rough estimate, about 100,000 gypsies, vagabonds who wander about the country with their carts and horses, accompanied by their women and children, and though at one time persecuted as unbelievers and hunted to death as sorcerers and poisoners the cruel edicts which enjoined such treatment were never sympathized in by the Hungarian people. The result is that the gypsies have increased, and in their own thriftless, squalid fashion prospered, despite the hard usage they have received at the hands of their rulers.

Indeed the Hungarian kings have more than once protected them as a "poor wandering people without a country and whom all the world rejected" and granted them safe conducts to go wherever seemed good to them with their troops of donkeys and horses. Joseph II of Austria tried to settle them as agriculturists and had huts built for them. But instead of occupying the comfortable dwellings themselves they stabled their cattle in them and pitched their tents outside. Then to prevent their corn from sprouting they boiled it before sowing, and though their children were taken from them and trained up into habits of work under Magyar and German peasants these wildlings soon escaped and joined their parents without having learned anything from their forcible apprenticeship to civilization. It is affirmed that a gypsy who had actually risen to the rank of an officer in the Austrian army disappeared one day and was found six months afterward with a band of Zingari encamped on the heath.

A young Slovack peasant fell in love with and married a gypsy girl, but in his absence she escaped to the woods, and when discovered was sleeping under the skies and feeding on hedgehogs, after the fashion of the race from whom she had been taken. The Abbe Liszt, charmed with the talent for music displayed by a gypsy boy, took him to Paris and tried to train the little lad. But all in vain. The moment he saw his own people in Vienna his delight was indescribable. There was no longer any hope of keeping him under the restraint of polite life.—"Peoples of the World."

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

Bettina, the Mascot.....Miss Jessie Cozen
Fiametta.....Miss Kate Powers
Frederic.....Mrs. Carrie Carvel Lloyd
Lorenzo XVII.....Raymond Hitchcock
Pippo.....[illegible]
Rocco.....Tom Callahan
Doctor.....George Ireland
Matteo.....Peter Depew
Parafonte.....Frank Emerson
Carlo.....Miss Madeline Sandford
Maeco.....Miss Edith Cleg Mare
Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.
Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

A SHAM UNMASKED.

A Model Town and Exemplary Lord Found to be Frauds.

The Feudal System Transplanted to Illinois and Nutured Under the Cloak of Philanthropy—A Man Who Buys Titles and Starves His Employees.

In the Anthropological building at Jackson park last summer there was on exhibition a model of a model town. There were, in miniature, white streets, convenient market buildings, graceful theaters, neat churches, exemplary schoolhouses, rows of green trees, plots of soft grass, straight lines of cottages "containing all the modern improvements" of a town which is more or less known in all parts of the world. It attracted the attention of thousands of visitors as illustrating the possibilities in the way of a perfect workingman's town.

At various periods also the leading magazines of the country have printed elaborate articles on the same town, with excellent illustrations and full description of the plans and workings of the enterprise. Many people entering Chicago from that direction, riding through the well laid out village, have admired its beauty and applauded its founder. This great man, who has been heralded throughout the world as a philanthropist and a benefactor of his race, is George M. Pullman, and the town, named after him, is Pullman.

A few people have always understood the true inwardness of this apparent philanthropic scheme. But today the roof is being removed from the pretty eleemosynary enterprise and an inclosed bit of old feudalist slavery opened to the gaze of the world, as despotic and oppressive as any that ever existed. Pullman is a wise man. He did not pose as a philanthropist, but simply disdained to refuse the soft mantle when others threw it around him. He knew how to roll up money faster, to get greater results out of working men in less time and for less expenditure, than any other man that ever tried it. That was all.

The town of Pullman is very pretty to look at. The streets are smooth and clean, the public buildings are of the best architectural order and placed where they are most convenient to the resident streets around them, the cottages are neat and conveniently arranged, and there is plenty of good light and air. The citizens have every appearance of actually enjoying the benefits of civilization as well as their employers. If people could live, toil and keep well on light, air and architectural beauty, this might be a happy village. But, alas! its actual condition is far from happy.

The Pullman company owns every inch of the place, streets, parks, halls, theater, churches, homes and all. Not a spot of land is for sale or could be bought at any price. When it was first laid out, workingmen from all parts of the country were induced to come to it by promise of high wages and homes in as beautiful a place as common laborers should expect to enjoy. The first thing each man had to do on entering the employ of the company was to sign a paper called an "application sheet," but which was in reality a "cutthroat" lease—a bond of slavery secured by a threat of starvation and homelessness. He was then given the choice of houses at rates that would startle him even in the center of Chicago—for instance, three small rooms for $14, besides 60 cents a month for the use of a faucet which three other families used and paid for, and gas at the same exorbitant rate.

The wages out of which these expenses must be paid have never amounted to $5 a day to any actual laborer, as was in the first place promised. A fine steel toolmaker used to receive $2.50 a day. His wages have been slashed little by little until during the past year he has received no more than $1.85 a day—$13 a month. Less than $27 had to feed, clothe and educate a family for a month. Hardworking men require an abundance of nourishing food, but one can imagine whether these had it, with families of five and six on their hands. It is an actual fact that for the last two years the dinner pails of these skilled, hardworking men have not contained sufficient food to keep the pangs of hunger from tormenting them all day long as they toiled. Their children have not been able to remain in school for want of books and clothing. Their cottages are bare of furniture. Many and many a stove in the sitting rooms of these homes remained black and cold all last winter, while never a light glowed from the front windows to brighten the streets of the "model town." Many and many a child and feeble old father or mother shivered through the dreary winter months for want of sufficient warm clothing and fires at the very time the head of the household was toiling with all his wonderful skill and strength for their support. This is true of the better paid workmen—those who aspired to live respectably and scorned the idea of ever receiving charity. What must have been the conditions of the cheaper laborers—those who at first received $1.50 per day, then $1.25, then $1.10 and finally were compelled to work and subsist on 90 cents a day? It is too harrowing to try to picture. The workingman who by any misfortune or sickness failed to earn his monthly pittance and deliver over the periodical price levied on him for existing has been mercilessly set out in the street with his family and belongings to die there, to lose his little property or to live as best he could.

Just outside the property of the Pullman company good cottages and flats rent from $8 to $12 a month. Had one of the employees rented one of these he would have been discharged the next day. "It was not a threat; it was simply understood," said one workingman. The company carefully evaded the state laws against the truck system. The employee actually held in his hand for the period of about two minutes checks to the full amount of his wages. There were two—one had to be indorsed and passed in at another window for rent, water and light before the holder went out of the office; the other must settle accounts at the store or not another item would be credited. Many a time there would not be a cent remaining out of a month's hard toil. Ostensibly the stores were not owned by the company. In reality they were and are completely under its control.

Article 5, under such a condition of affairs, the men came to a point where it was a question whether it were better to work and starve or lie idle and run the risk of starving. They have chosen the latter. The works at Pullman are silent and black, the men wander sadly about the streets, and palefaced women and children wait sorrowfully but patiently at home. Great, strong men go meekly up to the relief quarters and receive a few pounds of flour and bits of meat from the charitable white hands of women who never did anything useful before. They are peaceable and patient. They say they will protect Pullman's property at the risk of their lives; that they will be the first and fiercest to avenge a violent act against him or his possessions, and so they await the time that he, with his limitless wealth and unchecked arrogance, will be subdued and yield to their respectful demands.

Meanwhile Mr. Pullman, calmly secure in his faith in the fealty of his subjects, scarcely bothers himself about the strike. He has become, through the labor of his men, so rich that he cannot count his wealth. He loves the country that protects him in his methods of accumulating property so little that he went abroad and bought a bauble of a title from a corrupt old monarchy and proverbially seeks luxurious ways of spending his money in foreign lands. Yet, so sure is he of the meek respectfulness of the American workingman, so disdainful is he of their interests, that he will not even confer with them and pushes temptation in their way by running his property under their very noses with no other protection but what he expects from them. And the men remain quiet and firm, saying, "We will stand out until charity and health desert us or the company comes to terms, even if Pullman is made a pauper."

It may be that men really expect to reduce such a man to pauperism by such means. It may be considered more "American" for strong, skillful men to receive charity humbly from relief quarters than to bravely fight for their own by any means in their power. But when one considers what our forefathers, who laid the foundations of all that is "American," would have done under such conditions a reasonable doubt cannot but creep in.

There is an almost unexpressed acknowledgment of a terrible, a dangerous state of affairs all over the industrial world in the attitude of the plutocratic classes; almost an appeal for mercy in the wise sounding advice given to striking workmen to refrain from violence; a guilty, terror stricken undertone in all recent discussions on economics. There is no stability in existing systems. Working people may for some time yet be kept quiet under injustice by the cry of law and order. But it depends on the wisdom and farsightedness of the wealthy employing classes; the possibilities of a peaceful solution lie with them.

The giant labor will not always sleep.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Slavery of Two Kinds.

Yes, there is a difference between the great American freeman who works for wages and the chattel slave of long ago.

The master had to feed, clothe and care for the slave whether he had work or not. They don't have to do that with the wage slave.

The master had to hunt up slaves and buy them. The wage slaves hunt up a master and offer themselves for a bare existence.

The black slave was put up to the highest bidder. The wage slave puts himself up and underbids his fellows for the privilege of work.

The black slave never had any fear of want. The wage slave lives in continued dread of it.

The slave had a permanent job at a certain price. The wage slave never has a permanent job and at an ever decreasing pay.

The black slave was seldom overworked to his injury. The wage slave is habitually worked to the uttermost, regardless of health.

The black slave was never forced to imperil his life in battle—the master did the fighting. The wage slave is hired to go out and get shot when the employers have a difficulty.

Yes, there is a difference, but altogether in the favor of chattel slavery.

Great, free Americans! Well, just a few.—Coming Nation.

Where the Real Danger Is.

Now that Coxey and Browne and Christopher Columbus Jones have been made the victims of every indignity to which the law subjects felons and persons guilty of infamous crimes, now that they have been dragged through the streets of the nation's capital in irons, hauled to jail in the black maria and put to work on the governmental stone pile, it is likely that the timorous legislators and officials at Washington, who have been in a blue funk ever since the commonweal got east of the Ohio river, may regain courage, unbar their doors and come out into the light again. But persons of clearer vision will see in this cavalier treatment of the commonweal leaders on the part of the government much more of real danger to republican institutions and to the country than was threatened in Coxey's army or Coxey's desire to make a speech within the sacred precincts of the capitol grounds.—Chicago Times.

Calls For Special Notice.

The spectacle of a rich corporation voluntarily and unexpectedly advancing the wages of its employees is so rare that it calls for special notice. The company operating the Third avenue traction railway is credited with such generosity. The reported advance of wages to conductors and motormen is a little more than 11 per cent, and it will benefit about 500 men.

Other corporations employing large numbers of workers might profitably study the effect of this experiment. It is said that the employees of the road are not only highly pleased by the considerateness of the company, but that they are profuse in expressions of fealty to its interests. This feeling is a natural result of fair and generous treatment. Let employees understand that their work is appreciated, and that their employers are willing to live up to the profession that "labor and capital are one," and the era of strikes will end.

As a rule, however, there is proof of the fitness of the saying that "corporations have no souls." The cardinal principle usually is, "The most work for the least wages." A depression in value is seized upon as an excuse for reducing wages, but an advance brings no voluntary offer of higher pay for labor. Workingmen rarely get advances without fighting for them.—New York News.

Conspiring Against the Law.

The Ellis island authorities have discovered what they believe to be a well planned and systematic conspiracy on the part of one of the large transatlantic steamship companies to evade the immigration laws and assist alien steerage passengers who would not be allowed to land into this country.

The company alleged to have offended is the Netherlands-American Steamship Navigation company, whose vessels carry the United States mail and sail from Amsterdam and Rotterdam, touching at Boulogne, France. This company, the Ellis island officials assert, has, through its employees on the steamship Amsterdam, instructed immigrants who were not properly qualified to pass the examination of the immigration inspector how to answer the questions put to them and mislead the officials.

This instruction, it is alleged, consists of a set of questions and answers formulated more particularly to evade the provisions of the contract labor law. A class of ineligible immigrants is alleged to have been formed, and its members required to learn these questions and answers both in English and German.

What Is a Sweater?

The word "sweater" derives its origin from the Anglo-Saxon word swat and means the separation or extraction of toil from others for one's own benefit. Any person who employs others to extract from them surplus labor without compensation is a sweater. A middleman sweater is a person who acts as contractor of such labor for another man. The position becomes aggravated when the middleman sweater, as is usually the case in the modern sweatshop, employs the labor himself at his own house for the purpose of extracting a double amount of labor either by lowering wages or working longer hours.

An English writer gives this definition of the sweating system: "One whereby the middleman tries to get the largest profit with the least labor and outlay out of the maximum labor of his workers." Another gives three definitions: "First, one who grinds the face of the poor; second, a man who contributes neither capital, skill nor speculation and yet gets a profit; third, a middleman." Still another describes it as a systematized payment of unfair wages.—Rev. Louis A. Banks.

Their Interests Are the Same.

It is absurd to talk of any large body of American or Irish-American citizens hating the English or any other people. Whatever governments may have done in the past, the interests of "the people" in every country are the same. They all desire to live out their span of life as comfortably as may be. The American workman who lives by his brain or his hands is not gratified to know that his fellow laborer in Great Britain is suffering from hard times. The mechanic in Leeds or Sheffield is not the happier because the mechanic in New York or Pittsburg is enduring the miseries of a strike or a lockout.

The interest of one workman is the interest of all workmen the world over, and as labor is the lot of 90 per cent of the world's population it is an impudent falsehood to proclaim that the people of any one country entertain bad or bitter feeling toward the people of any other country.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Principles of the "Labor Church."

Lynn, Mass., has a "labor church," founded by the Rev. Herbert N. Casson. Its principles are these.

First—God is the cause and strength of the labor movement, and whatever institution or individual opposes the labor movement opposes him.

Second—All who are working for the abolition of wage slavery are, consciously or unconsciously, working together with him, and are therefore members of the real church.

Third—The improvement of personal character and of social conditions are both necessary to secure freedom from moral and social bondage.

Fourth—All that is good in the present Christian church and in the history of our country is on the side of the workingman in his struggle for justice and brotherhood.

The Pressing Problem.

In a speech in London recently Lord Salisbury said that among the many problems which were pressing for solution the labor problem was perhaps the most conspicuous. It was causing general uneasiness and anxiety. While the population of the country grew constantly, the means of employment did not increase with equal rapidity.

A Short Creed.

A young man said to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then," said the doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."—A. Helps.

A Negative Victory.

Bates—Do you try to break your boy's will?

Rates—No; it's all I can do to break his won't!—Kate Field's Washington.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR AN APPETIZING DISH.

Various Recipes for Domestic Use—How to Restore Faded Writing—Cleaning Oil Paintings.

Select tomatoes of a full, firm texture. Remove the seeds, cutting a little cap off the top of the tomato to get to the inside. A little vegetable scoop, such as is used to cut potatoes in balls, is just as good as anything to remove the seeds of the tomatoes with.

When the tomatoes are emptied, prepare a chicken forcemeat by pounding to a paste any bits of chicken you may have in the house. Either cooked or raw meat may be used for the purpose.

Add as much bread crumbs soaked in milk as there is meat, and to every cup of this mixture an egg yolk and a saltspoonful of fresh butter, with salt and pepper to the taste. A little nutmeg may be added, and if the forcemeat is not moist enough a little white stock may be used. To every cup of forcemeat also add half a teaspoonful of onion juice, 6 chopped mushrooms and the juice and pulp of the tomatoes which have been scooped out, rejecting the seeds. Lay over them the covers or caps which have been removed from the tomatoes and set the tomatoes in a deep porcelain lined baking dish and cook them for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

How to Keep Icing From the Sides of Cakes.

To prevent icing running down the sides of a cake, cut a strip of stiff cream laid writing paper about 1½ inches wide and pin it tightly and evenly round the sides of the cake, so that the top edge is a quarter of an inch—or more, if you wish thicker icing—above the top of the cake all round. Fill in with icing, which should be fairly stiff, smooth over the top, stand in a cool oven, and when set carefully remove the paper.

How to Prevent Dust In Carpets.

When putting down carpets in rooms that are much used, it is a good plan to spread newspapers over the floors, then take clean straw and scatter it evenly over the papers, and then put your carpet down. It will let the dust through on the paper, and clouds of dust will not follow the broom on sweeping day. The carpets will last longer with this lining than with any other, and when you take them up again you will find the dust lodged on the papers, and if carefully removed to the rubbish pile you will avoid filling your lungs with poisonous dust, as but little will be found on sweeping the floors. In putting down carpets in spare rooms, where they are not likely to be taken up very often, it is an excellent plan to scatter smoking tobacco over the paper to guard against moths and the buffalo bug. This is a sure preventive against the attacks of moths, and carpets may be safely left down in spare rooms for a number of years.

How to Make Paper Hangers' Paste.

To make a bucket of paste, take about 4 pounds of sifted wheat flour and stir in enough lukewarm water to make a stiff batter. Keep on stirring until all lumps disappear and the batter is smooth; then pour in boiling hot water briskly until the batter swells and has a cooked appearance. When ready to use, thin down with cold water until it can be spread on the paper easily. Some paper hangers add about 2 ounces of powdered alum, but do not use alum in paste when made for felts or solid gold grounds. To make rye flour paste, mix enough sifted rye flour with cold water to get the consistency of cream. Stir until all lumps disappear; then place on fire to boil. Keep stirring until it thickens and becomes yellowish in color. When cool, add enough cold water until quite thin. Do not use until cold.

How to Clean Oil Paintings.

First rub the painting well with good whisky, which will make the varnish come off in froth; then wash well with cold water, and when dry varnish again. This process will restore the picture to its original color unless it is very old. Keep the picture covered from dust until the varnish is dry. This work should never be attempted by an amateur.

How to Restore Faded Writing.

Faded ink on old documents, papers, parchments, etc., may be restored to be perfectly legible. Moisten the paper with water and then pass over the lines a brush which has been wet with a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The restored writing will remain on parchment, but on paper it will again fade away. A fresh application of the mixture will restore it. Writing in ordinary ink which has been rendered illegible by age may be restored by carefully moistening it with an infusion of gall or a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid. Apply the liquid carefully, so as not to spread the ink.

How to Utilize Cold Joints.

If there are any remains of cold game or fowl of any kind in the house, cut them into neat pieces or joints, make small incisions in the flesh and rub them over with melted butter, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Lay them on a gridiron that has been rubbed with a piece of fat and broil over a clear fire for eight minutes. Put on a hot dish and rub each piece over with butter, into which has been worked a small quantity of dry mustard.

Riding Down Butterflies.

I saw while riding to Muzart pass some fine exhibitions of horsemanship. One of my escort was a Mantchu, who one day stood at his horse's shoulder, and without putting his hand thereon leaped from the ground clean into his saddle. On another occasion I lent them butterfly nets to catch specimens of lepidoptera.

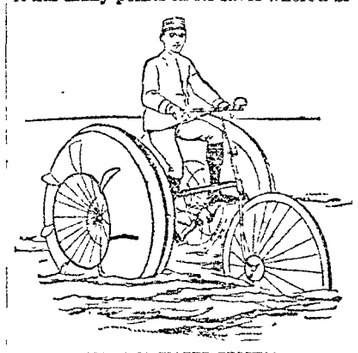
The novelty of the occupation quite took their fancy, and in Chinese top boots and queerly cut trousers they rushed hither and thither, with hats blown off and pigtails flying, now toppling over and next lying down to pant for breath. Subsequently they took to butterfly catching on horseback over ground not only rough with rocky debris fallen from the mountains, but covered with bushes, among which they spurred hero and there in a style compared to which polo on a level sward is child's play.—Good Words.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THREE WHEELED MACHINE FOR LOCOMOTION AT SEA.

A Tricycle for Use on the Ocean Invented by a German—Destined to Become Popular.

The tricycle to ride on water was the natural outcome of the tricycle for road riding, which machine made a strong bid for public favor in England when the bicycle came into general use in 1876. The rather cumbersome three wheeled machine, however, had to give way to the bicycle, and it is today practically out of date, so far as road traveling is concerned, although there has been quite a splurge made with it on the water as a means of locomotion and pleasure. For this purpose it has many points in its favor where a bicycle would have none unless linked to a cumbersome system of boat. One of the latest novelties in this direction is the land and water tricycle of Mr. George Pinkert of Germany.



LAND AND WATER TRICYCLE

The machine consists of a front steering wheel, which is made of thin steel plates and is 16 inches wide at the axle, forming a lens shaped, airtight vessel of great buoyancy. The edge of this is fitted with a concave metal rim and a rubber tire for running on land, the keel, so to speak, becoming the tire. The two large propelling wheels are composed of a circular tube of steel plate, forming an airtight ring about 4 feet in diameter, connected with the nave of the axle by means of steel spokes and fitted with paddles on either side of the outer circumference. It is like the paddle wheel of a steamboat, having a solid core running through the center of the wheel, to which the paddles are attached, instead of to the two side rims as in the steamboat. Outside of the airtight core, and attached to it by steel rods, is an ordinary concave metal bicycle rim fitted with a hard rubber tire.

In all other respects the tricycle is an ordinary one, having the seat over the axle, between the two wheels, which are rather wide apart for the purpose of giving more stability by the greater beam. At a recent trial in the Munich baths the speed of over six miles an hour was obtained.

As far back as 1882 a man named Kunan of Brussels invented a machine which was well tested in the smooth water of a bath, and was, on the 28th of July, ridden across the English channel by an Englishman named Terry. Dover was left at 9 a. m., and Calais was reached in less than eight hours, the rider being almost exhausted by the leeway made by his machine. The total distance traveled by Terry was estimated to be nearly 80 miles. The machine he rode was a high standing one, the wheels being 50 inch, this being before the day of the low wheeled "safety," and so the wind had a considerable effect on it and carried the rider far out of his course. The New York Sun, authority for the foregoing, says that Uncle Sam has not been behindhand in the matter of water tricycles, and no less than 10 of various designs have been patented and tried with more or less success in America. Some are for smooth water and some for rough water at sea, the latter being fitted with boats on the catamaran style.

How to Make a Cellar Waterproof.

To construct a cellar so as to be waterproof a writer in an exchange advises that the floor be first covered with cement, the walls built thereon laid in cement and the exterior of the walls covered with cement. This makes practically a water tight basin. The cement used must be the best portland cement, one part; clean sharp sand, one part. After a cellar is built it is not so easy to make it waterproof. Still it can be done. Cover the exterior of the wall with the above cement, ditto the bottom, and work the cement in under the bottom of the wall. If these directions are followed, you will succeed. But if cheap materials are used and the work badly done you will be sure to fail. The drain put around the outside of the wall, or even inside, below the cellar floor, may be efficient in carrying off the water if you can give it a good delivery.

The Weight of the Brain.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces, of a female is two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.—Popular Science News.

A White Baboon.

A white baboon has recently arrived in England and is located at Bedford. His photograph was secured after the expenditure of much time and patience, owing to his particularly savage and restless nature, but at last, under the soothing influence of a bottle of milk, a negative was obtained. This full grown male baboon, standing between three and four feet high, was captured from his mother after an exciting chase by some Trek Boers in the Murchisa range, district of Johannesberg, South Africa, some two years ago, and after being reared in that country has been brought to England by his present owner. During the voyage he suffered severely from seasickness, but since his arrival he has quite regained his activity and health. His skin and hair are perfectly white, and it is claimed that he is the only white baboon of which there is any authentic record.

THE WHITE BABOON ENJOYING HIS MILK.

An officer in the British service in India has invented an apparatus for reducing the vibrations of railway carriages so that invalids may be transported with less discomfort than hitherto.

Another Business Entirely.

"Couldn't you give me an engagement after I have studied some more?" said the young man who sings.

"Possibly," replied the manager.

"And could—could you lend me have $10 on account?"

"I'd like to, but it's out of my line. I am not prepared to discount promissory notes."—Washington Star.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NEW NOTIONS IN COTTON FABRICS AND DRAPERIES.

Convenient Method of Making Jelly—Chester Cotton and Cretonne Lead in Draperies.

The one peculiar characteristic of summer hangings is lightness of weight. Whether one has hundreds of dollars to expend or ten, makes only the difference between choosing silk or cotton stuffs. The colors, the variety, the beauty of pattern are the same in all. Material at 25 cents a yard, if well selected, will give as good color effect as that at $2.50, according to The Decorator and Furnisher, in which occur the following notes: Cotton and jute are most in use for low priced goods; silk and silk and cotton for those of greater value. Wool is not found at all, even as a filling or woof. The old notion that cotton could not be permanently dyed has been proved false again and again. Manufacturers now claim that it makes a better filling for fine class goods than either wool or linen, and that quite alone it is capable of doing excellent service. Certainly it is cooler by far than any fabric which contains even a minimum of wool and is eminently desirable for summer use.

Chester cotton and cretonne take and deserve the highest place among cottage and bedroom draperies and can be found in all colors and all designs. The former deserves a much more general recognition than it has obtained. It costs only 15 or 20 cents a yard, yet is thoroughly good in color and artistic in design and will launder without a vestige of change. For pillows and cushions it is perfect and for bedroom curtains can be made as charming as can be by lining either with itself or with fine silesia of a flat tone.

Thin silks or Japanese and Chinese silks can be found in all grades and all prices. They are delightful, as all such soft, clinging things must always be, and they make ideal pillow covers, but are hardly suitable for hangings unless they serve as lining for some more stable stuff. Many firms in filling orders, where economy is no object, use cretonne or other cotton stuffs for the curtain proper and one of these silks for the lining. The effect is, of course, charming, and the hanging takes folds such as nothing less pliable would yield.

In Canning Time.

It may be news to some young housewife that boiling fruit may be poured into a jar without the slightest danger to the glass if only it be set on a folded cloth which has been wet with cold water, says Harper's Bazar.

The old custom of using a silver spoon as a conductor for the heat prevails in many households still, but the wet cloth is simpler. The filling of jars may be greatly expedited by the use of a grocer's funnel, and a small milk dipper is the best thing for ladling out the hot fruit or sirup. The use of such little conveniences renders canning much less fatiguing, and indeed it is a process not without interest where success usually results.

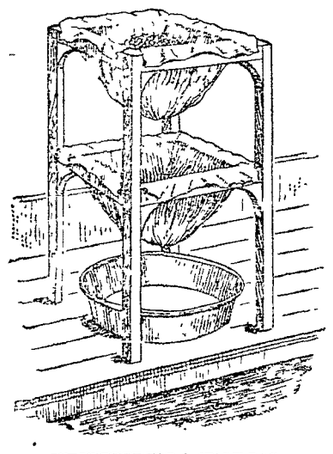
The best and easiest way to cover jellies is to pour melted paraffin over them when they are quite cold. This hardens at once, when a piece of brown paper may be tied over the glass to keep out the dust.

The cake of paraffin may be easily lifted off when the jelly is used, and if washed and put away can be melted over again to serve the same purpose another year.

Paraffin is a clear white wax which is absolutely tasteless. Its use was first suggested by a chemist, who once saw his wife laboriously cutting little rounds of white paper and dipping them in brandy for the tops of her jellies. One trial was sufficient to prove its value as a time saver.

Convenient In Jelly Making.

Those who make jelly and use the ordinary jelly bags are familiar with the inconvenience, the staining of hands and the spilling of juice that result from such use. To make the clearest jelly the crushed fruit must not be pressed at all in the bag, but allowed to drip through it, and this calls for the suspension of the bag from some point where it will not hit against the wall or any object. Again, the fruit juice should pass through the cloth a second time to gain added clearness, and this calls for a second bag and added inconvenience. American Gardening figures an arrangement which is an easy way out of the difficulty. A light frame is made in the manner indicated, and over the cross supports are loosely suspended two squares of cheesecloth or similar material. Small brads at the sides hold these in place. The crushed fruit is poured into the upper cloth and allowed to drip through both cloths into a dish below.



SUBSTITUTE FOR A JELLY BAG.

Roast Chicken.

Select two plump young fowls and draw them without unjointing. Wash the inside of the fowls, rub dry with a cloth which will not deposit lint and rub them with salt. Tie thin slices of salt pork over the legs and breasts and put them into a roaster with a little water. Baste them from time to time with nice sweet butter melted in a little water. Serve on a platter, with a border of nice mashed potatoes.

Cherry Pudding.

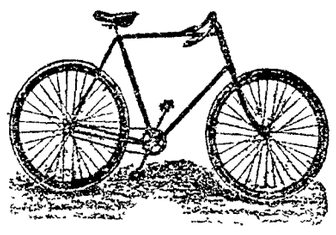
One pint milk, a pint flour, half cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pint of stoned cherries. Rub together butter and sugar, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, the milk, the whipped whites, the flour and baking powder. Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with the cherries, sprinkle with sugar, pour in the batter and bake quickly. Eat with a liquid sauce.

The Moral Tone.

One lady had just told the other that her husband played poker nearly every night.

"Well," was the exclamation, "wouldn't let my husband do that."

"Neither would I," was the quiet response, "if he couldn't play any better than yours can."—Detroit Free Press.



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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A SHAM UNMASKED.

A Model Town and Exemplary Lord Found to be Frauds.

The Feudal System Transplanted to Illinois and Nutured Under the Cloak of Philanthropy—A Man Who Buys Titles and Starves His Employees.

In the Anthropological building at Jackson park last summer there was on exhibition a model of a model town. There were, in miniature, white streets, convenient market buildings, graceful theaters, neat churches, exemplary schoolhouses, rows of green trees, plots of soft grass, straight lines of cottages "containing all the modern improvements" of a town which is more or less known in all parts of the world. It attracted the attention of thousands of visitors as illustrating the possibilities in the way of a perfect workingman's town.

At various periods also the leading magazines of the country have printed elaborate articles on the same town, with excellent illustrations and full description of the plans and workings of the enterprise. Many people entering Chicago from that direction, riding through the well laid out village, have admired its beauty and applauded its founder. This great man, who has been heralded throughout the world as a philanthropist and a benefactor of his race, is George M. Pullman, and the town, named after him, is Pullman.

A few people have always understood the true inwardness of this apparent philanthropic scheme. But today the roof is being removed from the pretty eleemosynary enterprise and an inclosed bit of old feudalist slavery opened to the gaze of the world, as despotic and oppressive as any that ever existed. Pullman is a wise man. He did not pose as a philanthropist, but simply disdained to refuse the soft mantle when others threw it around him. He knew how to roll up money faster, to get greater results out of working men in less time and for less expenditure, than any other man that ever tried it. That was all.

The town of Pullman is very pretty to look at. The streets are smooth and clean, the public buildings are of the best architectural order and placed where they are most convenient to the resident streets around them, the cottages are neat and conveniently arranged, and there is plenty of good light and air. The citizens have every appearance of actually enjoying the benefits of civilization as well as their employers. If people could live, toil and keep well on light, air and architectural beauty, this might be a happy village. But, alas! its actual condition is far from happy.

The Pullman company owns every inch of the place, streets, parks, halls, theater, churches, homes and all. Not a spot of land is for sale or could be bought at any price. When it was first laid out, workingmen from all parts of the country were induced to come to it by promise of high wages and homes in as beautiful a place as common laborers should expect to enjoy. The first thing each man had to do on entering the employ of the company was to sign a paper called an "application sheet," but which was in reality a "cutthroat" lease—a bond of slavery secured by a threat of starvation and homelessness. He was then given the choice of houses at rates that would startle him even in the center of Chicago—for instance, three small rooms for $14, besides 60 cents a month for the use of a faucet which three other families used and paid for, and gas at the same exorbitant rate.

The wages out of which these expenses must be paid have never amounted to $5 a day to any actual laborer, as was in the first place promised. A fine steel toolmaker used to receive $3.50 a day. His wages have been slashed little by little until during the past year he has received no more than $1.85 a day—$12 a month. Less than $27 had to feed, clothe and educate a family for a month. Hardworking men require an abundance of nourishing food, but one can imagine whether these had it, with families of five and six on their hands. It is an actual fact that for the last two years the dinner pails of these skilled, hardworking men have not contained sufficient food to keep the pangs of hunger from tormenting them all day long as they toiled. Their children have not been able to remain in school for want of books and clothing. Their cottages are bare of furniture. Many and many a stove in the sitting rooms of these homes remained black and cold all last winter, while never a light glowed from the front windows to brighten the streets of the "model town." Many and many a child and feeble old father or mother shivered through the dreary winter months for want of sufficient warm clothing and fires at the very time the head of the household was toiling with all his wonderful skill and strength for their support. This is true of the better paid workmen—those who aspired to live respectably and scorned the idea of ever receiving charity. What must have been the conditions of the cheaper laborers—those who at first received $1.50 per day, then $1.25, then $1.10 and finally were compelled to work and subsist on 90 cents a day? It is too harrowing to try to picture. The workingman who by any misfortune or sickness failed to earn his monthly pittance and deliver over the periodical price levied on him for existing has been mercilessly set out in the street with his family and belongings to die there. To lose his little property or to live as best he could.

Just outside the property of the Pullman company good cottages and flats rent from $8 to $12 a month. Had one of the employees rented one of these he would have been discharged the next day. "It was not a threat; it was simply understood," said one workingman. The company carefully evaded the state laws against the truck system. The employee actually held in his hand for the period of about two minutes checks to the full amount of his wages. There were two—one had to be indorsed and passed in at another window for rent, water and light before the holder went out of the office; the other must settle accounts at the store or not another item would be credited. Many a time there would not be a cent remaining out of a month's hard toil. Ostensibly the stores were not owned by the company. In reality they were and are completely under its control.

At last, under such a condition of affairs, the men came to a point where it was a question whether it were better to work and starve or lie idle and run the risk of starving. They have chosen the latter. The works at Pullman are silent and black, the men wander sadly about the streets, and palefaced women and children wait sorrowfully but patiently at home. Great, strong men go meekly up to the relief quarters and receive a few pounds of flour and bits of meat from the charitable white hands of women who never did anything useful before. They are peaceable and patient. They say they will protect Pullman's property at the risk of their lives; that they will be the first and fiercest to avenge a violent act against him or his possessions, and so they await the time that he, with his limitless wealth and unchecked arrogance, will be subdued and yield to their respectful demands.

Meanwhile Mr. Pullman, calmly secure in his faith in the fealty of his subjects, scarcely bothers himself about the strike. He has become, through the labor of his men, so rich that he cannot count his wealth. He loves the country that protects him in his methods of accumulating property so little that he went abroad and bought a bauble of a title from a corrupt old monarchy and proverbially seeks luxurious ways of spending his money in foreign lands. Yet, so sure is he of the meek respectfulness of the American workingman, so disdainful is he of their interests, that he will not even confer with them and pushes temptation in their way by running his property under their very noses with no other protection but what he expects from them. And the men remain quiet and firm, saying, "We will stand out until charity and health desert us or the company comes to terms, even if Pullman is made a pauper."

It may be that men really expect to reduce such a man to pauperism by such means. It may be considered more "American" for strong, skillful men to receive charity humbly from relief quarters than to bravely fight for their own by any means in their power. But when one considers what our forefathers, who laid the foundations of all that is "American," would have done under such conditions a reasonable doubt cannot but creep in.

There is an almost unexpressed acknowledgment of a terrible, a dangerous state of affairs all over the industrial world in the attitude of the plutocratic classes; almost an appeal for mercy in the wise sounding advice given to striking workmen to refrain from violence; a guilty, terror stricken undertone in all recent discussions on economics. There is no stability in existing systems. Working people may for some time yet be kept quiet under injustice by the cry of law and order. But it depends on the wisdom and farsightedness of the wealthy employing classes; the possibilities of a peaceful solution lie with them.

The giant labor will not always sleep.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Slavery of Two Kinds.

Yes, there is a difference between the great American freeman who works for wages and the chattel slave of long ago.

The master had to feed, clothe and care for the slave whether he had work or not. They don't have to do that with the wage slave.

The master had to hunt up slaves and buy them. The wage slaves hunt up a master and offer themselves for a bare existence.

The black slave was put up to the highest bidder. The wage slave puts himself up and underbids his fellows for the privilege of work.

The black slave never had any fear of want. The wage slave lives in continued dread of it.

The slave had a permanent job at a certain price. The wage slave never has a permanent job and at an ever decreasing pay.

The black slave was seldom overworked to his injury. The wage slave is habitually worked to the uttermost, regardless of health.

The black slave was never forced to imperil his life in battle—the master did the fighting. The wage slave is hired to go out and get shot when the employers have a difficulty.

Yes, there is a difference, but altogether in the favor of chattel slavery.

Great, free Americans! Well, just a few.—Coming Nation.

Where the Real Danger Is.

Now that Coxey and Browne and Christopher Columbus Jones have been made the victims of every indignity to which the law subjects felons and persons guilty of infamous crimes, now that they have been dragged through the streets of the nation's capital in irons, hauled to jail in the black maria and put to work on the governmental stone pile, it is likely that the timorous legislators and officials at Washington, who have been in a blue funk ever since the commonweal got east of the Ohio river, may regain courage, unbar their doors and come out into the light again. But persons of clearer vision will see in this cavalier treatment of the commonweal leaders on the part of the government much more of real danger to republican institutions and to the country than was threatened in Coxey's army or Coxey's desire to make a speech within the sacred precincts of the capitol grounds.—Chicago Times.

Calls For Special Notice.

The spectacle of a rich corporation voluntarily and unexpectedly advancing the wages of its employees is so rare that it calls for special notice. The company operating the Third avenue traction railway is credited with such generosity. The reported advance of wages to conductors and motormen is a little more than 11 per cent, and it will benefit about 500 men.

Other corporations employing large numbers of workers might profitably study the effect of this experiment. It is said that the employees of the road are not only highly pleased by the considerateness of the company, but that they are profuse in expressions of fealty to its interests. This feeling is a natural result of fair and generous treatment. Let employees understand that their work is appreciated, and that their employers are willing to live up to the profession that "labor and capital are one," and the era of strikes will end.

As a rule, however, there is proof of the fitness of the saying that "corporations have no souls." The cardinal principle usually is, "The most work for the least wages." A depression in value is seized upon as an excuse for reducing wages, but an advance brings no voluntary offer of higher pay for labor. Workingmen rarely get advances without fighting for them.—New York News.

Conspiring Against the Law.

The Ellis island authorities have discovered what they believe to be a well planned and systematic conspiracy on the part of one of the large transatlantic steamship companies to evade the immigration laws and assist alien steerage passengers who would not be allowed to land into this country.

The company alleged to have offended is the Netherlands-American Steamship Navigation company, whose vessels carry the United States mail and sail from Amsterdam and Rotterdam, touching at Boulogne, France. This company, the Ellis island officials assert, has, through its employees on the steamship Amsterdam, instructed immigrants who were not properly qualified to pass the examination of the immigration inspector how to answer the questions put to them and mislead the officials.

This instruction, it is alleged, consists of a set of questions and answers formulated more particularly to evade the provisions of the contract labor law. A class of ineligible immigrants is alleged to have been formed, and its members required to learn these questions and answers both in English and German.

What Is a Sweater?

The word "sweater" derives its origin from the Anglo-Saxon word swat and means the separation or extraction of toil from others for one's own benefit. Any person who employs others to extract from them surplus labor without compensation is a sweater. A middleman sweater is a person who acts as contractor of such labor for another man. The position becomes aggravated when the middleman sweater, as is usually the case in the modern sweatshop, employs the labor himself at his own house for the purpose of extracting a double amount of labor either by lowering wages or working longer hours.

An English writer gives this definition of the sweating system: "One whereby the middleman tries to get the largest profit with the least labor and outlay out of the maximum labor of his workers." Another gives three definitions: "First, one who grinds the face of the poor; second, a man who contributes neither capital, skill nor speculation and yet gets a profit; third, a middleman." Still another describes it as a systematized payment of unfair wages.—Rev. Louis A. Banks.

Their Interests Are the Same.

It is absurd to talk of any large body of American or Irish-American citizens hating the English or any other people. Whatever governments may have done in the past, the interests of "the people" in every country are the same. They all desire to live out their span of life as comfortably as may be. The American workman who lives by his brain or his hands is not gratified to know that his fellow laborer in Great Britain is suffering from hard times. The mechanic in Leeds or Sheffield is not the happier because the mechanic in New York or Pittsburg is enduring the miseries of a strike or a lockout.

The interest of one workman is the interest of all workmen the world over, and as labor is the lot of 90 per cent of the world's population it is an impudent falsehood to proclaim that the people of any one country entertain bad or bitter feeling toward the people of any other country.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Principles of the "Labor Church."

Lynn, Mass., has a "labor church," founded by the Rev. Herbert N. Casson. Its principles are these:

First—God is the cause and strength of the labor movement, and whatever institution or individual opposes the labor movement opposes him.

Second—All who are working for the abolition of wage slavery are, consciously or unconsciously, working together with him, and are therefore members of the real church.

Third—The improvement of personal character and of social conditions are both necessary to secure freedom from moral and social bondage.

Fourth—All that is good in the present Christian church and in the history of our country is on the side of the workingman in his struggle for justice and brotherhood.

The Pressing Problem.

In a speech in London recently Lord Salisbury said that among the many problems which were pressing for solution the labor problem was perhaps the most conspicuous. It was causing general uneasiness and anxiety. While the population of the country grew constantly, the means of employment did not increase with equal rapidity.

A Short Creed.

A young man said to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then," said the doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."—A. Helps.

A Negative Victory.

Bates—Do you try to break your boy's will?

Bates—No; it's all I can do to break his watch.—Kate Field's Washington.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR AN APPETIZING DISH.

Various Recipes for Domestic Use—How to Restore Faded Writing—Cleaning Oil Paintings.

Select tomatoes of a full, firm texture. Remove the seeds, cutting a little cap off the top of the tomato to get to the inside. A little vegetable scoop, such as is used to cut potatoes in balls, is just as good as anything to remove the seeds of the tomatoes with.

When the tomatoes are emptied, prepare a chicken forcemeat by pounding to a paste any bits of chicken you may have in the house. Either cooked or raw meat may be used for the purpose.

Add as much bread crumbs soaked in milk as there is meat, and to every cup of this mixture an egg yolk and a saltspoonful of fresh butter, with salt and pepper to the taste. A little nutmeg may be added, and if the forcemeat is not moist enough a little white stock may be used. To every cup of forcemeat also add half a teaspoonful of onion juice, 6 chopped mushrooms and the juice and pulp of the tomatoes which have been scooped out, rejecting the seeds. Lay over them the covers or caps which have been removed from the tomatoes and set the tomatoes in a deep porcelain lined baking dish and cook them for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

How to Keep Icing From the Sides of Cakes.

To prevent icing running down the sides of a cake, cut a strip of stiff cream laid writing paper about 1½ inches wide and pin it tightly and evenly round the sides of the cake, so that the top edge is a quarter of an inch—or more, if you wish thicker icing—above the top of the cake all round. Fill in with icing, which should be fairly stiff, smooth over the top, stand in a cool oven, and when set carefully remove the paper.

How to Prevent Dust In Carpets.

When putting down carpets in rooms that are much used, it is a good plan to spread newspapers over the floors, then take clean straw and scatter it evenly over the papers, and then put your carpet down. It will let the dust through on the paper, and clouds of dust will not follow the broom on sweeping day. The carpets will last longer with this lining than with any other, and when you take them up again you will find the dust lodged on the papers, and if carefully removed to the rubbish pile you will avoid filling your lungs with poisonous dust, as but little will be found on sweeping the floors. In putting down carpets in spare rooms, where they are not likely to be taken up very often, it is an excellent plan to scatter smoking tobacco over the paper to guard against moths and the buffalo bug. This is a sure preventive against the attacks of moths, and carpets may be safely left down in spare rooms for a number of years.

How to Make Paper Hangers' Paste.

To make a bucket of paste, take about 4 pounds of sifted wheat flour and stir in enough lukewarm water to make a stiff batter. Keep on stirring until all lumps disappear and the batter is smooth; then pour in boiling hot water briskly until the batter swells and has a cooked appearance. When ready to use, thin down with cold water until it can be spread on the paper easily. Some paper hangers add about 2 ounces of powdered alum, but do not use alum in paste when made for felts or solid gold grounds. To make rye flour paste, mix enough sifted rye flour with cold water to get the consistency of cream. Stir until all lumps disappear; then place on fire to boil. Keep stirring until it thickens and becomes yellowish in color. When cool, add enough cold water until quite thin. Do not use until cold.

How to Clean Oil Paintings.

First rub the painting well with good whisky, which will make the varnish come off in froth; then wash well with cold water, and when dry varnish again. This process will restore the picture to its original color unless it is very old. Keep the picture covered from dust until the varnish is dry. This work should never be attempted by an amateur.

How to Restore Faded Writing.

Faded ink on old documents, papers, parchments, etc., may be restored to be perfectly legible. Moisten the paper with water and then pass over the lines a brush which has been wet with a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The restored writing will remain on parchment, but on paper it will again fade away. A fresh application of the mixture will restore it. Writing in ordinary ink which has been rendered illegible by age may be restored by carefully moistening it with an infusion of gall or a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid. Apply the liquid carefully, so as not to spread the ink.

How to Utilize Cold Joints.

If there are any remains of cold game or fowl of any kind in the house, cut them into neat pieces or joints, make small incisions in the flesh and rub them over with melted butter, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Lay them on a gridiron that has been rubbed with a piece of a fat and broil over a clear fire for eight minutes. Put on a hot dish and rub each piece over with butter, into which has been worked a small quantity of dry mustard.

Riding Down Butterflies.

I saw while riding to Muzaro pass some fine exhibitions of horsemanship. One of my escort was a Mantchu, who one day stood at his horse's shoulder, and without putting his hand thereon leaped from the ground clean into his saddle. On another occasion I lent them butterfly nets to catch specimens of lepidoptera.

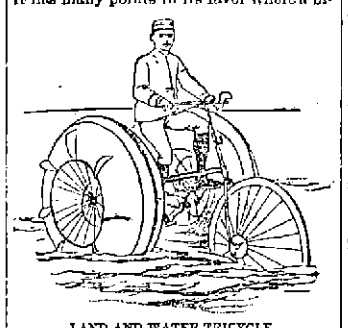
The novelty of the occupation quite took their fancy, and in Chinese top boots and queerly cut trousers they rushed hither and thither, with hats blown off and pigtails flying, now tumbling over and next lying down to pant for breath. Subsequently they took to butterfly catching on horseback over ground not only rough with rocky debris fallen from the mountains, but covered with bushes, among which they squirred here and there in a style compared to which polo on a level sward is child's play.—Good Words.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THREE WHEELED MACHINE FOR LOCOMOTION AT SEA.

A Tricycle for Use on the Ocean Invented by a German—Destined to Become Popular.

The tricycle to ride on water was the natural outcome of the tricycle for road riding, which machine made a strong bid for public favor in England when the bicycle came into general use in 1876. The rather cumbersome three wheeled machine, however, had to give way to the bicycle, and it is today practically out of date, so far as road traveling is concerned, although there has been quite a splurge made with it on the water as a means of locomotion and pleasure. For this purpose it has many points in its favor where a bicycle would have none unless linked to a cumbersome system of boat. One of the latest novelties in this direction is the land and water tricycle of Mr. George Pinkert of Germany.



LAND AND WATER TRICYCLE.

The machine consists of a front steering wheel, which is made of thin steel plates and is 16 inches wide at the axle, forming a lens shaped, airtight vessel of great buoyancy. The edge of this is fitted with a concave metal rim and a rubber tire for running on land, the keel, so to speak, becoming the tire. The two large propelling wheels are composed of a circular tube of steel plate, forming an airtight ring about 4 feet in diameter, connected with the nave of the axle by means of steel spokes and fitted with paddles on either side of the outer circumference. It is like the paddle wheel of a steamboat, having a solid core running through the center of the wheel, to which the paddles are attached, instead of to the two side rims as in the steamboat. Outside of the airtight core, and attached to it by steel rods, is an ordinary concave metal bicycle rim fitted with a hard rubber tire.

In all other respects the tricycle is an ordinary one, having the seat over the axle, between the two wheels, which are rather wide apart for the purpose of giving more stability by the greater beam. At a recent trial in the Munich baths the speed of over six miles an hour was obtained.

As far back as 1869 a man named Kunne of Brussels invented a machine which was well tested in the smooth water of a bath, and was, on the 28th of July, ridden across the English channel by an Englishman named Terry. Dover was left at 9 a. m., and Calais was reached in less than eight hours, the rider being almost exhausted by the leeway made by his machine. The total distance traveled by Terry was estimated to be nearly 90 miles. The machine he rode was a high standing one, the wheels being 50 inch, this being before the day of the low wheeled "safety," and so the wind had a considerable effect on it and carried the rider far out of his course. The New York Sun, authority for the foregoing, says that Uncle Sam has not been behindhand in the matter of water tricycles, and no less than 10 of various designs have been patented and tried with more or less success in America. Some are for smooth water and some for rough water at sea, the latter being fitted with boats on the catamaran style.

How to Make a Cellar Waterproof.

To construct a cellar so as to be waterproof a writer in an exchange advises that the floor be first covered with cement, the walls built thereon laid in cement and the exterior of the walls covered with cement. This makes practically a water tight basin. The cement used must be the best portland cement, one part; clean sharp sand, one part. After a cellar is built it is not so easy to make it waterproof. Still it can be done. Cover the exterior of the wall with the above cement, ditto the bottom, and work the cement in under the bottom of the wall. If these directions are followed, you will succeed. But if cheap materials are used and the work badly done you will be sure to fail. The drain put around the outside of the wall, or even inside, below the cellar floor, may be efficient in carrying off the water if you can give it a good delivery.

The Weight of the Brain.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces, of a female is two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.—Popular Science News.

A White Baboon.

A white baboon has recently arrived in England and is located at Bedford. His photograph was secured after the expenditure of much time and patience, owing to his particularly savage and restless nature, but at last, under the soothing influence of a bottle of milk, a negative was obtained. This full grown male baboon, standing between three and four feet high, was captured from his mother after an exciting chase by some Trek Boers in the Murchisa range, district of Johannesberg, South Africa, some two years ago, and after being reared in that country has been brought to England by his present owner. During the voyage he suffered severely from seasickness, but since his arrival he has quite regained his activity and health. His skin and hair are perfectly white, and it is claimed that he is the only white baboon of which there is any authentic record.

THE WHITE BABOON ENJOYING HIS MILK.

An officer in the British service in India has invented an apparatus for reducing the vibrations of railway carriages so that invalids may be transported with less discomfort than hitherto.

Another Business Entirely.

"Couldn't you give me an engagement after I have skinned some more?" said the young man who sings.

"Possibly," replied the manager.

"And could you—could you let me have $10 on account?"

"I'd like to, but it's out of my line. I am not prepared to discount promissory notes."—Washington Star.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NEW NOTIONS IN COTTON FABRICS AND DRAPERIES.

Convenient Method of Making Jelly—Chester Cotton and Cretonne Lead in Draperies.

The one peculiar characteristic of summer hangings is lightness of weight. Whether one has hundreds of dollars to expend or tens makes only the difference between choosing silk or cotton stuffs. The colors, the variety, the beauty of pattern are the same in all. Material at 25 cents a yard, if well selected, will give as good color effect as that at $2.50, according to The Decorator and Furnisher, in which occur the following notes: Cotton and jute are most in use for low priced goods; silk and silk and cotton for those of greater value. Wool is not found at all, even as a filling or woof. The old notion that cotton could not be permanently dyed has been proved false again and again. Manufacturers now claim that it makes a better filling for fine class goods than either wool or linen, and that quite alone it is capable of doing excellent service. Certainly it is cooler by far than any fabric which contains even a minimum of wool and is eminently desirable for summer use.

Chester cotton and cretonne take and deserve the highest place among cottage and bedroom draperies and can be found in all colors and all designs. The former deserves a much more general recognition than it has obtained. It costs only 15 or 20 cents a yard, yet is thoroughly good in color and artistic in design and will launder without a vestige of change. For pillows and cushions it is perfect and for bedroom curtains can be made as charming as can be by lining either with itself or with fine silesia of a flat tone.

Thin silks or Japanese and Chinese silks can be found in all grades and all prices. They are delightful, as all such soft, clinging things must always be, and they make ideal pillow covers, but are hardly suitable for hangings unless they serve as lining for some more stable stuff. Many firms in filling orders, where economy is no object, use cretonne or other cotton stuffs for the curtain proper and one of these silks for the lining. The effect is, of course, charming, and the hanging takes folds such as nothing less pliable would yield.

In Canning Time.

It may be news to some young housewife that boiling fruit may be poured into a jar without the slightest danger to the glass if only it be set on a folded cloth which has been wet with cold water, says Harper's Bazar.

The old custom of using a silver spoon as a conductor for the heat prevails in many households still, but the wet cloth is simpler. The filling of jars may be greatly expedited by the use of a grocer's funnel, and a small milk dipper is the best thing for ladling out the hot fruit or sirup. The use of such little conveniences renders canning much less fatiguing, and indeed it is a process not without interest where success usually results.

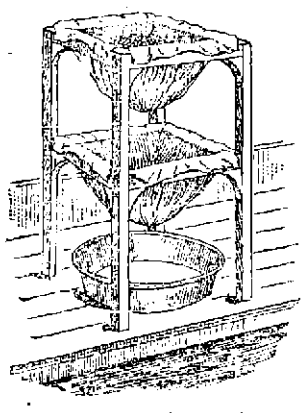
The best and easiest way to cover jellies is to pour melted paraffin over them when they are quite cold. This hardens at once, when a piece of brown paper may be tied over the glass to keep out the dust.

The cake of paraffin may be easily lifted off when the jelly is used, and if washed and put away can be melted over again to serve the same purpose another year.

Paraffin is a clear white wax which is absolutely tasteless. Its use was first suggested by a chemist, who once saw his wife laboriously cutting little rounds of white paper and dipping them in brandy for the tops of her jellies. One trial was sufficient to prove its value as a time saver.

Convenient In Jelly Making.

Those who make jelly and use the ordinary jelly bags are familiar with the inconvenience, the staining of hands and the spilling of juice that result from such use. To make the clearest jelly the crushed fruit must not be pressed at all in the bag, but allowed to drip through it, and this calls for the suspension of the bag from some point where it will not hit against the wall or any object. Again, the fruit juice should pass through the cloth a second time to gain added clearness, and this calls for a second bag and added inconvenience. American Gardening figures an arrangement which is an easy way out of the difficulty. A light frame is made in the manner indicated, and over the cross supports are loosely suspended two squares of cheesecloth or similar material. Small brads at the sides hold these in place. The crushed fruit is poured into the upper cloth and allowed to drip through both cloths into a dish below.



SUBSTITUTE FOR A JELLY BAG.

Roast Chicken.

Select two plump young fowls and draw them without unjointing. Wash the inside of the fowls, rub dry with a cloth which will not deposit lint and rub them with salt. Tie thin slices of salt pork over the legs and breasts and put them into a roaster with a little water. Baste them from time to time with nice sweet butter melted in a little water. Serve on a platter, with a border of nice mashed potatoes.

Cherry Pudding.

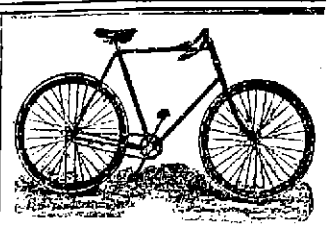
One pint milk, a pint flour, half cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pint of stoned cherries. Rub together butter and sugar; add the beaten yolks of the eggs, the milk, the whipped whites, the flour and baking powder. Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with the cherries, sprinkle with sugar, pour in the batter and bake quickly. Eat with a liquid sauce.

The Moral Tone.

One lady had just told the other that her husband played poker nearly every night.

"Well," was the exclamation, "wouldn't let my husband do that."

"Neither would I," was the quiet response, "if he couldn't play any better than yours can."—Detroit Free Press.



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(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

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Miss Ethel O'Heir is now forming classes for Piano and Organ. For further particulars call at

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Choice Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

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Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at

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Coal, Wood, Lime,

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Branch office, 49 Merrimack Street,—Cal derwood's cigar store.

THE TARIFF

The Sugar Schedule Still Under Discussion.

THE PRESIDENT IS OPPOSED TO LONGER CONTENTION.

His Attitude Has Much to Do With Final Settlement.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Conversation with members of the ways and means committee leads to the opinion that the members will be reconciled without much difficulty to the senate amendments to the income tax, as most of them are calculated to remove offensive features.

The main contest will be on the sugar schedule, to which the opposition in the house is very decided and strong numerically. That some change will be made in the schedule is certain, but the belief is general that the duty will be retained. The senate conferrees will make an effort to include bounty allowances on the coming crop. That allowance was included in the senate can us agreement and was abandoned at the last hour for the reason that it was desired to dispose of the bill on Tuesday last.

There seems to be an understanding among Democratic senators that the bounty allowance will be arranged in conference in a manner that will be acceptable to the sugar growers. The question has been raised whether the growers of domestic sugar are not entitled to a bounty under the existing law. It is provided that producers of such sugar, to be entitled to bounty, shall file, prior to July of each year, with the commissioner of internal revenue, application for a license, together with notice of the place of production and an estimate of the quantity of sugar to be produced in the current year. These provisions of law, which are held to be in the nature of a contract, have been complied with, and the coming sugar crop will be made under the conditions thus agreed upon.

The President's Attitude.

In conversation with a friend recently the president alluded to the question of tariff legislation. He remarked that he has abstained from interfering with the bill while it was pending in the senate. The measure was not altogether satisfactory and not such a one as he would have framed. He did not think there was sufficient time at the present session to make any serious contention over it. But under the circumstances he thought the house would be justified in accepting the measure with some modifications in order that speedy action may be had regarding this most important measure.

The attitude of the president and the administration concerning this matter will have, it is believed, much influence, not only with the members of the ways and means committee, but with the friends of the administration in both houses in settling and adjusting this important question.

A Tax on Greenbacks.

The bill for the state taxation of greenbacks occupied the attention of the house all day, and it was passed by a vote of 173 to 41. The only point of interest in the day's proceedings was the taking of the tariff bill from the speaker's table and its reference to the committee on ways and means, but this was unattended by any excitement or remarks.

Several unimportant bills were passed. The special order setting aside today for eulogies on the late Representative Houck of Ohio was postponed for a week.

A Short Session.

An air of quiet and serenity prevailed in the chamber when the senate met at noon yesterday, after its holiday. The struggle of the past three months had severely taxed the endurance of the senators and it was immediately decided that the senate adjourn to meet on Monday. This was to give the senators two more days of rest before beginning work on the appropriation bills. The house joint resolution to enable the secretary of the navy to carry out the work of increasing the navy was adopted. One resolution and two bills, the direct outgrowth of the existing Pullman strike, were introduced.

Bonnell Is President.

ASBURY PARK, July 7.—The National Editorial association has elected the following officers: President, A. H. Bonnell, Dansville, N. Y.; first vice president, James H. Duke, Scioba, Miss.; second vice president, N. A. Arnold, Greencastle, Ind.; third vice president, J. R. Buxton, Washington; recording secretary, A. E. Pierce, Denver; corresponding secretary, J. M. Paige, Jerseyville, Ills.; treasurer, James G. Gibbs, Norwalk, O.

Wanted For Murder.

WINSTED, Conn., July 7.—Waterbury police have identified the Italian captured here as Domenico Manfreta, the Waterbury murderer. Manfreta has been at large since the night of May 13, when a murder was committed in a Canal street saloon at Waterbury. A stiletto and ticket for Albany were found on the murderer.

Another Victim.

GREENVILLE, Me., July 7.—Charles Grant, the fifth victim of the West Outlet wreck on the Canadian Pacific railway, died yesterday from fracture of the skull. Fireman McDonald remains unconscious. A body is supposed to be still under the wrecked cars

Without Light.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The firemen employed at the Armour establishment have gone out, and the big plant was left in total darkness, as the electric light machinery was obliged to shut down.

To Test the Law.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Providence police raided pool rooms yesterday afternoon, and arrested all attendants. It is proposed to test the new anti-gambling law.

Bank Swindler Captured.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 7.—Richard Lenox, who defrauded two Milwaukee banks of $35,000 on June 24, was arrested near Absecom yesterday.

Lightning's Victims.

READING, Pa., July 7.—Mrs. Jacob Boggs was killed by being struck by lightning. Mrs. Amanda Shaw was probably fatally burned.

Clearing Them Out.

MARSEILLES, July 7.—Forty suspected anarchists, including many Italians, have been arrested in this city

Browne's Latest Move.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Carl Browne started on foot with 70 picked men for New York city last night. He will probably give particular attention to Wall street and capitalists, with whose manner of doing business the marshal is not pleased Oklahoma Sam will attempt to keep the Coxey camp.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Cholera has appeared at Liege, Belgium.

Sheffield's cutlery exports to America have fallen off.

Sugar men may receive a bounty on this year's crop.

The Conant pulp factory at Watertown, Mass., was damaged by fire.

Lord Rosebery celebrated Ladas' Derby victory by feasting Epsom paupers.

Joseph Catneir of Providence, 12 years old, fell into a reservoir and was drowned.

Ernest, son of Nat Sheels of Swanton, Vt., was struck by lightning and killed.

The price of pork has advanced 1 cent a pound, but beef remains stationary at Boston.

Miss Daggett of New Haven died at Canandaigua, N. Y., from an overdose of chloral.

Cambridge (Mass.) drug stores are to be allowed to sell nothing but drugs on Sundays.

Mrs. Zipbah Botham of Monteville, Conn., celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth.

Lloyd Seaman, a colored boy, was drowned in the Connecticut river at Old Lyme, Conn.

An Italian answering the description of a Waterbury murderer was arrested at Winsted, Conn.

Mme. Carnot states that her husband's life was threatened constantly for the past seven years.

A Beverly (Mass.) child was injured, probably fatally, by an explosion of percussion paper caps.

The fishing schooner Sea Fox of Provincetown, Mass., arrived at Boston, with six of her crew missing.

An 80-foot span of the highway bridge across the bay at Bath, Me., fell, and travel will be stopped for a month.

Professor Edward R. Ruggles of Dartmouth college sailed from New York for Rotterdam, and will spend the summer in Berlin.

Rev. R. A. Beard of Fargo, N. D., has accepted a call to the pastorage of the Pilgrim Congregational church at Nashua, N. H.

President Bothfield of the Newton (Mass.) aldermen barely escaped being mobbed because he did not want the Fourth of July celebration to begin before 3 a. m.

L. C. Whitney, superintendent of the New Britain (Conn.) Electric Light company, has been appointed receiver of the Norwalk and South Norwalk Electric Light company.

The address of condolence upon the death of President Carnot which was adopted by the British parliament has been suitably acknowledged by the French chambers.

The national banks of Haverhill, Mass., are paying July semi-annual dividends as follows: Merrimack, 4 per cent; First National, 3 per cent; Haverhill, 3 per cent; Second National, 4 per cent.

WARRANTS ARE OUT

For the Arrest of a Crowd Who Wrecked "The Bedbug" With Stones.

DOVER, N. H., July 7.—The proprietor of the house known as "The Bedbug," in Barrington, has secured warrants for several parties for destroying his home.

His story is that after he and the rest had retired for the night, he was awakened by a blast from a fishhorn, and almost instantly rocks of all sizes came through his windows, striking and injuring both him and others.

They fled to the cellar, while the din and bombardment were kept up. When morning came and he ventured out of his cellar, he found every bit of glass in the windows broken out, the two doors knocked in, things inside the house ruined, and several tons of stones in the house.

His shed was overturned and his home ruined. He found that the assaulting party had brought two cartloads of stones, which they had hurled at his house. He found several face masks and evidence which leads him to believe that he knows who the perpetrators are.

The Lynn Press Bonds.

LYNN, Mass., July 7.—The bonds of the Lynn Press, that were originally issued for $15,000, were sold at public auction yesterday. George N. Nichols bought them for $500. Mr. Nichols was one of the assignees of the paper, and it is his intention to run the paper in the future.

Murdered and Mutilated.

BUENOS AYRES, July 7.—Advices from Bolivia report that ex-President Arce has been assassinated. His body was horribly mutilated by his murderers.

Believed to Be Taylor's Body.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—The body of an unknown man was found floating in the river here. Although badly decomposed, it is believed to be that of William Taylor, who fell from an oyster dredge last February.

Strikers Escorted Knobsticks.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., July 7.—About 100 of the Wamsutta strikers assembled at the mill gates last night and escorted some of the ex-strikers who are knobsticking home. There was no disturbance.

Freight Sheds and Cars Burned.

CAIRO, Ills., July 7.—Two freight sheds 350 feet wide and 600 feet long, respectively, and 26 freight cars were burned in the Mobile and Ohio yards in this city. It is believed the fire was incendiary.

Robbers Got Away.

FAIRFIELD, Me., July 7.—At 3 o'clock in the morning the safe in the postoffice was blown open and its contents taken. All the glass in the building was broken. No trace of the burglars.

Railroad Loses by Fire.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., July 7.—The coal sheds and trestle work on Mystic wharf, together with a quantity of coal, all owned by the Boston and Maine road, were burned last night. Loss, $4000.

Rope Parted.

BOSTON, July 7.—John Healey, 40 years old, was instantly killed by a bucket falling on his head, while digging a trench, by the breaking of a guy rope.

A Philosophic View.

LONDON, July 7.—In an interview, Lord Dunraven exonerated his crew from all blame for the disaster to the Valkyrie. It was purely accidental, he said.

TEXTILE TRADE

Still Fails to Show Much Improvement.

THE BLOCKADE OF RAILROADS IS INJURIOUS

To the Business Interests of the Country.

The interruption of business by the railroad strike has been such that signs, whether bright or gloomy, have little value.

Speculation in products has turned largely upon temporary uncertainties, but meat products have been higher, with a threatened famine here, and the probability that large quantities will be spoiled at Chicago, while improved crop prospects have depressed wheat 1 3-4 cents.

The crop year ends with narrow exports. Though a little larger than of late, the aggregate for the year has been not far from 165,000,000 bushels, flour included, though at the lowest average price ever known. The year's receipts at western ports were about 158,000,000 bushels, against 294,000,000 the previous year.

Cotton promises so well and the stocks in sight here and abroad are so large that speculation for an advance is difficult. With two months of the crop year yet remaining, over 7,350,000 bales have already come in sight, and there is strong promise of a much larger yield this year.

The Industrial World.

The iron industry had not yet recovered from the coal miners' strike when it was seriously interrupted by the blockade of the railroads at the west. A large and somewhat lasting reduction in the demand for iron is the natural consequence of disturbances affecting railway earnings.

The demands for boots and shoes are slightly better as to cheaper grades, particularly of women's goods, and the shipments from the east are at present about equal to last year's.

Textile manufactures do not show improvement, two important cotton mills manufacturing colored goods having stopped indefinitely, while the unsold stock of print cloths at Fall River, Mass., and Providence has reached 1,064,000 pieces, and a downward revision in prices of bleached sheetings is expected. Quite a large number of woolen mills have filled all orders in hand and closed for the present, and in most branches orders fall far below expectations.

Interruption of traffic is felt in these industries, but much more uncertainty exists as to how far foreign goods may be delivered at lower prices than domestic when the new duties take effect, and behind these causes of hesitation lies the fact that with many hands out of work and wages reduced for others and prices of farm products exceedingly low, the buying power of the people is greatly restricted. Minor industries are also affected much in the same way, especially where important changes of duty are expected.

Failures during the week have been 181 in the United States, against 334 last year, and 34 in Canada, against 23 last year, with no important disaster as yet since the new half year began.

England and Immigrants.

LONDON, July 7.—The Marquis of Salisbury, in the house of lords, introduced a bill increasing the powers of existing laws respecting immigrants. He said that the refusal of the United States to receive destitute foreigners made the pressure upon British shores all the heavier, and that if it was once known that Great Britain had the same powers as the United States in this matter the stream would lessen.

Ate Dogberries.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Two children of Richard Marsh, a girl 9 and boy 5 years old, were sent to Summit to spend the Fourth. While out berrying they picked dogberries and ate them. They were taken sick yesterday; their mother was sent for and attempted to bring them to the city, but both died on the train.

Gave Himself Up.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Richard A. Canfield of Providence surrendered himself to the district attorney yesterday to answer the charge of misdemeanor. Canfield had ignored a summons to appear before the Lexow committee.

MORE FINE BATTING.

The Bostons Rolled Up Eight Runs In the First Inning.

CLEVELAND, July 6.—The Clevelands were defeated because the Bostons batted the ball better. In the first inning the Bostons scored eight runs, when the side should have been out. Burkett let two easy flies drop by his side, claiming that he could not see the ball, and then muffed another.

Boston	8	0	7	0	1	3	0	0	—19
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	0	0—6

Earned runs—Boston, 4; Cleveland, 4. Base hits—Boston, 22; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Boston, 1; Cleveland, 4. Batteries—Stivetts and Ryan; Cuppy and Zimmer.

At Pittsburg:

Philadelphia	0	2	1	0	0	2	0	6	2—13
Pittsburg	2	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	0—7

Base hits—Philadelphia, 15; Pittsburg, 7. Errors—Philadelphia, 2; Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Haddock and Buckley; Gumbert Killen and Mack.

At Louisville:

New York	1	0	0	2	1	1	4	0	1—10
Louisville	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	2	0—6

Base hits—New York, 12; Louisville, 17. Errors—New York, 3; Louisville, 1. Batteries—Rusie and Farrell; Hemming, Peffer and Weaver.

At Pawtucket—Fall River, 5; Pawtucket, 4.

At Brockton—Worcester, 9; Brockton, 8.

At Haverhill—Portland, 6; Haverhill, 4.

At Bangor—Lewiston, 11; Bangor, 4.

At the Head of the W. P. I.

WORCESTER, July 7.—The trustees of the Worcester Polytechnic institute make the announcement of the engagement of Dr. Thomas C. Mendenhall, superintendent of the United States and geodetic survey, to be president of the institute.

Cuts, Scratches, Sprains, and all pains, external or internal, are instantly relieved by PERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer. This old remedy is known, used and sold everywhere. Get it and keep it by you.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

PETER A. FAY

The Hero of a Romantic and Thrilling Adventure.

HE FACED A POSSE OF OFFICERS IN MANCHESTER.

Behind Them Was a Mob of Excited Citizens.

The following account of the affair was given by the Boston Journal today:

This city was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement this afternoon by the forcible abduction of a nun on Elm street the main thoroughfare of the city.

The kidnapping took place in front of the Kennard, the biggest block in town, and was witnessed by thousands of people, hundreds of whom followed the kidnapper and his victim to the passenger station uttering threats of the direst character.

The story of the affair, as gleaned by the Journal correspondent, is as follows: Nearly four years ago there came to this city from Lowell a dark-haired and beautiful young woman named Mary Fay. Her parents are among the wealthiest Catholic residents of Lowell, and her brother, Hon. Peter A. Fay, is a leader of the Middlesex county bar.

The victim was Miss Mary Fay, 23, and her abductor was her lawyer brother.

When the woman came to Manchester she entered the celebrated college attached to Mount St. Mary's Convent. She became imbued with a desire to become a nun, and retire from the world in the local convent.

She has been pursuing a course of teaching of a year and a half at the Manchester Training school with this point in view, and having graduated this term, she on Monday took the white veil as being the step in the course she had marked out for herself.

Her Relatives Bitter.

Her relatives have been determined during all this time that she should not enter the convent, and her brother has been particularly bitter, compelling her on a recent occasion, it is alleged, to sign a promise that she would never thus immolate herself. Inasmuch as the promise was made under duress, she did not regard it as binding, and on Monday turned her back on her family and joined the institution to which she had dedicated her life.

This seemed to madden her brother, and he determined to cure her of her folly, as he evidently viewed it, peacefully if he could, forcibly if he must.

Accordingly he put in an appearance at the convent today, demanding an audience with his sister, saying that their mother had come to this city from Lowell with him, and was lying at the office of the Granite State Provident Association in a dead faint.

Another brother is employed by this association, which gave an air of plausibility to the story.

The Sisters procured a carriage and in company with another nun Miss Fay started for the Kennard, where the Granite State Provident is located.

Her Brother Snatched her.

When they reached the sidewalk in front of the building Fay was there; Mr. Fay grasped his sister around the waist snatched her bodily from the hack and shouted, "your mother is dead or is dying, but she is not here; she is at home in Lowell, where you are going."

The young woman endeavored to shake off her captor, but it was no use. He clutched her firmly by the arm and started down Stark street toward the depot. The crowd surged in about him and there were cries of "Where is the police" and "Send for an officer."

Fay's blood was up, and he was in no mood to stand resistance. Clutching his sister by the arm, he shouted, "This is my sister, and I am taking her home. I will kill the first man who lays hands on me or her." At this the crowd fell back.

Word was hurriedly dispatched to police headquarters, and when Fay showed up at the passenger station there was a posse of officers, headed by Inspector O'Dowd, and a crowd of thousands awaiting him. Fay had lost none of his grit. The officers demanded that he give the girl up. "Ask her whether she goes with me willingly or not," he shouted. The police accordingly addressed the young woman, and she replied promptly, "Yes, sooner than have any more trouble I will go with him."

The Brother Triumphs.

"That settles it," declared Fay emphatically, "and I will now thank you," addressing the police, "to clear away this mob and let us pass."

A curious crowd surrounded the strange pair, however, until their departure on the 3.10 train, and nothing but the presence of police and Mr. Fay's determined character prevented an outbreak, if not a riot.

It is not believed that Miss Fay will stay in Lowell, as she evidently went with her brother to prevent a scene. The affair has caused a tremendous senation.

What Mr. Fay Says.

Of course Mr. Fay is somewhat of a hero among his brother lawyers today when he describes his adventure. He says that he came very near being shot, one man drawing a revolver which he would have used had not somebody interfered. He says the crowd acted like a lot of fanatics.

An Interesting Letter.

In relation to Mr. Fay's visit to Manchester the following letter is in his possession:

Mr. P. A. Fay: Dear Sir—From your letter of July 2, I conclude that you misapprehend my position in regard to your sister, Miss Mary Fay. She freely applied for admission into this convent. As she is not a minor, the opposition of her family was a matter of no moment with us. Having admitted her, she shall not be dismissed unless after due trial she prove unsuitable as a member of the community. She is, however, perfectly free to leave, and will remain thus free for two and a half years.

Your expression relative to the use of "force" is simply incomprehensible to me. The going or staying of your sister at present rests entirely with herself.

Respectfully yours,
SISTER M. BEATRICE,
Superior of Convent of Mercy.

"I have always been taught," continued Mr. Fay, to believe that the wishes of parents were paramount, and I believe that the world would be better if all children were so taught. I am a loyal Catholic, but if the church teaches that parents' desires are to be disregarded, even though the children have reached their majority, then I am obliged to disagree. I am very sorry that the trouble occurred, but it could not be otherwise. My sister is now at home, and is quite willing to stay there."

Burglars at Attleboro.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

ATTLEBORO, Mass., July 6.—Burglars entered the house of Philip Meyers on the Foxboro line this morning, bound him hand and foot and carried off everything portable

COMING EASTWARD.

THE GREAT STRIKE GRADUALLY EXTENDING.

All the Switchmen of Lines Entering Cleveland, O., Called Out—Others to Follow.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CLEVELAND, O., July 7.—Slowly, but surely, the American Railway Union strike is moving eastward.

The A. R. U. has decided to tie up every line entering Cleveland. Traffic here is practically at a standstill. A similar condition of affairs exists on the Cleveland, Canton & Southern railway.

At 8 o'clock the Lake Shore men were called out. At 8:30 the Cleveland & Pittsburg men were called out.

It is only the switchmen who were ordered to strike.

STOCK YARD RIOT.

Police and Deputies Were Powerless Before the Mob.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The riots in the stock yards continued this morning In the vicinity of 43d and Oakland avenue this morning rails were torn up, switch houses demolished and switches tampered with. The police and deputies were unable to restrain the rioters. No federal troops were in the vicinity.

DEPUTIES FIRED

On a Mob of Strikers With Fatal Effect.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Deputy U. S. marshals at Kensington, fired upon a mob today and one man was killed.

All the switchmen on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha lines struck this morning.

TO INVESTIGATE TROUBLES.

Congress May Interfere in the Great Railway Struggle.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Senator Kyle says that he will not call up the resolution introduced last week on account of the railway strike.

Senator Allen introduced a resolution for the investigation of all railway troubles.

STRIKE AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

All the Members of the A. R. U. to be Called Out.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 6.—Pres. Debs states that all the members of the A. R. U. in Buffalo will be called out within the next 24 hours.

STEAMSHIP LINES AFFECTED.

The Cunard Has Withdrawn Two Advertised Vessels.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, July 6.—The great railway strike will very seriously interfere with the sailings of ocean freightage. Already the Cunard line has taken off two boats advertised to sail.

A Safe Cracked.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

FAIRFIELD, Me., July 6.—A safe in the postoffice was cracked here this morning and $1000 taken. No clue to the burglars.

More Strikers Out.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

DELAWARE BAY, July 6.—The men in the "Big Four" shops struck this morning.

Found on the Track.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEWBURYPORT, July 6.—Eugene Moynahan was found on the railroad track this morning, badly mutilated. Foul play is suspected.

The Valkyrie Will Not be Raised.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

HUNTER QUAY, Firth of Clyde, July 7—The diver appointed to examine the hulk of the Valkyrie reports that she is lying on her keel with a large hole in her portside. It has not been decided whether an attempt will be made to raise her because the expense would be very great. The Prince of Wales sent a message of sympathy to the Earl of Dunraven on his loss.

POOR PETER JOHN.

He Was Taken to the City Farm From His Home in Maiden Lane.

There are few residents of Ward One unacquainted with Peter John.

For years he has resided in an humble dwelling house, which stands in Maiden Lane, about midway between Market and Merrimack streets.

He lived like a hermit, with no one to share his home, and scarcely ever showing himself out of doors, unless really obliged to do so.

Few people ever saw the inside of his house and it is said that the furnishings which go to make a home comfortable were entirely lacking there.

He cared not for show or high living, though it is said he had a nice sum of money laid away. He was sparing in its use. His neighbors often remarked that it was queer he should prefer to live as he did when people of less means managed to reside in more pretentious homes.

He hobbled about on his cane which was ever his support. All the children of the vicinity had his house marked and were wont to congregate around it and relate tales of the old man which had been told to them by their older brothers and sisters.

One would frequently hear them speak of the treasures stored away in chests in the little attic room where the old man slept.

None ever considered the old man's end.

At 11 o'clock this morning, the ambulance backed up to the door of his house; he was placed in it and then driven to the city farm.

Shortly afterwards the board of health wagon stopped in front of the "cot", and cleaned out the house of its furniture, etc., according to orders received from the board. Quite a crowd witnessed the scene, and commented upon the sad end of the Peter John who might have lived differently had he chosen.

Mrs. Charles E. Hogan and son have gone to Lincolnville beach, Me., for the summer.

John Green's furnishing store corner of Hurd and Central street was broken into Wednesday night.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 7th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department

Gentlemen's List.

Allman, J
American Injector Co
Andrews Orchestra
Abell, Serene E
Arnold, E A
Blais, Adam
Bano, Manoil F
Beaman, C H
Bishop, J
Boilly, Eugene
Brown, Harry
Brown, Augustus M
Blodgett, E A
Brunelle, A B
Burrows, P F
Burnham, Fred
Brush, John R
Chamberland, W E
Clark, C S
Currier, Geo W
Dyke, Elzai G
Dubord, Jake
Duerden, Harry
Duffy, Michael
Dealden, Thomas
Descatuare, Arthur
Deellets, Theode
Emery, Ralph E
Emory, John E
Foye, Fred X 2
Fiske, Harry N
Gateley, H
Genghin, Philip
Guilloy, M J
Galligan, Patrick
Hamblett, Clement A
Hill, Will H
Holmes, Wesley
Howe, Chas L
Kelleher, D J
Kelleher, W M
"Kootzman," Christian
Knowles, John
Lachapelle, J A
Letendre, Alfred
Leblen, Octave
Linnehan, John W
Moore, J A
McJenny, Michael
McDonald, Patrick J
McGuire, Mr
McLean, J H Dr
McMorrow, F A
Maynard, Israel
Martin, Manoel
Manfield, W T
O'Brien, James
O'Brien, Hugh
O'Hara, Thomas
Penneton, Arthur
Proux, Nachette
Quirk, Thomas
Rogers, A D
Richardson, Thos P
Rivet, Napoleon
Robalis, James
Reagan, John H
Stevens, L R
Sweete, John
Smith, A E
Sullivan, M
Tarbell, H C
Tromblay, Joseph
Tebbetts & Soule
Tucker, J G
Union, American P
Williams, J P

Ladies' List.

Ball, Mrs M C
Bailey, Mrs B
Baird, Miss Alice M
Bancroft, Mrs L P
Boden, Miss Sarah
Bonzey, Miss Cate
Brunell, Mrs Delia
Buchanan, Miss Belle
Burke, Miss Katie
Byrne, Mrs Nellie
Crane, Miss Nellie
Champagne, Mrs Edmond
Calkins, Miss Addie T
Cote, Mme Nelida
Conway, Miss Grace
Cummings, Mrs May Ella
Davis, Florence
Desmond, Mrs Etta
Deharnais, Miss Emelis
Flaherty, Miss Nettie
Finley, Margaret
Forbes, Mrs Hattie
Gernie, Susie
Gilbert, Miss Delia
Griffin, Mrs Ella V
Gibson, Mrs Elmer A
Goodwin, Mrs J M
Hall, Mrs A F
Hansberry, Miss Katie
Hill, Miss Susie
Hillman, Miss Louisa
Howes, Mrs L E
Hoole, Miss M W
Hough, Miss Kate
Knowles, Mrs W S
Market, Mrs Aline V
McGill, Mrs Jane
Meacham, Mrs Lottie
Moore, Mrs Hannah
Morrison, Miss Delia
Morrison, Mrs M H
Nichols, Miss Lottie
Pengally, Miss Belle
Prescott, Mrs S M
Perkins, Mrs Wm
Pinkham, Mrs L E
Potter, Helen
Richard, Miss Adeline
Rice, Mrs H H
Rogers, Mrs Lon
Roney, Lola
Sullivan, Mary
Simonds, Miss Laura
Silk, Miss Bridget
Singleton, Mrs Janette L
Thomas Miss Gertrude
Wallace, Rose
Washburn, Mrs Chas
Wheeler, Miss S J
Welch, Mrs Geo
Wilder, Miss Maude
Woodman, Mrs Agnes B

Stop buying toilet soap. You can get a cake of Olive Oil Toilet Soap in every package of Ivorine Washing Powder.

You get the toilet soap free, and the best Washing Powder in the world—both for the cost of one.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

Ask your Grocer for the 1¼ lb. package of Ivorine.

HIRES' Rootbeer makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada. Send 2c stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.

Young Girls Suffer

From the same causes which make so many women miserable. This being the case, what is your duty, most loving mother? You know that irregularity, suspension, or retention, severe headaches, waxy complexion, depression, weakness, loss of appetite and interest means trouble. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* should be given at once.

It is the most effective remedy for irregularity or suspended action known to medicine.

Twenty years of unparalleled success and 20 thousand women confirm its power over all those dreaded diseases peculiar to women. All druggists have it for you.

Accept the truth and be well.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

Get Get Get Get Get KNAPP'S only only only only KNAPP'S for for for for for KNAPP'S is the Best Rootbeer Extract.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

TENEMENTS TO LET

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Lee, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE. -A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $26 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU

Surgeon Dentists

Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

Second and Last Week,

SAID PASHA

New Faces.
Catching Music.
Exquisite Costumes

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

SERENA, the Pasha's daughter, Miss Jennie Corea.
ALTI, Queen of Altara, Miss Carrie Carroll.
BALAH SOJAH, Alti's stepmother, Miss Kate Powers.
SERGEANT OF TURKISH PATROL, Miss Edith Cinqmars.
SAID PASHA, a Turkish diplomat, Frank Edwards.
HASSEN BEY, Officer of the Turkish patrol, Frank Emerson.
TERAN, a Mexican nobleman, John Lloyd.
RAJAH, the Commander of Altara, Peter Depew.
HADAD, an Adventurer, Tom Callahan.
NOCKEY, a Companion of Hadad, Raymond Hitchcock.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes

Simple ailments neglected may grow deadly. A handy remedy is Beecham's Pills (Tasteless) in all cases where Liver and Stomach trouble is suspected. 25 cents a box. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Quality, Not Quantity.

THE SIZE Of a newspaper is no guarantee of its excellence. The public wants quality, not quantity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the padded sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE TARIFF

The Sugar Schedule Still Under Discussion.

THE PRESIDENT IS OPPOSED TO LONGER CONTENTION.

His Attitude Has Much to Do With Final Settlement.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Conversation with members of the ways and means committee leads to the opinion that the members will be reconciled without much difficulty to the senate amendments to the income tax, as most of them are calculated to remove offensive features.

The main contest will be on the sugar schedule, to which the opposition in the house is very decided and strong numerically. That some change will be made in the schedule is certain, but the belief is general that the duty will be retained. The senate conferrees will make an effort to include bounty allowances on the coming crop. That allowance was included in the senate caucus agreement and was abandoned at the last hour for the reason that it was desired to dispose of the bill on Tuesday last.

There seems to be an understanding among Democratic senators that the bounty allowance will be arranged in conference in a manner that will be acceptable to the sugar growers. The question has been raised whether the growers of domestic sugar are not entitled to a bounty under the existing law. It is provided that producers of such sugar, to be entitled to bounty, shall file, prior to July of each year, with the commissioner of internal revenue, application for a license, together with notice of the place of production and an estimate of the quantity of sugar to be produced in the current year. These provisions of law, which are held to be in the nature of a contract, have been complied with, and the coming sugar crop will be made under the conditions thus agreed upon.

The President's Attitude.

In conversation with a friend recently the president alluded to the question of tariff legislation. He remarked that he has abstained from interfering with the bill while it was pending in the senate. The measure was not altogether satisfactory and not such a one as he would have framed. He did not think there was sufficient time at the present session to make any serious contention over it. But under the circumstances he thought the house would be justified in accepting the measure with some modifications in order that speedy action may be had regarding this most important measure.

The attitude of the president and the administration concerning this matter will have, it is believed, much influence, not only with the members of the ways and means committee, but with the friends of the administration in both houses in settling and adjusting this important question.

A Tax on Greenbacks.

The bill for the state taxation of greenbacks occupied the attention of the house all day, and it was passed by a vote of 173 to 41. The only point of interest in the day's proceedings was the taking of the tariff bill from the speaker's table and its reference to the committee on ways and means, but this was unattended by any excitement or remarks.

Several unimportant bills were passed. The special order setting aside today for eulogies on the late Representative Houck of Ohio was postponed for a week.

A Short Session.

An air of quiet and serenity prevailed in the chamber when the senate met at noon yesterday, after its holiday. The struggle of the past three months had severely taxed the endurance of the senators and it was immediately decided that the senate adjourn to meet on Monday. This was to give the senators two more days of rest before beginning work on the appropriation bills. The house joint resolution to enable the secretary of the navy to carry out the work of increasing the navy was adopted. One resolution and two bills, the direct outgrowth of the existing Pullman strike, were introduced.

Bonnell Is President.

ASBURY PARK, July 7.—The National Editorial association has elected the following officers: President, A. H. Bonnell, Dansville, N. Y.; first vice president, James H. Duke, Sciota, Miss.; second vice president, N. A. Arnold, Greencastle, Ind.; third vice president, J. R. Buxton, Washington; recording secretary, A. E. Pierce, Denver; corresponding secretary, J. M. Paige, Jerseyville, Ills.; treasurer, James G. Gibbs, Norwalk, O.

Wanted For Murder.

WINSTED, Conn., July 7.—Waterbury police have identified the Italian captured here as Domenico Manfreta, the Waterbury murderer. Manfreta has been at large since the night of May 13, when a murder was committed in a Canal street saloon at Waterbury. A stiletto and ticket for Albany were found on the murderer.

Another Victim.

GREENVILLE, Me., July 7.—Charles Grant, the fifth victim of the West Outlet wreck on the Canadian Pacific railway, died yesterday from fracture of the skull. Fireman McDonald remains unconscious. A body is supposed to be still under the wrecked cars.

Without Light.

CHICAGO, July 7. — The firemen employed at the Armour establishment have gone out, and the big plant was left in total darkness, as the electric light machinery was obliged to shut down.

To Test the Law.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Providence police raided pool rooms yesterday afternoon, and arrested all attendants. It is proposed to test the new anti-gambling law.

Bank Swindler Captured.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 7. — Richard Lenox, who defrauded two Milwaukee banks of $35,000 on June 24, was arrested near Absecom yesterday.

Lightning's Victims.

READING, Pa., July 7.—Mrs. Jacob Boggs was killed by being struck by lightning. Mrs. Amanda Shaw was probably fatally burned.

Clearing Them Out.

MARSEILLES, July 7.—Forty suspected anarchists, including many Italians, have been arrested in this city.

Browne's Latest Move.

WASHINGTON, July 7. - Carl Browne started on foot with 70 picked men for New York city last night. He will probably give particular attention to Wall street and capitalists, with whose manner of doing business the marshal is not pleased. Oklahoma Sam will attempt to keep the Coxey camp.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Cholera has appeared at Liege, Belgium.

Sheffield's cutlery exports to America have fallen off.

Sugar men may receive a bounty on this year's crop.

The Conant pulp factory at Watertown, Mass., was damaged by fire.

Lord Rosebery celebrated Ladas' Derby victory by feasting Epsom paupers.

Joseph Catnoir of Providence, 19 years old, fell into a reservoir and was drowned.

Ernest, son of Nat Sheels of Swanton, Vt., was struck by lightning and killed.

The price of pork has advanced 1 cent a pound, but beef remains stationary at Boston.

Miss Daggett of New Haven died at Canandaigua, N. Y., from an overdose of chloral.

Cambridge (Mass.) drug stores are to be allowed to sell nothing but drugs on Sundays.

Mrs. Ziphah Botham of Monteville, Conn., celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth.

Lloyd Seaman, a colored boy, was drowned in the Connecticut river at Old Lyme, Conn.

An Italian answering the description of a Waterbury murderer was arrested at Winsted, Conn.

Mme. Carnot states that her husband's life was threatened constantly for the past seven years.

A Beverly (Mass.) child was injured, probably fatally, by an explosion of percussion paper caps.

The fishing schooner Sea Fox of Provincetown, Mass., arrived at Boston, with six of her crew missing.

An 80-foot span of the highway bridge across the bay at Bath, Me., fell, and travel will be stopped for a month.

Professor Edward R. Ruggles of Dartmouth college sailed from New York for Rotterdam, and will spend the summer in Berlin.

Rev. R. A. Beard of Fargo, N. D., has accepted a call to the pastorage of the Pilgrim Congregational church at Nashua, N. H.

President Bothfield of the Newton (Mass.) aldermen barely escaped being mobbed because he did not want the Fourth of July celebration to begin before 3 a. m.

L. C. Whitney, superintendent of the New Britain (Conn.) Electric Light company, has been appointed receiver of the Norwalk and South Norwalk Electric Light company.

The address of condolence upon the death of President Carnot which was adopted by the British parliament has been suitably acknowledged by the French chambers.

The national banks of Haverhill, Mass., are paying July semi-annual dividends as follows: Merrimack, 4 per cent; First National, 3 per cent; Haverhill, 3 per cent; Second National, 4 per cent.

WARRANTS ARE OUT

For the Arrest of a Crowd Who Wrecked "The Bedbug" With Stones.

DOVER, N. H., July 7.—The proprietor of the house known as "The Bedbug," in Barrington, has secured warrants for several parties for destroying his home.

His story is that after he and the rest had retired for the night, he was awakened by a blast from a fishhorn, and almost instantly rocks of all sizes came through his windows, striking and injuring both him and others.

They fled to the cellar, while the din and bombardment were kept up. When morning came and he ventured out of his cellar, he found every bit of glass in the windows broken out, the two doors knocked in, things inside the house ruined, and several tons of stones in the house.

His shed was overturned and his home ruined. He found that the assaulting party had brought two cartloads of stones, which they had hurled at his house. He found several face masks and evidence which leads him to believe that he knows who the perpetrators are.

The Lynn Press Bonds.

LYNN, Mass., July 7.—The bonds of the Lynn Press, that were originally issued for $15,000, were sold at public auction yesterday. George N. Nichols bought them for $500. Mr. Nichols was one of the assignees of the paper, and it is his intention to run the paper in the future.

Murdered and Mutilated.

BUENOS AYRES, July 7.—Advices from Bolivia report that ex-President Arce has been assassinated. His body was horribly mutilated by his murderers.

Believed to Be Taylor's Body.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—The body of an unknown man was found floating in the river here. Although badly decomposed, it is believed to be that of William Taylor, who fell from an oyster dredge last February.

Strikers Escorted Knobsticks.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., July 7.—About 100 of the Wamsutta strikers assembled at the mill gates last night and escorted some of the ex-strikers who are knobsticking home. There was no disturbance.

Freight Sheds and Cars Burned.

CAIRO, Ills., July 7. Two freight sheds 850 feet wide and 600 feet long, respectively, and 20 freight cars were burned in the Mobile and Ohio yards in this city. It is believed the fire was incendiary.

Robbers Got Away.

FAIRFIELD, Me., July 7.—At 3 o'clock in the morning the safe in the postoffice was blown open and its contents taken. All the glass in the building was broken. No trace of the burglars.

Railroad Loses by Fire.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., July 7.—The coal sheds and trestle work on Mystic wharf, together with a quantity of coal, all owned by the Boston and Maine road, were burned last night. Loss, $4000.

Rope Parted.

BOSTON, July 7.—John Healey, 40 years old, was instantly killed by a bucket falling on his head, while digging a trench, by the breaking of a guy rope.

A Philosophic View.

LONDON, July 7.—In an interview, Lord Dunraven exonerated his crew from all blame for the disaster to the Valkyrie. It was purely accidental, he said.

Cuts, Scratches, Sprains, and all pains, external or internal, are instantly relieved by PERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer.
This old remedy is known, used and sold everywhere. Get it and keep it by you.

TEXTILE TRADE

Still Fails to Show Much Improvement.

THE BLOCKADE OF RAILROADS IS INJURIOUS

To the Business Interests of the Country.

The interruption of business by the railroad strike has been such that signs, whether bright or gloomy, have little value.

Speculation in products has turned largely upon temporary uncertainties, but meat products have been higher, with a threatened famine here, and the probability that large quantities will be spoiled at Chicago, while improved crop prospects have depressed wheat 1 3-4 cents.

The crop year ends with narrow exports. Though a little larger than of late, the aggregate for the year has been not far from 165,000,000 bushels, flour included, though at the lowest average price ever known. The year's receipts at western ports were about 158,000,000 bushels, against 294,000,000 the previous year.

Cotton promises so well and the stocks in sight here and abroad are so large that speculation for an advance is difficult. With two months of the crop year yet remaining, over 7,350,000 bales have already come in sight, and there is strong promise of a much larger yield this year.

The Industrial World.

The iron industry had not yet recovered from the coal miners' strike when it was seriously interrupted by the blockade of the railroads at the west. A large and somewhat lasting reduction in the demand for iron is the natural consequence of disturbances affecting railway earnings.

The demands for boots and shoes are slightly better as to cheaper grades, particularly of women's goods, and the shipments from the east are at present about equal to last year's.

Textile manufactures do not show improvement, two important cotton mills manufacturing colored goods having stopped indefinitely, while the unsold stock of print cloths at Fall River, Mass., and Providence has reached 1,004,000 pieces, and a downward revision in prices of bleached sheetings is expected. Quite a large number of woolen mills have filled all orders in hand and closed for the present, and in most branches orders fall far below expectations.

Interruption of traffic is felt in these industries, but much more uncertainty exists as to how far foreign goods may be delivered at lower prices than domestic when the new duties take effect, and behind these causes of hesitation lies the fact that with many hands out of work and wages reduced for others and prices of farm products exceedingly low, the buying power of the people is greatly restricted. Minor industries are also affected much in the same way, especially where important changes of duty are expected.

Failures during the week have been 161 in the United States, against 334 last year, and 34 in Canada, against 23 last year, with no important disaster as yet since the new half year began.

England and Immigrants.

LONDON, July 7.—The Marquis of Salisbury, in the house of lords, introduced a bill increasing the powers of existing laws respecting immigrants. He said that the refusal of the United States to receive destitute foreigners made the pressure upon British shores all the heavier, and that if it was once known that Great Britain had the same powers as the United States in this matter the stream would lessen.

Ate Dogberries.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Two children of Richard Marsh, a girl 9 and boy 5 years old, were sent to Summit to spend the Fourth. While out berrying they picked dogberries and ate them. They were taken sick yesterday; their mother was sent for and attempted to bring them to the city, but both died on the train.

Gave Himself Up.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Richard A. Canfield of Providence surrendered himself to the district attorney yesterday to answer the charge of misdemeanor. Canfield had ignored a summons to appear before the Lexow committee.

MORE FINE BATTING.

The Bostons Rolled Up Eight Runs In the First Inning.

CLEVELAND, July 6. — The Clevelands were defeated because the Bostons batted the ball better. In the first inning the Bostons scored eight runs, when the side should have been out. Burkett let two easy flies drop by his side, claiming that he could not see the ball, and then muffed another.

Boston	8	0	7	0	1	3	0	0		—19
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	0	0	— 6

Earned runs — Boston, 4; Cleveland, 4. Base hits—Boston, 22; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Boston, 1; Cleveland, 4. Batteries—Stivetts and Ryan; Cuppy and Zimmer.

At Pittsburg:

Philadelphia	0	2	1	0	0	2	0	6	2	—13
Pittsburg	2	0	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	— 7

Base hits — Philadelphia, 15; Pittsburg, 7. Errors—Philadelphia, 2; Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Haddock and Buckley; Gumbert Killen and Mack.

At Louisville:

New York	1	0	0	3	1	1	4	0	1	—10
Louisville	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	2	0	— 6

Base hits—New York, 12; Louisville, 17. Errors—New York, 3; Louisville, 1. Batteries—Rusie and Farrell; Hemming, Peffer and Weaver.

At Pawtucket—Fall River, 5; Pawtucket, 4.

At Brockton—Worcester, 0; Brockton, 8.

At Haverhill—Portland, 6; Haverhill, 4.

At Bangor—Lewiston, 11; Bangor, 4.

At the Head of the W. P. I.

WORCESTER, July 7.—The trustees of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute make the announcement of the engagement of Dr. Thomas C. Mendenhall, superintendent of the United States and geodetic survey, to be president of the institute.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

PETER A. FAY

The Hero of a Romantic and Thrilling Adventure.

HE FACED A POSSE OF OFFICERS IN MANCHESTER.

Behind Them Was a Mob of Excited Citizens.

The following account of the affair was given by the Boston Journal today:

This city was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement this afternoon by the forcible abduction of a nun on Elm street the main thoroughfare of the city.

The kidnapping took place in front of the Kennard, the biggest block in town, and was witnessed by thousands of people, hundreds of whom followed the kidnapper and his victim to the passenger station uttering threats of the direst character.

The story of the affair, as gleaned by the Journal correspondent, is as follows: Nearly four years ago there came to this city from Lowell a dark-haired and beautiful young woman named Mary Fay. Her parents are among the wealthiest Catholic residents of Lowell, and her brother, Hon. Peter A. Fay, is a leader of the Middlesex county bar.

The victim was Miss Mary Fay, 23, and her abductor was her lawyer brother.

When the woman came to Manchester she entered the celebrated college attached to Mount St. Mary's Convent. She became imbued with a desire to become a nun, and retire from the world in the local convent.

She has been pursuing a course of teaching of a year and a half at the Manchester Training school with this point in view, and having graduated this term, she on Monday took the white veil as being the step in the course she had marked out for herself.

Her Relatives Bitter.

Her relatives have been determined during all this time that she should not enter the convent, and her brother has been particularly bitter, compelling her on a recent occasion, it is alleged, to sign a promise that she would never thus immolate herself. Inasmuch as the promise was made under duress, she did not regard it as binding, and on Monday turned her back on her family and joined the institution to which she had dedicated her life.

This seemed to madden her brother, and he determined to cure her of her folly, as he evidently viewed it, peacefully if he could, forcibly if he must.

Accordingly he put in an appearance at the convent today, demanding an audience with his sister, saying that their mother had come to this city from Lowell with him, and was lying at the office of the Granite State Provident Association in a dead faint.

Another brother is employed by this association, which gave an air of plausibility to the story.

The Sisters procured a carriage and in company with another nun Miss Fay started for the Kennard, where the Granite State Provident is located.

Her Brother Snatched her.

When they reached the sidewalk in front of the building Fay was there; Mr. Fay grasped his sister around the waist snatched her bodily from the back and shouted, "your mother is dead or is dying, but she is not here; she is at home in Lowell, where you are going."

The young woman endeavored to shake off her captor, but it was no use. He clutched her firmly by the arm and started down Stark street toward the depot. The crowd surged in about him and there were cries of "Where is the police" and "Send for an officer."

Fay's blood was up, and he was in no mood to stand resistance. Clutching his sister by the arm, he shouted, "This is my sister, and I am taking her home. I will kill the first man who lays hands on me or her." At this the crowd fell back.

Word was hurriedly dispatched to police headquarters, and when Fay showed up at the passenger station there was a posse of officers, headed by Inspector O'Dowd, and a crowd of thousands awaiting him. Fay had lost none of his grit. The officers demanded that he give the girl up. "Ask her whether she goes with me willingly or not," he shouted. The police accordingly addressed the young woman, and she replied promptly, "Yes, sooner than have any more trouble I will go with him."

The Brother Triumphs.

"That settles it," declared Fay emphatically, "and I will now thank you," addressing the police, "to clear away this mob and let us pass."

A curious crowd surrounded the strange pair, however, until their departure on the 3.10 train, and nothing but the presence of police and Mr. Fay's determined character prevented an outbreak, if not a riot.

It is not believed that Miss Fay will stay in Lowell, as she evidently went with her brother to prevent a scene. The affair has caused a tremendous senation.

What Mr. Fay Says.

Of course Mr. Fay is somewhat of a hero among his brother lawyers today when he describes his adventure. He says that he came very near being shot, one man drawing a revolver which he would have used had not somebody interfered. He says the crowd acted like a lot of fanatics.

An Interesting Letter.

In relation to Mr. Fay's visit to Manchester the following letter is in his possession:

Mr. P. A. Fay: Dear Sir—From your letter of July 2, I conclude that you misapprehend my position in regard to your sister, Miss Mary Fay. She freely applied for admission into this convent. As she is not a minor, the opposition of her family was a matter of no moment with us. Having admitted her, she shall not be dismissed unless after due trial she prove unsuitable as a member of the community. She is, however, perfectly free to leave, and will remain thus free for two and a half years.

Your expression relative to the use of "force" is simply incomprehensible to me. The going or staying of your sister at present rests entirely with herself.

Respectfully yours,
SISTER M. BEATRICE,
Superior of Convent of Mercy.

"I have always been taught," continued Mr. Fay, to believe that the wishes of parents were paramount, and I believe that the world would be better if all children were so taught. I am a loyal Catholic, but if the church teaches that parents' desires are to be disregarded, even though the children have reached their majority, then I am obliged to disagree. I am very sorry that the trouble occurred, but it could not be otherwise. My sister is now at home, and is quite willing to stay there."

Burglars at Attleboro.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

ATTLEBORO, Mass., July 6.—Burglars entered the house of Philip Meyers on the Foxboro line this morning, bound him hand and foot and carried off everything portable.

COMING EASTWARD.

THE GREAT STRIKE GRADUALLY EXTENDING.

All the Switchmen of Lines Entering Cleveland, O., Called Out—Others to Follow.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CLEVELAND, O., July 7.—Slowly, but surely, the American Railway Union strike is moving eastward.

The A. R. U. has decided to tie up every line entering Cleveland. Traffic here is practically at a standstill. A similar condition of affairs exists on the Cleveland, Canton & Southern railway.

At 8 o'clock the Lake Shore men were called out. At 8.30 the Cleveland & Pittsburg men were called out.

It is only the switchmen who were ordered to strike.

STOCK YARD RIOT.

Police and Deputies Were Powerless Before the Mob.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The riots in the stock yards continued this morning. In the vicinity of 43d and Oakland avenue this morning rails were torn up, switch houses demolished and switches tampered with. The police and deputies were unable to restrain the rioters. No federal troops were in the vicinity.

DEPUTIES FIRED

On a Mob of Strikers With Fatal Effect.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Deputy U. S. marshals at Kensington, fired upon a mob today and one man was killed.

All the switchmen on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha lines struck this morning.

TO INVESTIGATE TROUBLES.

Congress May Interfere in the Great Railway Struggle.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Senator Kyle says that he will not call up the resolution introduced last week on account of the railway strike.

Senator Allen introduced a resolution for the investigation of all railway troubles.

STRIKE AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

All the Members of the A. R. U. to be Called Out.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 6.—Pres. Debs states that all the members of the A. R. U. in Buffalo will be called out within the next 24 hours.

STEAMSHIP LINES AFFECTED.

The Cunard Has Withdrawn Two Advertised Vessels.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, July 6.—The great railway strike will very seriously interfere with the sailings of ocean freightage. Already the Cunard line has taken off two boats advertised to sail.

A Safe Cracked.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

FAIRFIELD, Me., July 6.—A safe in the postoffice was cracked here this morning and $1000 taken. No clue to the burglars.

More Strikers Out.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

DELAWARE BAY, July 6.—The men in the "Big Four" shops struck this morning.

Found on the Track.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEWBURYPORT, July 6.—Eugene Moynahan was found on the railroad track this morning, badly mutilated. Foul play is suspected.

The Valkyrie Will Not be Raised.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

HUNTER QUAY, Firth of Clyde, July 7—The diver appointed to examine the hulk of the Valkyrie reports that she is lying on her keel with a large hole in her portside. It has not been decided whether an attempt will be made to raise her because the expense would be very great. The Prince of Wales sent a message of sympathy to the Earl of Dunraven on his loss.

POOR PETER JOHN.

He Was Taken to the City Farm From His Home in Maiden Lane.

There are few residents of Ward One unacquainted with Peter John.

For years he has resided in an humble dwelling house, which stands in Maiden Lane, about midway between Market and Merrimack streets.

He lived like a hermit, with no one to share his home, and scarcely ever showing himself out of doors, unless really obliged to do so.

Few people ever saw the inside of his house and it is said that the furnishings which go to make a home comfortable were entirely lacking there.

He cared not for show or high living, though it is said he had a nice sum of money laid away. He was sparing in its use. His neighbors often remarked that it was queer he should prefer to live as he did when people of less means managed to reside in more pretentious homes.

He hobbled about on his cane which was ever his support. All the children of the vicinity had his house marked and were wont to congregate around it and relate tales of the old man which had been told to them by their older brothers and sisters.

One would frequently hear them speak of the treasures stored away in chests in the little attic room where the old man slept.

None ever considered the old man's end.

At 11 o'clock this morning, the ambulance backed up to the door of his house; he was placed in it and then driven to the city farm.

Shortly afterwards the board of health wagon stopped in front of the "cot", and cleaned out the house of its furniture, etc., according to orders received from the board. Quite a crowd witnessed the scene, and commented upon the sad end of the Peter John who might have lived differently had he chosen.

Mrs. Charles E. Hogan and son have gone to Lincolnville beach, Me., for the summer.

John Green's furnishing store corner of Hurd and Central street was broken into Wednesday night.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 7th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Gentlemen's List.

Allman, J
American Injector Co
Andrews Orchestra
Abell, Serene E
Arnold, E V
Blass, Adam
Band, Manell F
Beaman, C H
Bishop, J
Builly, Eugene
Brown, Harry
Brown, Augustus M
Blodgett, E A
Brunelle, A B
Burrows, F F
Burnham, Fred
Brush, John R
Chamberland, W E
Clark, C S
Currier, Geo W
Dyke, Elzar G
Dubord, Jake
Duerden, Harry
Duffy, Michael
Dealden, Thomas
Dusautnure, Arthur
Deslliets, Theode
Emery, Ralph E
Emory, John E
Faye, Fred X 2
Fiske, Harry N
Gateley, H
Genghin, Philip
Guilfoy, M J
Galligan, Patrick
Hamblett, Clement A
Hill, Will H
Holmes, Wesley
Howe, Chas L
Kelleher, D J
Kelleher, W M
"Kootzman," Christian
Knowles, John
Lachapelle, J A
Letendre, Alfred
Leblen, Octave
Linnehan, John W
Moore, J A
McJenny, Michael
McDonald, Patrick J
McGuire, Mr
McLean, J H Dr
McMorrow, F A
Maynard, Israel
Martin, Manuel
Mansfield, W T
O'Brien, James
O'Brien, Hugh
O'Hara, Thomas
Pennoton, Arthur
Proux, Nachette
Quirk, Thomas
Rogers, A D
Richardson, Thos P
Rivet, Napoleon
Reballs, James
Reagan, John H
Stevens, L R
Sweets, John
Smith, A E
Sullivan, M
Tarbell, H O
Tromblay, Joseph
Tebbetts & Soule
Tucker, J G
Union, American P
Williams, J P

Ladies' List.

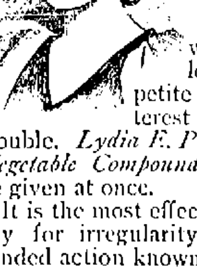
Ball, Mrs M C
Bailey, Mrs D
Baird, Miss Alice M
Bancroft, Mrs L P
Boden, Miss Sarah
Bonzey, Miss Cate
Brunell, Mrs Delia
Buchanan, Miss Belle
Burke, Miss Katie
Byrne, Mrs Nellie
Crane, Miss Nellie
Champagne, Mrs Edmond
Calkins, Miss Addie T
Cote, Mme Nellda
Conway, Miss Grace
Cummings, Mrs May Ella
Davis, Florence
Desmond, Mrs Etta
Delormais, Miss Emelie
Flaherty, Miss Nettie
Finley, Margaret
Forkes, Mrs Hattie
Gernale, Susie
Gilbert, Miss Delia
Griffin, Mrs Ella V
Gibson, Mrs Elmer A
Goodwin, Mrs J M
Hall, Mrs A F
Hansberry, Miss Katie
Hill, Miss Susie
Hillman, Miss Louisa
Howes, Mrs L E
Hoole, Miss M W
Hough, Miss Kate
Knowles, Mrs W S
Market, Mrs Aline V
McGill, Mrs Jane
Meacham, Mrs Lottie
Moore, Mrs Hannah
Morrison, Miss Delia
Morrison, Mrs M H
Nichols, Miss Lottie
Pengally, Miss Belle
Prescott, Mrs S M
Perkins, Mrs Wm
Pinkham, Mrs L E
Pottere, Helen
Richard, Miss Adeline
Rice, Mrs H B
Rogers, Mrs Lou
Roney, Lola
Sullivan, Mary
Simonds, Miss Laura
Silk, Miss Bridget
Singleton, Mrs Janette L
Thomas Miss Gertrude
Wallace, Rose
Washburn, Mrs Chas
Wheeler, Miss S J
Welch, Mrs Geo
Wilder, Miss Mamie
Woodman, Mrs Agnes B

Stop buying toilet soap. You can get a cake of Olive Oil Toilet Soap in every package of Ivorine Washing Powder.
You get the toilet soap free, and the best Washing Powder in the world—both for the cost of one.
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.
Ask your Grocer for the 1½ lb. package of Ivorine.

HIRES' Rootbeer makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada.
Send 2c stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.

Young Girls Suffer

From the same causes which make so many women miserable. This being the case, what is your duty, most loving mother? You know that irregularity, suspension, or retention, severe headaches, waxy complexion, depression, weakness, loss of appetite and interest means trouble. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* should be given at once.



It is the most effective remedy for irregularity or suspended action known to medicine.

Twenty years of unparalleled success and 20 thousand women confirm its power over all those dreaded diseases peculiar to women. All druggists have it for you.

Accept the truth and be well.

Get Get Get Get Get
KNAPP'S
only only only only
KNAPP'S
for for for for for for
KNAPP'S
is the Best Rootbeer Extract.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

WANT COLUMN

Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

TENEMENTS TO LET

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Lew, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE. -A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU

Surgeon Dentists

Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

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Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

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SAID PASHA

New Faces.

Catching Music.

Exquisite Costumes

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

SERENA, the Pasha's daughter, Miss Jennie Corea.
ALTI, Queen of Altara, Miss Carrie Carroll.
BALAH SOJAH, Alti's stepmother, Miss Kate Powers.
SERGEANT OF TURKISH PATROL, Miss Edith Cimmars
SAID PASHA, a Turkish diplomat, Frank Edwards.
HASSEN BEY, Officer of the Turkish patrol, Frank Emerson.
TERAN, a Mexican nobleman, John Lloyd.
RAJAH, the Commander of Altara, Peter Depew.
HADAD, an Adventurer, Tom Callahan.
NOCKEY, a Companion of Hadad, Raymond Hitchcock.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

Simple ailments neglected may grow deadly. A handy remedy is Beecham's Pills (Tasteless) in all cases where Liver and Stomach trouble is suspected.
Worth a Guinea a Box.
25 cents a box.

Quality, Not Quantity.

THE SIZE of a newspaper is no guarantee of its excellence. The public wants quality, not quantity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the padded sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month. 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

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To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 39	10 45	11 58
9 45	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 06	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 47	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 39	5 00	5 44
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 28	7 15	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		§8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 25

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	§8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	§8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station

‡ Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 20	8 35
‡8 15	9 18	9 33	10 37
9 29	10 52	10 45	11 43
10 50	12 05	1 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 29
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 15
4 10	5 00	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 12	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
‡8 15	9 20	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 26	11 15	12 56
4 15	5 20	5 00	6 26
5 55	7 05	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50.		

‡From Middlesex St. station only.

NO OTHER WAY.

The only way to get out a good paper with fresh news is to hire good talent and plenty of it, pay for the news while it is hot, and print it so that people can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers issued at the same hour.

THERE IS not much progress apparently in the grade crossing matter.

MOST PEOPLE think congress will spend a month in passing the tariff bill through the final stages. Two weeks might suffice.

THERE WILL be no obstacle to the Lowell, Lawrence & Haverhill railroad coming here. Everybody wants it. Lowell longs to see it opened.

STRANGE THAT the Lexow committee has not hauled up Cooker as yet. If he had remained in Europe the committee would have asked for his extradition.

THERE WILL be a gathering of warships in Boston harbor next week to witness the trial trip of the Minneapolis. It will be a good opportunity to see the strength of our fleet.

IT IS to be regretted that the Valkyrie was sunk before she got an opportunity to show what she could do in home waters. America having lost the race, will have to find a faster yacht.

THE A. P. A. flag episode reported from Gloucester indicates a good deal of asininity in whomsoever put the flag upon the school. Such acts reflect the intelligence and the principles of the society.

WHAT WAS the origin of that fire in the U. S. Cordage company? Was the second fire only a resumption of the first, which was supposed to be put out at 11 o'clock? If so the first was not entirely put out. These are questions for the fire department to answer.

A SYNDICATE to control all the cotton mills of Lowell would be a formidable body. There is no telling what the mills expect at the present juncture; but it is safe to say that any such organization would be a powerful body to cope with in case of labor difficulties.

THE FALL River Herald suggests the necessity of constituting the police a committee to enforce the health laws in relation to noxious vaults. The officers have no liking for bad smells and would undoubtedly report upon any unsanitary odors discovered on their beats.

COMPLAINTS ARE made at THE SUN office that certain unsanitary vaults are tolerated by the board of health although the office has been notified that the noxious odors emanating therefrom are liable to cause sickness. This is a matter which should be closely looked after by the board of health in order to prevent disease.

SALEM CELEBRATED the Fourth in splendid style and at the moderate cost of $1000. The Salem News gives a beautifully illustrated account of the celebration, but the Gazette in a futile attempt to show its patriotism in colors came out in red, white and blue and was painful to look at. What a newspaper cannot do with good black ink it need not expect to do with any daub.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD writes to the Globe outlining what he conceives the issues of the fall campaign should be in this state. He holds that the democratic party should keep to state issues, to the line of policy advocated by ex-Governor Russell in three annual messages. Mr. Bradford recognizes the breadth of Mr. Russell's democracy as well as the confidence placed in him by the people of Massachusetts.

The interposition of the government gives assurance that this condition of things will not continue much longer and will serve to emphasize the argument of those who believe that the railroads should be under the control of the government.—Fitchburg Mail.

If the railroad companies were under control of the government matters would not be quite so bad as at present. The government is in control of the railroad corporations.

CONGRESSMAN EVERETT of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in congress to provide for the naturalization of the Japanese. According to Judge Colt's decision it is the constitution that prevents their naturalization, and if so an act of congress cannot effect a change. If the constitution has no such provision or if Judge Colt's decision is wrong, there is no obstacle to their naturalization and no act of congress is necessary.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

The strike is coming eastward and its effects are already felt all over the country. The trans-Atlantic lines are already crippled from the tie up of western roads, and the prospect is, that the price of meat and some other commodities will take a sudden jump upward.

The strikers are not discouraged by the presence of troops, by the sweeping injunction issued against them or by the claim that the matter is now between them and the U. S. government. The A. R. U. is proving itself a very powerful organization in point of numbers and influence, but its potency will be greatly diminished by acts of lawlessness such as the burning or the overturning of cars, the interference with moving trains or assaults on deputies. The outrages reported this morning call for the most repressive measures by state and federal authorities.

The members of the union have the undisputed right to quit work and remain idle; but they have not the right to prevent their former employers from hiring other men to take their places, nor to interfere with such men when so hired. They have not the right to stop public travel just because they have a grievance against the Pullman company; and every time they attempt anything of this sort they injure their cause immensely.

It is so difficult to supply the places of railroad men that it seems they can win any battle with their employers merely by remaining idle and showing the justice of their cause to the American people.

That the A. R. U. has many grievances against the Pullman company cannot be denied. It is one of those grab-all companies that is not satisfied with reasonable profits. It has a thousand avenues through which it extorts money from its employes and places them completely under its control. It owns the town and it might be said also the people who live in the town, and this strike is practically an uprising of a small colony in which a feudal system of oppression prevails under the light of freedom in this republic. The strikers will be denounced for violations of law and may be fired upon by the troops, but the Pullman company is to blame. Its grasping, greedy, insatiable policy caused the strike and it is hardly right that men who are fighting for justice, if they keep within the bounds of the law, will be confronted with state or federal troops as the defenders of the corporations that oppress labor. It is time that federal authority were exercised in restraining such corporations as the Pullman company from driving the people to desperation by extortion and by oppressive rules that have no justification.

THE NEW license commission should hold a reception for intending applicants, so that the commissioners may get acquainted with their patrons. Where will the office of the license commission be located? The city hall commission made no arrangement for the accommodation of such a body in the new city hall.

PRESIDENT PERIER'S decision to pardon 366 political and other prisoners will not placate the anarchists. They are implacable.

THE MAIL need not fret over Miss Watson's case. There was no religious motive in dropping her.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS.

At Last.

My dear little cousin from Millville
Has spent all this winter in town.
She'd heard many lectures Delsartean
And rustles in Paris made gown

Until she scarce knows her own gestures
From those learned in "Strength Through Repose;"
And her lovable face uplifted
Seems hothouse bloom, not brier rose.

One night when I silently watched her,
With studied grace, pull off her gloves,
Came a well known step in the hallway,
'Twas that of the man whom she loves.

Gone, gone, were her graces Delsartean!
Two little hands tight at her heart
Told more of her sweet, loving nature
Than all the tried postures of art.

The cry of a heart full of gladness,
The blush of a sweet brier rose,
She finds in the firm arms about her
The truest, best "Strength Through Repose."

—Brooklyn Life.

Brighter.

"In looking out of doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the windows, and you can see out better," she said.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Simple Enough.

The best puns are unintentional. Thus Mr. Perry was walking about his garden in company with his brother from the city.

"You raise an enormous lot of tomatoes, John," said the city dweller. "What in the world do you do with them?"

"Well," said Mr. Perry, "we eat as many as we can, and what we can't eat we can."—Youth's Companion.

Suffered for Twelve Years.

Orwin, (formerly Enterprise,) Taylor County, W. Va.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buf'lo, N.Y.:

Gentlemen—A heart overflowing with gratitude prompts me to write you. Twelve long weary years I suffered greatly, from Uterine Derangement and at last was given up by my physician to die, besides spending almost all we had. After five months' treatment with your Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I now enjoy most excellent health. I would, to day, have been in my grave, and my little children motherless, had it not been for you and your medicine. I will recommend your medicine as long as I live.

MRS. WILSON AND CHILD.

If any one doubts this, give my name and address.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. MALVINA WILSON.

SUNBEAMS.

Not a Success.

I.

"He would make a good looking pointer if his tail was only straight."

II.

III.

—Life.

An Infallible Indication.

There was an intense silence around Mrs. Hashem's table while the chicken was being served. It was broken by the girl with fluffy white hair, who whispered to the one with dark glasses:

"Billy Bliven has paid his board bill at last."

"How do you know?"

"He got a piece of white meat instead of the wing and neck, as usual."—Washington Star.

An Eccentric Measure.

Mrs. Hale (just married)—Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner.

Maria—How much ought I to get, ma'am?

Mrs. Hale—I think 12 yards will be sufficient.—Vogue.

At the Poultry Show.

"Great snakes! There's 57 little chicks in that box. How could one hen hatch out as many as that?"

"A hen didn't do it. They was hatched in a—in a incubus, you dern fool!"—Chicago Tribune.

Appropriate.

Plankinton (visiting Bingo)—Gracious, old man, what have you got blood red wall paper in this room for?

Bingo—This, old chap, is the room in which I shave myself.—New York World.

A Somewhat Particular Judge Who Drew the Line at Suspenders.

"Some years ago," said ex-Attorney General Miller to a reporter for the Indianapolis Sentinel, "I was trying a case up in Whiteley county, where things are not conducted with the formality that is the rule down here. It was a terribly hot day in August, and the sun was cutting across lots to get at us. We had stood it bravely for three days, and after the testimony had been all given to the jury we began with our arguments. Opposed to me was a man who weighed over 200 pounds, and it got so hot that he began to sizzle. It came his turn to address the jury about the middle of the afternoon, and he began with a great big cabbage leaf sitting upon his head. As he became more and more enthused the cabbage leaf fell off, and then, as he began to warm up to his work, the only relief he could secure was by the removal of his wardrobe. As he started into tell what an unprincipled villain the defendant really was he jerked off his coat and threw it on a bench. As he dived into the 'res gestæ' he shed his vest. The motive for the crime brought his collar off with a jerk, and as he in vivid words began picturing the scene at the final moment one suspender slipped from his shoulder. It really began to get interesting.

"The court as well as all the others in the room had been dividing attention between the oratory and the shedding of apparel, and as that suspender slipped from the shoulder of the aroused orator the judge concluded that it was time that something should be done. He coughed once or twice and then remarked quietly:

"'Counsel in presenting his case to the jury must not interpose anything that was not brought out by the evidence.'

"The animated lawyer's fingers were nervously clutching at the other suspender, and as he heard the interruption he stopped in the midst of a concatenation of adjectives. He hadn't understood exactly.

"'Your honor, I trust I shall be given sufficient liberty to expose'——

"The court interrupted him. 'You will be permitted in argument to expose everything connected with the crime as brought out by the evidence, but the court feels that you have shown a disposition to digress materially. You will please confine yourself more closely by adjusting your suspenders.'

"And then he understood."

An Awful Symptom.

Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure something serious is the matter with baby.

Mr. New Wed—Why, what makes you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, meas——

Mrs New Wed—Oh, no, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn't cried today.—Brooklyn Life.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

A VETERAN TELLS OF THINGS THAT ARE NOT REPORTED.

Thieves Are Frequently Run Down, While the Public Thinks They Get Away—Stealing From One's Own House—Valuable Tips From Pawnshops.

It will perhaps interest a good many people to know why so little confidence is placed in police detectives by the majority of the residents of Brooklyn who don't know how thy work and why so much confidence is placed in them by a few who do. Having been a detective for the past 20 years, the writer will endeavor to let Citizen readers into some of the secrets of the profession. Many people in this city believe that we are slouches; that we never find out anything unless we fall across it and that we are no better at detecting crime than the policemen who patrol the streets. This condition of affairs is due no doubt to the way in which we have to work.

As soon as a man reports that his house has been robbed we are placed on the case. The report goes to police headquarters, containing an account of the missing articles, which is duly printed in the newspapers. People who read the papers from day to day notice the report and keep their eyes open to see whether we capture the culprit or not. Not seeing the report of the capture, in a few days they give up all hope and say that we are of no earthly use. But there are always two sides to a story.

For instance, while I was stationed in the Thirteenth precinct, at the corner of Willoughby and Vernon avenues, a few years ago, a man who was reputed to be wealthy, doing business in New York, came into the station house and reported that his house had been robbed of a gold watch valued at $300. He gave me the number of the watch, with a full description of it, and answered several questions which I asked him.

After getting the information that I wanted I visited several pawnshops in the vicinity, but couldn't find any trace of the missing watch. The next day I went to ——'s pawnshop on the Bowery, in New York, to see about another matter. I have always made it a point to get into one of the stalls while in this store, so as to hear what is going on around me. I had a long talk with the clerk who was in charge about some jewelry and then went into a stall to make out a report, which I intended to turn over to my captain when I reached the station house. I had been in the stall about three minutes when a female entered the one adjoining mine and pledged something for which she received $75. Then she left. I recognized the woman's voice and was astounded to find her in a pawnshop. Who the woman was I never shall tell; suffice to say she was one of Brooklyn's society ladies, and I asked the clerk to let me see what she had pawned, and he did so. It was a gold badge, studded with diamonds and worth $200. With the clerk's permission I made a diagram of the badge in my notebook for further reference

But I am getting away from the gold watch. The same day I visited a pawnshop near the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge and recovered the missing watch. I asked the proprietor to give me a description of the man who pledged it. He did so, and much to my surprise the description tallied with that of the one who had made the complaint. I said nothing, but went to the man's home and acquainted his wife with the fact that the watch had been restored. I requested her to accompany me to the shop to identify it, which she did. While we were conversing with the proprietor I asked him to describe the pledger. The answer he gave took away the woman's breath, as she recognized the pledger as her own husband. She called at once on her husband and told him about the recovery and told him also something he didn't relish.

At any rate, I received a visit from him that night. He came into the station house with a large smile on his face and laughingly thanked me for recovering his watch.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I had a visit from my wife today, and she told me that the pawnshop man said I pledged my own watch. Why, that's nonsensical. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

I quietly informed him that the less he said about the matter the better off he would be. He took the tip, thanked me and departed.

A couple of nights later—I believe it was about 11 o'clock, for I had just retired—a man entered the station house. He was out of breath and was almost crying. He told the sergeant at the desk that his house had been robbed of some jewelry. "I wouldn't care," he added, "only the thieves have carried off a badge which I value very highly It was made a present to me a couple of weeks ago by the members of my shooting society, and now here it has been stolen."

Well, I was called down from my bed and made acquainted with the facts. I promised I would do the best I could to recover it, and he then left the station house, saying that if I did he would never forget me. The next day I went to the pawnshop on the Bowery, took out the badge which had been pledged by the Brooklyn woman and brought it over to the owner. He recognized it immediately as his property and asked me almost 50 questions about how I recovered it. He paid the $75, the amount it was pledged for, and took the badge. He demanded to know how I got it, but I told him not to go into the matter further, as it would not be for his good That wouldn't do for him. He must know who the thief was, so I consented to inform him. I took him to his home and requested his wife to join us in the parlor, which she did As she entered and stood in the middle of the room I pointed my finger at her and said, "There is the thief!" The woman in a very dramatic way denied all knowledge of the affair and ordered me to leave the house I asked her in a very quiet way if she wanted me to go into the matter any further I had just concluded speaking when she made a spring at a little writing desk which stood in a corner and which I suppose contained a pistol. I told her if she made another step I would arrest her as a thief. This quieted her down a little, and finally she threw herself at her husband's feet and asked his forgiveness, which was granted Then I left the house

That is one story the newspapers never printed, and there are many others.—Brooklyn Citizen.

No Keeping Him Out.

"What," demanded the captain of the beleaguered, "is all this pounding on the gate?"

"It transpires," answered the subaltern, fumbling, "that among our foes is a representative of the gas company who insists upon looking at our meter."

"Lost!" groaned the leader, and buried his face in his hands.—Detroit Tribune

What's the Use.

If your printer will not come down to hard pan prices what's the use of throwing money away for old acquaintance sake? Call at THE SUN office and see how much we can save you on your printing.

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

COST IS SLIGHT.

Expert Medical Treatment Available to All.

Many Advantages of Dr. Pearson's Light-Fee System for the Care of the Sick—$3 a Month, Including Medicines, the Only Charge.

Have you ever thought how little it costs to accomplish a cure of any chronic disease with Drs. Pearson and Carroll? No drug bill to pay. No $3 to $5 visits to pay for. No expensive examinations to be charged extra. Three dollars a month covers everything. Suppose it takes five months—$15. How long could you take treatment with your family physician for $15, counting your drug bills? Drs. Pearson and Carroll are curing others; they can cure you. Why not go have a talk with them? It will cost you nothing for careful examination and professional advice. Can you afford to neglect your health when the cost of a cure is so slight? Don't abuse the choicest blessing of life. Don't allow disease to run on until it reaches an incurable stage. Don't put off this matter a single day. Start now and get rid of the trouble while the conditions are favorable.

STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Mr. Garrison's Case Proves That the Cures Effected by Dr. Pearson Are Permanent.

Many will recall the announcement one year ago of the remarkable cure of Mr. Amos Garrison, of Tewksbury, after years of suffering from acute dyspepsia. His friends will be pleased and the public interested to hear that his cure has proved permanent and that he is still in excellent health.

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Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

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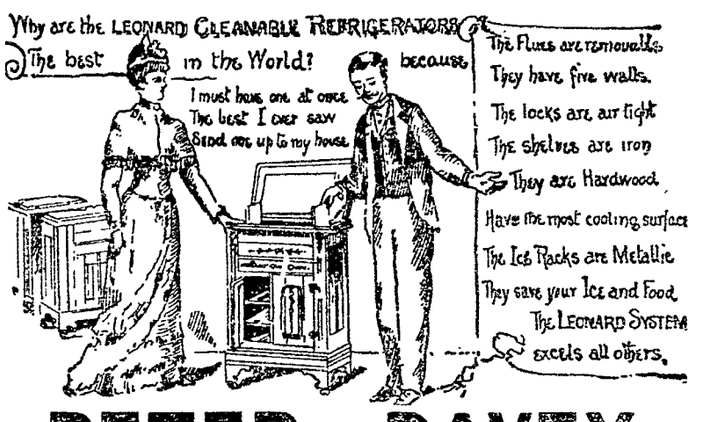

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$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

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Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

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And Save from 10 to 33 per cent. on every Dollar. We have no misleading advertisements. Once a customer there always a customer.

Special Bargains for This Week.

2 pairs Ladies' Hose for 5c.
2 pairs Men's Seamless Hose for 10c.
Ladies' 12½c. Seamless Hose now 10c. pair.
Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Seamless Hose 12 1-2c., regular price 15c. a pair.
50 dozen Ladies' Full Fashioned Hose, Gordon dye, now 20c, worth 29c a pair.
50 dozen Gent's Summer Merino Hose 12 1-2c. a pair, regular price 20c. pair.
Boys' and Girls' Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, all sizes, only 10c. a pair.
24 doz. 12c. Leather Belts, now 5c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 15, now 12 1-2c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c., now 17c. each.
50 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs 3c. each, regular price 5c.
25 doz. Gent's Fancy Embroidered Suspenders, 15c. a pair, regular price 25c.
1 lot of Children's Sun Hats 10c. each, just half price.
Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 37c. a piece. not 45c.
25 doz. Ladies' Summer Corsets 39c. a pair, Merrimack price 49c.
Our line of Shirt Waists at 25, 35, and 48c. have no equal.
Ladies' Jersey Undervests, 25 per cent. under Merrimack street prices.

LACES. LACES. LACES.

All kinds of White, Ecru, and Butter Color Laces reduced 20 per cent.
Black Silk, Spanish, and Border Laces and insertions 33 per cent. under regular prices.

111 CENTRAL ST.

No Cramps Or Pains

AFTER USING

HAYES' CHOLERA CORDIAL.

This is a certain and speedy cure for Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramps in the Stomach, Painters' Colic and all Internal Pains.

Every bottle warranted to check the disease, relieve the patient and perform a radical cure if used in due season and according to directions. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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Practical Plumbers

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Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters We also carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest price.

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Celebrated Anheuser Busch Beer.

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22 Shattuck Street, Corner Middle.

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PRICE OF GAS,

With the Discount Off for Prompt Payment, is

$1.00 ONE THOUSAND FEET.

First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and rented at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron, $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.

No charge made for the use of meters.

No charge made for running supply pipes from street mains to consumer's cellar.

Orders when left at office promptly attended to.

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Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

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When in doubt to Maker's go.
His store is filled both high and low:
Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their fame has spread for many miles.
The most asthetic taste he pleases;
Your pocketbook he never squeezes.
He always makes his work look nice,
At just two-thirds the regular price.

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Will write Fire Insurence Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

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TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 30	6 00	7 05
6 39	7 45	6 40	7 20
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 35
7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 25	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 43	10 00	11 15
9 01	10 50	10 45	11 58
9 45	10 40	11 30	12 00
11 00	12 06	1 00	1 55
11 52	12 47	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 21	3 31	4 [illegible]
3 02	4 45	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 30	5 03	6 44
5 33	6 30	5 25	6 [illegible]
5 43	6 50	5 50	7 05
6 28	7 15	6 15	7 25
7 37	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 45	11 [illegible]
		11 20	12 [illegible]

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 30	8 35
8 15	9 10	9 00	10 05
9 20	10 32	10 05	11 43
10 50	12 02	12 00	1 05
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
2 25	3 42	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 25	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	8 00	7 05
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains

8 17	9 30	8 00	9 10
12 05	1 25	11 15	12 58
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 20
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 00		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station. Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

Sunday Trains.

7 18	8 02	9 00	9 55
7 37	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 17	9 50	1 00	1 55
9 16	10 10	5 00	6 58
4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
6 00	7 40	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

(From Middlesex St. station only.

NO OTHER WAY.

The only way to get out a good paper with fresh news is to hire good talent and plenty of it, pay for the news while it is hot, and print it so that people can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers issued at the same hour.

THERE is not much progress apparently in the grade crossing matter.

MOST PEOPLE think congress will spend a month in passing the tariff bill through the final stages. Two weeks might suffice.

THERE WILL be no obstacle to the Lowell, Lawrence & Haverhill railroad coming here. Everybody wants it. Lowell longs to see it opened.

STRANGE THAT the Lexow committee has not hauled up Cooker as yet. If he had remained in Europe the committee would have asked for his extradition.

THERE WILL be a gathering of warships in Boston harbor next week to witness the trial trip of the Minneapolis. It will be a good opportunity to see the strength of our fleet.

IT IS to be regretted that the Valkyrie was sunk before she got an opportunity to show what she could do in home waters. America having lost the race, will have to find a faster yacht.

THE A. P. A. flag episode reported from Gloucester indicates a good deal of asinility in whomsoever put the flag upon the school. Such acts reflect the intelligence and the principles of the society.

WHAT WAS the origin of that fire in the U. S. Cordage company? Was the second fire only a resumption of the first, which was supposed to be put out at 11 o'clock? If so the first was not entirely put out. These are questions for the fire department to answer.

A SYNDICATE to control all the cotton mills of Lowell would be a formidable body. There is no telling what the mills expect at the present juncture; but it is safe to say that any such organization would be a powerful body to cope with in case of labor difficulties.

THE FALL River Herald suggests the necessity of constituting the police a committee to enforce the health laws in relation to noxious vaults. The officers have no liking for bad smells and would undoubtedly report upon any unsanitary odors discovered on their beats.

COMPLAINTS ARE made at THE SUN office that certain unsanitary vaults are tolerated by the board of health although the office has been notified that the noxious odors emanating therefrom are liable to cause sickness. This is a matter which should be closely looked after by the board of health in order to prevent disease.

SALEM CELEBRATED the Fourth in splendid style and at the moderate cost of $1000. The Salem News gives a beautifully illustrated account of the celebration, but the Gazette in a futile attempt to show its patriotism in colors came out in red, white and blue and was painful to look at. What a newspaper cannot do with good black ink it need not expect to do with any daub.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD writes to the Globe outlining what he conceives the issues of the fall campaign should be in this state. He holds that the democratic party should keep to state issues, to the line of policy advocated by ex-Governor Russell in three annual messages. Mr. Bradford recognizes the breadth of Mr. Russell's democracy as well as the confidence placed in him by the people of Massachusetts.

The interposition of the government gives assurance that this condition of things will not continue much longer and will serve to emphasize the argument of those who believe that the railroads should be under the control of the government.—Fitchburg Mail.

If the railroad companies were under control of the government matters would not be quite so bad as at present. The government is in control of the railroad corporations.

CONGRESSMAN EVERETT of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in congress to provide for the naturalization of the Hawaiians. According to Judge Colt's decision it is the constitution that prevents their naturalization, and if so an act of congress cannot effect a change. If the constitution has no such provision or if Judge Colt's decision is wrong, there is no obstacle to their naturalization and no act of congress is necessary.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

The strike is coming eastward and its effects are already felt all over the country. The trans-Atlantic lines are already crippled from the tie up of western roads, and the prospect is, that the price of meat and some other commodities will take a sudden jump upward.

The strikers are not discouraged by the presence of troops, by the sweeping injunction issued against them or by the claim that the matter is now between them and the U. S. government. The A. R. U. is proving itself a very powerful organization in point of numbers and influence, but its potency will be greatly diminished by acts of lawlessness such as the burning or the overturning of cars, the interference with moving trains or assaults on deputies. The outrages reported this morning call for the most repressive measures by state and federal authorities.

The members of the union have the undisputed right to quit work and remain idle; but they have not the right to prevent their former employers from hiring other men to take their places, nor to interfere with such men when so hired. They have not the right to stop public travel just because they have a grievance against the Pullman company; and every time they attempt anything of this sort they injure their cause immensely.

It is so difficult to supply the places of railroad men that it seems they can win any battle with their employers merely by remaining idle and showing the justice of their cause to the American people.

That the A. R. U. has many grievances against the Pullman company cannot be denied. It is one of those grab-all companies that is not satisfied with reasonable profits. It has a thousand avenues through which it extorts money from its employes and places them completely under its control. It owns the town and it might be said also the people who live in the town, and this strike is practically an uprising of a small colony in which a feudal system of oppression prevails under the light of freedom in this republic. The strikers will be denounced for violations of law and may be fired upon by the troops, but the Pullman company is to blame. Its grasping, greedy, insatiable policy caused the strike and it is hardly right that men who are fighting for justice, if they keep within the bounds of the law, will be confronted with state or federal troops as the defenders of the corporations that oppress labor. It is time that federal authority were exercised in restraining such corporations as the Pullman company from driving the people to desperation by extortion and by oppressive rules that have no justification.

THE NEW license commission should hold a reception for intending applicants, so that the commissioners may get acquainted with their patrons. Where will the office of the license commission be located? The city hall commission made no arrangement for the accommodation of such a body in the new city hall.

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO's decision to pardon 300 political and other prisoners will not placate the anarchists. They are implacable.

THE MAIL need not fret over Miss Watson's case. There was no religious motive in dropping her.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS.

At Last.

My dear little cousin from Millville
Has spent all this winter in town.
She'd heard many lectures Delsarteau
And rustles in Paris made gown

Until she scarce knows her own gestures
From those learned in "Strength Through Repose,"
And her lovable face uplifted
Seems hothouse bloom, not brier rose.

One night when I silently watched her,
With studied grace, pull off her gloves,
Came a well known step in the hallway,
'Twas that of the man whom she loves.

Gone, gone, were her graces Delsarteau
Two little hands flew at her heart
Told more of her sweet, loving nature
Than all the tried postures of art.

The cry of a heart full of gladness,
The blush of a sweet brier rose,
She finds in the firm arms about her
The truest, best "Strength Through Repose."

—Brooklyn Life.

Brighter.

"In looking out of doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the windows, and you can see out better," she said.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Simple Enough.

The best puns are unintentional. Thus Mr. Perry was walking about his garden in company with his brother from the city.

"You raise an enormous lot of tomatoes, John," said the city dweller. "What in the world do you do with them?"

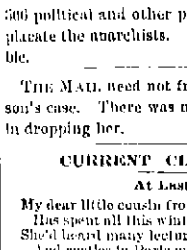
"Well," said Mr. Perry, "we eat as many as we can, and what we can't eat we can."—Youth's Companion.

Suffered for Twelve Years.

Orrville, (formerly Enterprise,) Taylor County, W. Va.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N.Y.:

Gentlemen: A heart overflowing with gratitude prompts me, to write you. Twelve long weary years I suffered greatly, from Uterine Derangement and at last was given up by my physician to die, besides spending almost all we had. After five months' treatment with your Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I now enjoy most excellent health. I would, to day, have been in my grave, and my little children motherless, had it not been for you and your medicine. I will recommend your medicine as long as I live.



MRS. WILSON AND CHILD.

If any one doubts this, give my name and address.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. MALVINA WILSON.

SUNBEAMS.

Not a Success.

I.

"He would make a good looking pointer if his tail was only straight."

II.

III.

—Life.

An Infallible Indication.

There was an intense silence around Mrs. Hashem's table while the chicken was being served. It was broken by the girl with fluffy white hair, who whispered to the one with dark glasses:

"Billy Bliven has paid his board bill at last."

"How do you know?"

"He got a piece of white meat instead of the wing and neck, as usual."—Washington Star.

An Eccentric Measure.

Mrs. Hale (just married)—Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner.

Maria—How much ought I to get, ma'am?

Mrs. Hale—I think 12 yards will be sufficient.—Vogue.

At the Poultry Show.

"Great snakes! There's 57 little chicks in that box. How could one hen hatch out as many as that?"

"A hen didn't do it. They was hatched in a—in a incubus, you dern fool!"—Chicago Tribune.

Appropriate.

Plankinton (visiting Bingo)—Gracious, old man, what have you got blood red wall paper in this room for?

Bingo—This, old chap, is the room in which I shave myself.—New York World.

A Somewhat Particular Judge Who Drew the Line at Suspenders.

"Some years ago," said ex-Attorney General Miller to a reporter for the Indianapolis Sentinel, "I was trying a case up in Whiteley county, where things are not conducted with the formality that is the rule down here. It was a terribly hot day in August, and the sun was cutting across lots to get at us. We had stood it bravely for three days, and after the testimony had been all given to the jury we began with our arguments. Opposed to me was a man who weighed over 200 pounds, and it got so hot that he began to sizzle. It came his turn to address the jury about the middle of the afternoon, and he began with a great big cabbage leaf sitting upon his head. As he became more and more enthused the cabbage leaf fell off, and then, as he began to warm up to his work, the only relief he could secure was by the removal of his wardrobe. As he started into tell what an unprincipled villain the defendant really was he jerked off his coat and threw it on a bench. As he dived into the 'res gestæ' he shed his vest. The motive for the crime brought his collar off with a jerk, and as he in vivid words began picturing the scene at the final moment one suspender slipped from his shoulder. It really began to get interesting.

"The court as well as all the others in the room had been dividing attention between the oratory and the shedding of apparel, and as that suspender slipped from the shoulder of the aroused orator the judge concluded that it was time that something should be done. He coughed once or twice and then remarked quietly:

"'Counsel in presenting his case to the jury must not interpose anything that was not brought out by the evidence.'

"The animated lawyer's fingers were nervously clutching at the other suspender, and as he heard the interruption he stopped in the midst of a concatenation of adjectives. He hadn't understood exactly.

"'Your honor, I trust I shall be given sufficient liberty to expose'——

"The court interrupted him. 'You will be permitted in argument to expose everything connected with the crime as brought out by the evidence, but the court feels that you have shown a disposition to digress materially. You will please confine yourself more closely by adjusting your suspenders.'

"And then he understood."

An Awful Symptom.

Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure something serious is the matter with baby.

Mr. New Wed—Why, what makes you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, mumps——

Mrs. New Wed—Oh, no, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn't cried today.—Brooklyn Life.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

A VETERAN TELLS OF THINGS THAT ARE NOT REPORTED.

Thieves Are Frequently Run Down, While the Public Thinks They Get Away—Stealing From One's Own House—Valuable Tips From Pawnshops.

It will perhaps interest a good many people to know why so little confidence is placed in police detectives by the majority of the residents of Brooklyn who don't know how they work and why so much confidence is placed in them by a few who do. Having been a detective for the past 20 years, the writer will endeavor to let Citizen readers into some of the secrets of the profession. Many people in this city believe that we are slouches; that we never find out anything unless we fall across it and that we are no better at detecting crime than the policemen who patrol the streets. This condition of affairs is due no doubt to the way in which we have to work.

As soon as a man reports that his house has been robbed we are placed on the case. The report goes to police headquarters, containing an account of the missing articles, which is duly printed in the newspapers. People who read the papers from day to day notice the report and keep their eyes open to see whether we capture the culprit or not. Not seeing the report of the capture, in a few days they give up all hope and say that we are of no earthly use. But there are always two sides to a story.

For instance, while I was stationed in the Thirteenth precinct, at the corner of Willoughby and Vernon avenues, a few years ago, a man who was reputed to be wealthy, doing business in New York, came into the station house and reported that his house had been robbed of a gold watch valued at $900. He gave me the number of the watch, with a full description of it, and answered several questions which I asked him.

After getting the information that I wanted I visited several pawnshops in the vicinity, but couldn't find any trace of the missing watch. The next day I went to ——'s pawnshop on the Bowery, in New York, to see about another matter. I have always made it a point to get into one of the stalls while in this store, so as to hear what is going on around me. I had a long talk with the clerk who was in charge about some jewelry and then went into a stall to make out a report, which I intended to turn over to my captain when I reached the station house. I had been in the stall about three minutes when a female entered the one adjoining mine and pledged something for which she received $75. Then she left. I recognized the woman's voice and was astounded to find her in a pawnshop. Who the woman was I never shall tell; suffice to say she was one of Brooklyn's society ladies, and I asked the clerk to let me see what she had pawned, and he did so. It was a gold badge, studded with diamonds and worth $200. With the clerk's permission I made a diagram of the badge in my notebook for further reference.

But I am getting away from the gold watch. The same day I visited a pawnshop near the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge and recovered the missing watch. I asked the proprietor to give me a description of the man who pledged it. He did so, and much to my surprise the description tallied with that of the one who had made the complaint. I said nothing, but went to the man's home and acquainted his wife with the fact that the watch had been restored. I requested her to accompany me to the shop to identify it, which she did. While we were conversing with the proprietor I asked him to describe the pledger. The answer he gave took away the woman's breath, as she recognized the pledger as her own husband. She called at once on her husband and told him about the recovery and told him also something he didn't relish.

At any rate, I received a visit from him that night. He came into the station house with a large smile on his face and laughingly thanked me for recovering his watch.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I had a visit from my wife today, and she told me that the pawnshop man said I pledged my own watch. Why, that's nonsensical. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

I quietly informed him that the less he said about the matter the better off he would be. He took the tip, thanked me and departed.

A couple of nights later—I believe it was about 11 o'clock, for I had just retired—a man entered the station house. He was out of breath and was almost crying. He told the sergeant at the desk that his house had been robbed of some jewelry. "I wouldn't care," he added, "only the thieves have carried off a badge which I value very highly. It was made a present to me a couple of weeks ago by the members of my shooting society, and now here it has been stolen."

Well, I was called down from my bed and made acquainted with the facts. I promised I would do the best I could to recover it, and he then left the station house, saying that if I did he would never forget me. The next day I went to the pawnshop on the Bowery, took out the badge which had been pledged by the Brooklyn woman and brought it over to the owner. He recognized it immediately as his property and asked me almost 50 questions about how I recovered it. He paid the $75, the amount it was pledged for, and took the badge. He demanded to know how I got it, but I told him not to go into the matter further, as it would not be for his good. That wouldn't do for him. He must know who the thief was, so I consented to inform him. I took him to his home and requested his wife to join us in the parlor, which she did. As she entered and stood in the middle of the room I pointed my finger at her and said, "There is the thief!" The woman in a very dramatic way denied all knowledge of the affair and ordered me to leave the house. I asked her in a very quiet way if she wanted me to go into the matter any further. I had just concluded speaking when she made a spring at a little writing desk which stood in a corner and which I suppose contained a pistol. I told her if she made another step I would arrest her as a thief. This quieted her down a little, and finally she threw herself at her husband's feet and asked his forgiveness, which was granted. Then I left the house.

That is one story the newspapers never printed, and there are many others.—Brooklyn Citizen.

No Keeping Him Out.

"What," demanded the captain of the belengured, "is all this pounding on the gates?"

"It transpires," answered the subaltern, fumbling, "that among our foes is a representative of the gas company who insists upon looking at our meter."

"Lost!" groaned the leader, and buried his face in his hands.—Detroit Tribune.

What's the Use.

If your printer will not come down to hard pan prices what's the use of throwing money away for old acquaintance sake? Call at THE SUN office and see how much we can save you on your printing.

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

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Mr. Garrison's Case Proves That the Cures Effected by Dr. Pearson Are Permanent.

Many will recall the announcement one year ago of the remarkable cure of Mr. Amos Garrison, of Tewksbury, after years of suffering from acute dyspepsia. His friends will be pleased and the public interested to hear that his cure has proved permanent and that he is still in excellent health.

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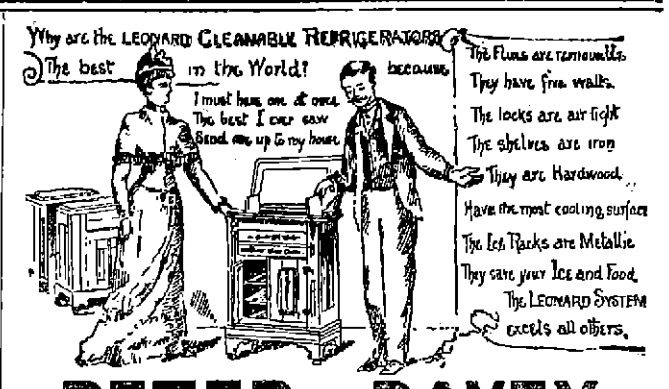

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And Save from 10 to 33 per cent. on every Dollar. We have no misleading advertisements. Once a customer there always a customer.

Special Bargains for This Week.

2 pairs Ladies' Hose for 5c.
2 pairs Men's Seamless Hose for 10c.
Ladies' 12½c. Seamless Hose now 10c. pair.
Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Seamless Hose 12 1-2c., regular price 15c. a pair.
50 dozen Ladies' Full Fashioned Hose, Gordon dye, now 20c, worth 20c a pair.
50 dozen Gent's Summer Merino Hose 12 1-2c. a pair, regular price 20c. pair.
Boys' and Girls' Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, all sizes, only 10c. a pair.
24 doz. 12c. Leather Belts, now 5c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 15, now 12 1-2c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c., now 17c. each.
50 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs 3c. each, regular price 5c.
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Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 37c. a piece, not 45c.
25 doz. Ladies' Summer Corsets 39c. a pair, Merrimack price 49c.
Our line of Shirt Waists at 25, 35, and 49c. have no equal.
Ladies' Jersey Undervests, 25 per cent. under Merrimack street prices.

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All kinds of White, Ecru, and Butter Color Laces reduced 20 per cent.
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No Cramps Or Pains

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HAYES' CHOLERA CORDIAL.

This is a certain and speedy cure for Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramps in the Stomach, Painters' Colic and all Internal Pains.

Every bottle warranted to check the disease, relieve the patient and perform a radical cure if used in due season and according to directions. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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Practical Plumbers

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Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters. We also carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest price.

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Celebrated Anheuser Busch Beer.

The Trade and Families Supplied at Lowest Prices.

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With the Discount Off for Prompt Payment, is

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First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and rented at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron, $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.

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Orders when left at office promptly attended to.

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When in doubt to Maker's go,
His store is filled both high and low;
Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their fame has spread for many miles.
The most asthetic taste he pleases;
Your pocketbook he never squeezes.
He always makes his work look nice,
At just two-thirds the regular price.

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Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties before call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

ROOM 7, POST OFFICE BLOCK.

THE DECK CHAIR.

It Proved an Excuse for a 3000 Mile Neighborly Call.

Story of a Night at Sea on Board a Burning Ship Which Ended Merrily as do all Love Stories.

She was a very proud girl—quite a standoffish sort of girl—and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at things ashore But I noticed this lady at the very first. I was on deck, prepared to go with the steamship Atalanta to New York city, and I saw her alight from the train some hundred yards distant. I lost her until she stepped upon the gangway, and then I was confirmed in my impression that she was a remarkably handsome girl.

She came on board like a princess and for some minutes disappeared. Presently I felt a strange sensation. She was positively standing beside me. There was no reason why she should have preferred any other locality, but the fact that she came and stood by the side of me certainly deepened the extraordinary impression she had made. Without presuming to stare at her, I got a glimpse of her fine profile and dark, haughty eyes.

The usual scenes were going on about us. I ventured a remark—foolish and trifling no doubt, but hardly deserving the contemptuous silence with which it was received.

The last bell sounded. The gangway was withdrawn, and we began to haul out of dock, but still she stood there and made no sign. I plucked up spirit and asked her if she was going to America—an absurd question, seeing that America was the sole destination of the ship. She turned and looked at me, said nothing and walked away.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me and became quite sociable. She was on deck also until 11 o'clock, but sitting alone, and, so far as I could tell, making no comment upon the mystery of shadows sparkling with lights afloat and ashore which the vessel glided past.

I kept at a respectable distance, but I saw the captain speak to her, and I'm sure he got snubbed for his audacity. So I put it down to pride. I think she made an exception of the stewardess—in fact, I'm sure she did, later on. There is a winning charm about the stewardess to which most ladies yield when a ship gets out to sea.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterward, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast. She was there anyway, and fortune seated her at my elbow I made some progress with Miss Bradley in furnishing her plate. Oh, she was all right at that first breakfast. The sea was like glass, and the sweet morning air in the channel was very appetizing.

But the neighborly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs and bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no further than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way. By "this sort of thing" I meant the glorious weather, not her monumental frigidity, but I don't think she took the trouble to analyze my conceptions.

All that day she wandered about the deck, with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panorama of the cliff belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awing which had been rigged up on the "promenade." The splendid lines of her figure showed to advantage in a neat gown of homespun. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to nobody. At dinner I got a trifle forward by the aid of baked potatoes, but nothing to boast about.

There were several jolly women among the passengers. And particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. Our time in the channel was as good as a picnic, and it seemed as if the prevailing merriment must tantalize Miss Bradley out of her proud reserve. But it didn't.

The next morning, when the steward called me at 6:30 for my bath, a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was lifting and rolling in it considerably. The breakfast table was but thinly attended. Miss Bradley, however, came in and took her place beside me. Come, I thought, she's a good sailor. I'll amuse her with some anecdotes about those who are sick at sea.

I supplied her plate and launched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table, likewise the saloon, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I assumed, to prevent the laughter which must unbend her dignity and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her stateroom. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively cross sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business, and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and "sleep it off." And the deck was not only nonsybaritic, but offered indifferent anchorage. Those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the Atalanta wrestled with the waves. It would not do.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return some interloping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep. I stood a good deal of this and in a noble transport of self sacrifice wandered about like a lost dog. But I wouldn't stand it any longer. And I didn't.

I began to evict the intruders at first with great delicacy: "Pray, excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair." Then with less compunction: "I regret that I must disturb you; I'm not feeling very well." And later without ceremony or remorse: "Now, sir; my chair, if you please!"

It came to this, that I got quite "rusty," and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice, "This chair was brought on board for the owner's use. All others keep away." This manifesto brought upon me a great deal of chaff. A petition was got up, requesting me to "take the chair" at a meeting to be held for the purpose of denouncing monopolies. A band of young fools serenaded me with a chorus of "Chair, boys! chair! He'll sleep until tomorrow!" and there were other attempts at fun almost as feeble. They kept this up so persistently that, being out of sorts through the rough weather, and also on account of the prolonged absence of the girl with the dark gray eyes, I became as surly as a bear.

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal, and the saloon banquets were better patronized. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm, and I filled my big pipe as I meandered in the direction of my chair, intending to enjoy myself thoroughly. Imagine my rage when I found the chair absolutely gone! I rushed up and down the deck until I observed that everybody was bursting with laughter. Suddenly under the lee of the captain's cabin I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud gray eyes were dim and lusterless, the full, firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty color. The self reliant mouth sank at the corners and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to press her pallid lips together.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch and murmured in the most die away tone: "Oh, Mr. Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!"

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair forever, to wear it for my sake—not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her up and down the companion stairs, tempted her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about seasickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished, and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she? Oh, it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand. And the captain pestered us, but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the college eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my "wash" all the time.

And so we drew nearer to Sandy Hook. And although I had to sit upon a camp stool while I watched over her in my lawful capacity of landlord of the deck chair I never enjoyed crossing so much in my life, and I've been over the Atlantic about 20 times on business.

But within a day's sail of New York a disaster fell upon the ship, so terrifying, so lurid, so indescribably horrible, that you will think me inconsistent in declaring that it increased my happiness a hundredfold and gave me in one hideous moment all the concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling purple clouds had arisen in the northwest as the night closed in, and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companionway, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, keeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley with all hers to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin reposed against the top of her head, but that ecstasy was vouchsafed to me no longer. As the ship righted, Millicent parted from me, sprang down the few remaining stairs, grabbed at a hand rail and whisked away to her cabin sans adieux.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the Atalanta was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck chair I left strapped to its moorings and took refuge in the smokeroom with half a dozen other white faced fellows

With the greatest difficulty we got to our staterooms, and I clambered into my berth, simply shedding my topcoat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the sides of the bunk, to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, the crash of hat boxes, bags and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air. The steward came and put the lights out, a red tape proceeding which added to the awfulness of things in general Then I began to get insufferably warm. It was summer time, and with portholes closed the atmosphere below decks was always stuffy; but never before had I felt such an oppression. I concluded that we had got into the gulf stream, or something of that sort, and they had closed all the ventilators for the sake of keeping the ship water tight.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water bottle, and a careless companion's razor case were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst.

Every moment the air became more unbreathable. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud, "I must get out of this or die!" I flung myself down, taking my chance of the razors, and groped out of the door A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it me. Peering about me with almost blinded eyes, I perceived that from every stateroom abutting on the saloon one or more passengers had crept out like myself and were standing at each opening like specters, holding on desperately to anything. The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times the floor was almost perpendicular. Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging from the rail that ran round it, as if I were a trapeze performer. All about there was a pandemonium of tumbling things. The sea thundered against the vessel fearfully, and again and again there was that horrible shudder of the screw.

Near me clung an old gentleman in night attire. "A nice thing this!" he bellowed in my ear. To save discussion I agreed with him that it was very nice indeed.

Across the saloon was the cabin dedicated to Miss Bradley. I detected a ghostly figure there and made my way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand. Her dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible expression.

"Thank God, you have come to me!" she cried, with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during these few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers—I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket! "It's all right!" I shouted. "Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous."

She shook her head. "Oh, the storm is nothing!" she replied.

"Nothing at all!" I assented scoffingly, as if I had been used to "high seas and howling winds" from infancy. But in my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting, making light of it in panic stricken bravado, else why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear? Her face was set like marble; her eyes glared to right and left, her beautifully chiseled nostrils sniffed the down draft from the engine room.

As we stood there in the duskiness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other, she asked, "Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship—nothing?"

Her tone was so changed that I stared at her for a moment through the smother before asking the counter question, "What should there be?"

"What is this smoke?" she whispered hoarsely in my ear. Before I could answer there was a concussion above as if the very heavens had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our feet. I fell with my hand upon some metal work which the carpet did not cover. It was so hot it almost blistered me. I quickly scrambled up, and lifting the almost fainting girl in both my arms staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so there came a rush of water into the saloon, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other. And as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter a cloud of steam arose, adding to the denseness of the prevailing gloom.

The last shock had evoked a wail of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapor floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay, "The boilers have burst, the boilers!"

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself And I let out an unmanly yell as the wave lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England. But you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table and clapped my hand to my injured extremities, but, strange to say, was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all, or perhaps this phenomenon only confirmed a fear, "God help us!" she cried. "The vessel is on fire!"

The word flew like lightning. All rushed pellmell out of the saloon and up the stairs to the deck

"Save me, Horace!" gasped Millicent. In that moment she called me by that name. "Save me, Horace, for the love of heaven!"

I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full grown woman and must have weighed 11 stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unswerving steps to the companionway with that lovely burden soft and supple in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of devils and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me exposed to the full force of it had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was, with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened down hatches and drive us from the vessel!

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day, the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun, the waves cowering into sullenness, the storm wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck chair gone!

They had found the fire and extinguished it, and with the morning light came the cry of "Land ahead!" from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then, and beyond lay—paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise, such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

* * * * * * *

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook They steered the battered hulk of the Atalanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn bridge, but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the Battery and drew near the company's landing stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangways would be run up, and we should have to go ashore And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my position and my prospects in life, all unimpeachable, she had not confided to me any of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eye. "You were very kind to me last night, Mr. Franklin," she said in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

"Mister?" I stammered, aghast at her coldness.

"I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear"—she hesitated and shook back a tear that seemed about to sparkle in her eye as she corrected herself—"I should not like you to—to despise me."

"Oh, Miss—Millicent!" I began.

But she went on firmly: "Of course we must not take seriously anything which circumstances so exceptional—so very, very dreadful indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say 'goodby' now, and—and if—if we never meet again"——

"Millicent!" I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, "don't coquet with me after what we have both gone through! You can't say calmly to me, 'If we never meet again;' I say to you, 'Must we ever, ever part?'"

"Yes, we must part, Horace." The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

"Why? Where are you going?"

"To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call"——

Manitoba is some 3,000 miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is 80 miles from the railway. But I did "call," and it came to pass that I settled there too. —Chambers' Journal.

Russian Women.

The Russians exercise great taste and a lavish expenditure on their entertainments. They have hot sitting down suppers, to any hour in the morning, displaying every luxury from Paris and southern Europe. The toilets of the ladies are mostly from Paris, and are very costly, and the display of jewels is very remarkable, particularly of turquoise, diamonds and sapphires. There is much beauty among the fair sex, and, what is even more attractive, a grace, ease and charm of manner which seeks to please as well as to be pleased. There are a natural heartiness and friendliness and a refinement of courtesy, especially to foreigners, which give a charm to Russian society, and I shall always retain a grateful reminiscence of their kind welcome and hospitality. The Russian ladies experience little of the rigor of their long winter. Their usual life during the wintery months is a singular one. They keep very late hours (I refer to the fashionable world) and appear to wish to exclude the light of day as far as possible. The fashionable lady rises late, and does not appear in her salon before 2 or 3 o'clock. If it is sunny, and the temperature is not too low, she will generally take an hour's drive in her sleigh. On her return she will find her salon lighted and the curtains drawn, and she will then be prepared to receive her visitors, whom she regales with tea. If going to the opera, she dines early and returns at about 10 o'clock. If going to a ball or party afterward, she rests till it is time to dress, so as to appear at the ball or party at 12, from which she does not get home till between 3 or 4. Suppers are the great fashion at St. Petersburg. They continue till an early hour in the morning. The men play at cards, and the ladies indulge in small talk, but in the winter they rarely manage to retire to rest before 3 or 4 in the morning; consequently they rise late and have not more than two or three hours of daylight to contemplate the snowclad earth and the dismal wintry aspect without.—Lord Augustus Loftus.

The Man With a Theory.

"Did you ever notice," asked a young man, calling attention to a passing Celestial, "that a Chinaman always carries his hands in his pockets when he is passing along the streets?"

"No," replied his companion, "I never did."

"Then you haven't been very observant," said the first speaker. "It is so much the rule that I'll agree to give you a dollar for every Chinaman who passes while we stand here with his hands out of his pockets if you will give me 5 cents for every one who has his hands in his pockets." The proposition was agreed to, and the two prepared to watch Presently a Chinaman came in sight around Goodwin's corner, swinging his hands carelessly. The two young men and two others who had joined them laughed as the Chinaman passed by, unconscious that he was knocking out a pet theory.

"Just wait," said the man who proposed the bet, and they waited.

In a few minutes another Chinaman was seen going up State street. He then had both hands in his pockets, but glancing at the city hall clock he immediately took out his watch, proceeded to wind it up and passed by with both hands out. Three of the young men laughed, and the other tried to join in the merriment, but his smile was faint and sickly. He managed to get out feebly, "Just wait," and again they waited.

It wasn't long before the next Mongolian hove in sight. He had a bundle in one hand and a cigar in the other. "Just my luck," said the man with a theory. "I always get beaten when I propose a game." He counted out $3 and paid the amount to the fellow that didn't have a theory, and the four withdrew from the street to celebrate.—Hartford Courant.

Where He Drew the Line.

Judge W. W. Walling, who had been holding court out in the late Judge Marr's old district under a special appointment by the governor, told a characteristic story of Marr. The latter though a sticker for the dignity of the bench, was a great pipe smoker and allowed the attorneys the privilege of smoking in court. On one occasion he was trying a murder case at Carrizo Springs, in which there was much suppressed excitement and so much bad feeling that it was feared trouble might break out at any moment. Late one afternoon, while the opposing counsel were arguing the case and the feelings of the spectators were wrought up to the highest pitch, a solid old citizen sitting just under the judge's stand deliberately filled his pipe, and with a graceful sweep of his arm drew the parlor match across his jeans pants leg in such a fashion as to light it with a loud sharp crack. The court and jury were started, and everybody looked around in a startled manner, as if expecting a general fusillade to follow, whereupon Marr quickly apprehended the situation and rebuked the pipe smoker about as follows

"Gentlemen, the court tolerates smoking in the courtroom In fact, the court smokes itself, but it must draw the line at gentlemen lighting their pipes with their six shooters."—Galveston News.

A Mutual Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness, with the joy of an ambition gratified, of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last?

Nevertheless she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face:

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you began to speak, I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that—you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither had I!"—Life.

A Natural Question.

Clara—Mr. Castleton tried to put his arm around my waist last night.

Maude—Couldn't he get it around?—Detroit Free Press.

MONTE CARLO TRICKS.

THEY REDUCE THE SHOW FOR THE PLAYER TO NEARLY NOTHING.

How Things Are Done at the Great Gambling Establishment—A System Which Leaves Little to Chance and Balks Too Much Good Luck.

The police of Monte Carlo are so admirably organized that a few hours after anybody's arrival the name of the visitor is already reported to the administration of the cercle, with of course the address and various details, such as the amount of luggage, the appearance, the price of the room or pension taken, etc. These details are all important to the inspecteur du vatique—a venerable looking old scoundrel whose duty it is to repatriate broken down gamblers. Anybody who has lost every penny he brought with him can on application either recover 10 per cent of his losses or, if the sum is small, his railway fare to the extent of from £4 to £6 is paid. This last is called the viatique and is given against a regular I O U, which has to be refunded before the recipient can be admitted again to the gambling house. We may mention, en passant, that no less than £40,000 is distributed in this guise every year and that no less than £30,000 is actually paid back.

The information of the police in and outside the building is so precise that it is no use for anybody to pretend to have lost £1,000 if he has lost only £50. The statement is accepted with great politeness, only one is asked to walk along the rooms with an inspector and then to wait awhile. Ere long the inspector will return and tell you not only how much, more or less, you have lost, but he will tell you what your game was—single or multiple chances, a "martingale" or at random—and if you protest he will add yet some more information, such as, "You have no luggage; you dine at cheap places," or, "You live at a cheap pension," etc. The above only goes to prove how carefully everything and everybody is watched—the walters, the hotel proprietors, the railway officials and the croupiers living at boarding houses all send in the results of their observations every day.

Now, as to the precautions against obstinate good luck for punters. The first is in the fact that the gambling house is a cercle, a club, to which admittance is gained on presenting a card issued by the administration for one day only. This card has to be personally renewed every day, and nothing is easier than to refuse this to a too persistent winner. No reason is vouchsafed for the refusal, and the staff of "chuckers out" within easy reach looks too convincing to attempt intrusion or arguments. Should the objectionable punter be too big game for such a summary proceeding there is quite an army of agents provocateurs, both men and women, around each table, and they, according to instructions, pick up a quarrel with the lucky player—generally over a stake—a row ensues, both parties are chucked out, and then the inspector explains that the rule of the cercle is not to admit again those who make a disturbance and spoil the partie. Recriminations are useless, and as whatever law or justice there is at Monte Carlo is in the hands of the "Societe des Bains de Mer" just as is the police, there is neither protection nor appeal.

It must, however, be explained here that these extreme measures apply only to successful "martingalistes"—system players—or to "lightning" punters—gamblers who come every day for a few minutes, stake three times some maximums, win by some remarkable fluke and go away. These are the most hated, if only because of the superstition as to playing sur la tete du ponte—that is, following en masse the stakes of a lucky player. There have been cases where successive banks have been broken thus. A roulette bank starts generally with from £2,000 to £3,000, according to season, and the bank is considered broken when this sum is lost. Very often when the bank has been broken twice in succession the play is stopped at this particular table and the roulette taken away—another proof of the precautions referred to and as a patent instance that the administration does not believe in the possibility of pure chance. It is either the roulette or the croupier that must be out of gear.

As a matter of fact, a croupier does get out of gear because after a certain time, 15 to 30 minutes, he sets the disk moving and the ball rolling with the same swing, so to say, and the result is that the ball will fall time after time into the same section of the disk. The consequences of this phenomenon have been more than once disastrous on the bank in years past; hence croupiers are changed every half hour, or each 30 coups are made by a fresh hand. Some 800 coups are played daily at each table. As a further proof that the hand can acquire a certain dynamic monotony, if one may use the expression, and a high evenness of impulse may be cited the fact that at the croupiers' school at the Condamnine there is a daily practice of "aiming at zero." It is well known that zero is the bank's chance of winning all other stakes except, of course, its own, and the single ones which are put "en prison," tied over until the next coup. Viser au zero is the croupier's constant preoccupation, and we find in this practice another instance of what was said in the beginning about the chances of the punter.

Rows happen mostly in the summer season, when small players and system players swarm around the tables. This is also the busy time for those appointed to watch over the various "martingalistes," for, although the founder of the house, old Blanc, used to say that he would give a million to anybody who could prove that it is possible to win 5 francs at roulette with absolute certainty, still the present administration will not even leave this loophole to chance. Hence a staff of ruined gamblers, salaried by the societe to spot successful "martingalistes," discover in what the system consists and get rid of them if too successful. The administration loves the punter who plays high even if he wins, provided he gambles the whole day. They know then that the money won will come back, and all the rest will follow.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Natural Wood Ornamentation.

If you are contemplating building a house, have all the woodwork in its natural grain and do not profane it with paint or enamel. A sure sign of the advance of culture and taste made by the present generation is the desire for natural wood ornamentation. In the long run it is much more economical than painted wood, or it does not require so much cleaning and no renewal of paint. The oiled wood is prettiest of all, and if any graining is resorted to at all it should be indulged in sparingly. Georgia pine takes an exquisite polish and grain.—Washington Star.

Wanted to Be In It.

Dick Hicks—Sometimes I wish I was an elephant or a giraffe.

Mrs. Hicks—Why do you wish that?

Dick Hicks—So I could go to the circus every day.—New York World.

False.

"Speaking of Miss de Flash, what glorious hair she has!"

"That's not connected with the subject at all."—Detroit Tribune.

AN UNCANNY TOWN CLOCK.

Its Strange Behavior Before It Stopped Forever at Half Past 8.

"We've got a town clock in our village that waked folks up more than a little at different times during the past five years," said George May of Coalton, Pa.

"That clock was put into the tower of the May building 25 years ago. It struck the hours regularly for nearly 20 years and then suddenly quit striking. John Gordon, the village jack of all trades, had taken care of the clock ever since it became a feature of the village, but he couldn't tinker the old public indicator of the flight of time so that it would again announce the hours as they passed. The clock ran all right, but it wouldn't strike.

"Now, our folks had got used to depending on hearing the clock strike, and when it became silent there was much regret in town, so much, in fact, that when two years ago the Presbyterian society of our town went around with a paper soliciting subscriptions for the purchase of a town clock to be put in the steeple of their new church people gladly and willingly put down their names, and the clock was bought and put up.

"The church was across the square from the May building, and it was a glad sound when the new clock pealed forth its announcement one day that it was ready to keep the village posted on the hours. It was set going at 12 o'clock noon. Every body was rejoicing over being able once more to know just how things were going when, at half past one on the day the clock was started, they were thrown into consternation by hearing the old clock in the May building, which hadn't made a sound for three years or more, start in deliberately, and, it seemed defiantly, strike 2.

"It sounds ridiculous to say that the old clock was actuated by vengeful feelings toward the town it had served for so many years because the town had forgotten it for a new and more vigorous timepiece, but it is a fact, all the same, that it took to striking at all hours of the day and night, sometimes immediately preceding the striking of its correct neighbor in the church steeple, sometimes immediately after it, and sometimes at the same time.

"Then again, it would break out two or three times an hour, striking all the way from one stroke up to 48. The clangor it kept up caused people to request the owner of the May building to cease having the old clock wound, but he declined to interfere with it, and it kept on fooling with the new clock and keeping folks busy looking at their watches to see what time it really was until one night a year and a half ago the church caught fire in some way and was burned to the ground, new clock and all.

"The church was one hour burning, and during that time the old clock across the square struck three different times.

"It wasn't until along toward evening the day after the fire that people began to notice that the old clock hadn't struck once since its rival was destroyed. That amazed them, and their amazement grew when the clock remained silent all that night and the next day and did not strike again for nearly a year and a half.

"John Gordon, who had wound the old clock for a quarter of a century, lived with his aged mother in the village. Along in the early part of May, at just 6 one morning, the clock aroused and astonished everybody again by giving one loud and doleful stroke. Soon afterward it was learned that Gordon's old mother had died at exactly 6 o'clock that morning.

"At the funeral of his mother Gordon became ill, and for the first time since the clock was put in the May building other hands than his had to wind the capricious timepiece. Gordon was sick two weeks, but every one expected to see him on the streets again in a few days, when at half past 8 one evening the old clock tolled out another single stroke.

"John Gordon died at just that hour.

"Then the owner of the clock decided that it should never be wound again. When it ran down and stopped, its hands were at half past 8, and there they will remain as long as they cling to the face of the now silent old clock."—New York Sun.

Winning a Husband.

In his "Book About the Table" Mr. Jeaffreson tells of a young London epicure who was won by a lady through her excellence in making boiled custards.

Three young ladies were staying at his mother's house. Knowing that they had prudential reasons for wishing to marry him—he had a fortune—the young man resolved to select a wife from one of them and to let his choice be determined by their skill in cookery, the art he valued above all others.

Without revealing the purpose of his proposal he craftily broached the subject of cookery, led the girls to boast of their skill and then suggested that they should compete in making boiled custards. Each competitor should have the same materials and opportunities and be allowed a private room for her peculiar kitchen.

The proposal was merrily accepted, and it was also agreed that the young man and his mother should act as jurors to decide on the merits of the custards. When the three custards were produced, Fanny's was so clearly the best that the two jurors did not hesitate to proclaim her the victor.

Three days later Fanny was engaged to the youthful epicure, and three months later they were married. About a year after the marriage it was discovered that in the interval between the agreement for the tournament and the time for entering the lists Fanny had bribed the housekeeper with two sovereigns to furnish her with a half pint of cream, in addition to the specified materials.

She made the victim of her artifice an excellent wife nevertheless and years after was heard to say: "My dear girls are all that I desire. They are clever, lively, lovely and of the sweetest temper. But, what is to me far more important, they are incapable of artifice."

A Triple Russian Tragedy.

One of the most tragic events ever heard of in the business world took place some years ago in St. Petersburg. The agent of a banker, who had been sent to draw the sum of 1,000 rubles, lost the package of bank notes while returning from the bank. The money was picked up by a clerk, who, instead of giving the funds at once to the rightful owner, followed the agent to his destination and ascertained his name. The clerk then returned home, hesitating in his mind how he should act. When he arrived there, a violent quarrel took place between him and his wife, the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, on the following day went to the house of the owner to deliver the money. While there he was told that the agent had committed suicide the night before on account of the loss. Overcome with remorse, the clerk returned home, where he found that during his absence his wife had hanged herself from vexation at not having kept the money. He immediately cut down the body and hung himself with the same rope.—Exchange.

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Story of a Night at Sea on Board a Burning Ship Which Ended Merrily as do all Love Stories.

She was a very proud girl—quite a standoffish sort of girl—and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at things ashore. But I noticed this lady at the very first. I was on deck, prepared to go with the steamship Atalanta to New York city, and I saw her alight from the train some hundred yards distant. I lost her until she stepped upon the gangway, and then I was confirmed in my impression that she was a remarkably handsome girl.

She came on board like a princess and for some minutes disappeared. Presently I felt a strange sensation. She was positively standing beside me. There was no reason why she should have preferred any other locality, but the fact that she came and stood by the side of me certainly deepened the extraordinary impression she had made. Without presuming to stare at her, I got a glimpse of her fine profile and dark, haughty eyes.

The usual scenes were going on about us. I ventured a remark—foolish and trifling no doubt, but hardly deserving the contemptuous silence with which it was received.

The last bell sounded. The gangway was withdrawn, and we began to haul out of dock, but still she stood there and made no sign. I plucked up spirit and asked her if she was going to America—an absurd question, seeing that America was the sole destination of the ship. She turned and looked at me, said nothing and walked away.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me and became quite sociable. She was on deck also until 11 o'clock, but sitting alone, and, so far as I could tell, making no comment upon the mystery of shadows sparkling with lights afloat and ashore which the vessel glided past.

I kept at a respectable distance, but I saw the captain speak to her, and I'm sure he got snubbed for his audacity. So I put it down to pride. I think she made an exception of the stewardess—in fact, I'm sure she did, later on. There is a winning charm about the stewardess to which most ladies yield when a ship gets out to sea.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterward, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast. She was there anyway, and fortune seated her at my elbow. I made some progress with Miss Bradley in furnishing her plate. Oh, she was all right at that first breakfast. The sea was like glass, and the sweet morning air in the channel was very appetizing.

But the neighborly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs and bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no further than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way. By "this sort of thing" I meant the glorious weather, not her monumental frigidity, but I don't think she took the trouble to analyze my conceptions.

All that day she wandered about the deck, with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panorama of the cliff belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awing which had been rigged up on the "promenade." The splendid lines of her figure showed to advantage in a neat gown of homespun. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to nobody. At dinner I got a trifle forward by the aid of baked potatoes, but nothing to boast about.

There were several jolly women among the passengers. And particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. Our time in the channel was as good as a picnic, and it seemed as if the prevailing merriment must tantalize Miss Bradley out of her proud reserve. But it didn't.

The next morning, when the steward called me at 6:30 for my bath, a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was lifting and rolling in it considerably. The breakfast table was but thinly attended. Miss Bradley, however, came in and took her place beside me. Come, I thought, she's a good sailor. I'll amuse her with some anecdotes about those who are sick at sea.

I supplied her plate and launched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table, likewise the saloon, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I assumed, to prevent the laughter which must unbend her dignity and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her stateroom. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively cross sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business, and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and "sleep it off." And the deck was not only nonsybaritic, but offered indifferent anchorage. Those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the Atalanta wrestled with the waves. It would not do.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return some interloping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep. I stood a good deal of this and in a noble transport of self sacrifice wandered about like a lost dog. But I wouldn't stand it any longer. And I didn't.

I began to evict the intruders at first with great delicacy: "Pray, excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair." Then with less compunction: "I regret that I must disturb you; I'm not feeling very well." And later without ceremony or remorse: "Now, sir; my chair, if you please!"

It came to this, that I got quite "rusty," and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice, "This chair was brought on board for the owner's use. All others keep away." This manifesto brought upon me a great deal of chaff. A petition was got up, requesting me to "take the chair" at a meeting to be held for the purpose of denouncing monopolies. A band of young fools serenaded me with a chorus of "Chair, boys! chair! He'll sleep until tomorrow!" and there were other attempts at fun almost as feeble. They kept this up so persistently that, being out of sorts through the rough weather, and also on account of the prolonged absence of the girl with the dark gray eyes, I became as surly as a bear.

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal, and the saloon banquets were better patronized. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm, and I filled my big pipe as I meandered in the direction of my chair, intending to enjoy myself thoroughly. Imagine my rage when I found the chair absolutely gone! I rushed up and down the deck until I observed that everybody was bursting with laughter. Suddenly under the lee of the captain's cabin I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud gray eyes were dim and lusterless, the full, firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty color. The self reliant mouth sank at the corners and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to press her pallid lips together.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch and murmured in the most die away tone: "Oh, Mr. Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!"

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair forever, to wear it for my sake—not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her up and down the companion stairs, tempted her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about seasickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished, and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she? Oh, it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand. And the captain pestered us, but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the college eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my "wash" all the time.

And so we drew nearer to Sandy Hook. And although I had to sit upon a camp stool while I watched over her in my lawful capacity of landlord of the deck chair I never enjoyed crossing so much in my life, and I've been over the Atlantic about 20 times on business.

But within a day's sail of New York a disaster fell upon the ship, so terrifying, so lurid, so indescribably horrible, that you will think me inconsistent in declaring that it increased my happiness a hundredfold and gave me in one hideous moment all the concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling purple clouds had arisen in the northwest as the night closed in, and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companionway, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, keeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley with all hers to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin reposed against the top of her head, but that ecstasy was vouchsafed to me no longer. As the ship righted, Millicent parted from me, sprang down the few remaining stairs, grabbed at a hand rail and whisked away to her cabin sans adieux.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the Atalanta was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck chair I left strapped to its moorings and took refuge in the smokeroom with half a dozen other white faced fellows.

With the greatest difficulty we got to our staterooms, and I clambered into my berth, simply shedding my topcoat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the sides of the bunk, to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, the crash of hat boxes, bags and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air. The steward came and put the lights out, a red tape proceeding which added to the awfulness of things in general. Then I began to get insufferably warm. It was summer time, and with portholes closed the atmosphere below decks was always stuffy; but never before had I felt such an oppression. I concluded that we had got into the gulf stream, or something of that sort, and they had closed all the ventilators for the sake of keeping the ship water tight.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water bottle, and a careless companion's razor case were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst.

Every moment the air became more unbreathable. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud, "I must get out of this or die!" I flung myself down, taking my chance of the razors, and groped out of the door. A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it me. Peering about me with almost blinded eyes, I perceived that from every stateroom abutting on the saloon one or more passengers had crept out like myself and were standing at each opening like specters, holding on desperately to anything. The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times the floor was almost perpendicular. Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging from the rail that ran round it, as if I were a trapeze performer. All about there was a pandemonium of tumbling things. The sea thundered against the vessel fearfully, and again and again there was that horrible shudder of the screw.

Near me clung an old gentleman in night attire. "A nice thing this!" he bellowed in my ear. To save discussion I agreed with him that it was very nice indeed.

Across the saloon was the cabin dedicated to Miss Bradley. I detected a ghostly figure there and made my way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand. Her dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible expression.

"Thank God, you have come to me!" she cried, with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during these few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers—I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket! "It's all right!" I shouted. "Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous."

She shook her head. "Oh, the storm is nothing!" she replied.

"Nothing at all!" I assented scoffingly, as if I had been used to "high seas and howling winds" from infancy. But in my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting, making light of it in panic stricken bravado, else why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear? Her face was set like marble; her eyes glared to right and left; her beautifully chiseled nostrils sniffed the down draft from the engine room.

As we stood there in the duskiness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other, she asked, "Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship—nothing?"

Her tone was so changed that I stared at her for a moment through the smother before asking the counter question, "What should there be?"

"What is this smoke?" she whispered hoarsely in my ear. Before I could answer there was a concussion above as if the very heavens had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our feet. I fell with my hand upon some metal work which the carpet did not cover. It was so hot it almost blistered me. I quickly scrambled up, and lifting the almost fainting girl in both my arms staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so there came a rush of water into the saloon, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other. And as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter a cloud of steam arose, adding to the denseness of the prevailing gloom.

The last shock had evoked a wail of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapor floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay, "The boilers have burst, the boilers!"

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself. And I let out an unmanly yell as the wave lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England. But you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table and clapped my hand to my injured extremities, but, strange to say, was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all, or perhaps this phenomenon only confirmed a fear. "God help us!" she cried. "The vessel is on fire!"

The word flew like lightning. All rushed pellmell out of the saloon and up the stairs to the deck.

"Save me, Horace!" gasped Millicent. In that moment she called me by that name. "Save me, Horace, for the love of heaven!"

I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full grown woman and must have weighed 11 stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unswerving steps to the companionway with that lovely burden soft and supple in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of devils and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me exposed to the full force of it had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was, with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened down hatches and drive us from the vessel!

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day, the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun, the waves cowering into sullenness, the storm wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck chair gone!

They had found the fire and extinguished it, and with the morning light came the cry of "Land ahead!" from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then, and beyond lay—paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise, such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

* * * * * * *

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the Atalanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn bridge, but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the Battery and drew near the company's landing stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangways would be run up, and we should have to go ashore. And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my position and my prospects in life, all unimpeachable, she had not confided to me any of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eye. "You were very kind to me last night, Mr. Franklin," she said in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

"Mister!" I stammered, aghast at her coldness.

"I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear"—she hesitated and shook back a tear that seemed about to sparkle in her eye as she corrected herself—"I should not like you to—to despise me."

"Oh, Miss—Millicent!" I began.

But she went on firmly: "Of course we must not take seriously anything which circumstances so exceptional—so very, very dreadful indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say 'goodby' now, and—and if—if we never meet again"——

"Millicent!" I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, "don't coquet with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me, 'If we never meet again;' I say to you, 'Must we ever, ever part?' "

"Yes, we must part, Horace." The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

"Why? Where are you going?"

"To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call"——

Manitoba is some 3,000 miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is 80 miles from the railway. But I did "call," and it came to pass that I settled there too.—Chambers' Journal.

Russian Women.

The Russians exercise great taste and a lavish expenditure on their entertainments. They have hot sitting down suppers, to any hour in the morning, displaying every luxury from Paris and southern Europe. The toilets of the ladies are mostly from Paris, and are very costly, and the display of jewels is very remarkable, particularly of turquoise, diamonds and sapphires. There is much beauty among the fair sex, and, what is even more attractive, a grace, ease and charm of manner which seeks to please as well as to be pleased. There are a natural heartiness and friendliness and a refinement of courtesy, especially to foreigners, which give a charm to Russian society, and I shall always retain a grateful reminiscence of their kind welcome and hospitality. The Russian ladies experience little of the rigor of their long winter. Their usual life during the wintery months is a singular one. They keep very late hours (I refer to the fashionable world) and appear to wish to exclude the light of day as far as possible. The fashionable lady rises late, and does not appear in her salon before 2 or 3 o'clock. If it is sunny, and the temperature is not too low, she will generally take an hour's drive in her sleigh. On her return she will find her salon lighted and the curtains drawn, and she will then be prepared to receive her visitors, whom she regales with tea. If going to the opera, she dines early and returns at about 10 o'clock. If going to a ball or party afterward, she rests till it is time to dress, so as to appear at the ball or party at 12, from which she does not get home till between 3 or 4. Suppers are the great fashion at St. Petersburg. They continue till an early hour in the morning. The men play at cards, and the ladies indulge in small talk, but in the winter they rarely manage to retire to rest before 3 or 4 in the morning; consequently they rise late and have not more than two or three hours of daylight to contemplate the snowclad earth and the dismal wintry aspect without.—Lord Augustus Loftus.

The Man With a Theory.

"Did you ever notice," asked a young man, calling attention to a passing Celestial, "that a Chinaman always carries his hands in his pockets when he is passing along the street?"

"No," replied his companion, "I never did."

"Then you haven't been very observant," said the first speaker. "It is so much the rule that I'll agree to give you a dollar for every Chinaman who passes while we stand here with his hands out of his pockets if you will give me 5 cents for every one who has his hands in his pockets." The proposition was agreed to, and the two prepared to watch. Presently a Chinaman came in sight around Goodwin's corner, swinging his hands carelessly. The two young men and two others who had joined them laughed as the Chinaman passed by, unconscious that he was knocking out a pet theory.

"Just wait," said the man who proposed the bet, and they waited.

In a few minutes another Chinaman was seen going up State street. He then had both hands in his pockets, but glancing at the city hall clock he immediately took out his watch, proceeded to wind it up and passed by with both hands out. Three of the young men laughed, and the other tried to join in the merriment, but his smile was faint and sickly. He managed to get out feebly, "Just wait," and again they waited.

It wasn't long before the next Mongolian hove in sight. He had a bundle in one hand and a cigar in the other. "Just my luck," said the man with a theory. "I always get beaten when I propose a game." He counted out $3 and paid the amount to the fellow that didn't have a theory, and the four withdrew from the street to celebrate.—Hartford Courant.

Where He Drew the Line.

Judge W. W. Walling, who had been holding court out in the late Judge Marr's old district under a special appointment by the governor, told a characteristic story of Marr. The latter though a stickler for the dignity of the bench, was a great pipe smoker and allowed the attorneys the privilege of smoking in court. On one occasion he was trying a murder case at Carrizo Springs, in which there was much suppressed excitement and so much bad feeling that it was feared trouble might break out at any moment. Late one afternoon, while the opposing counsel were arguing the case and the feelings of the spectators were wrought up to the highest pitch, a solid old citizen sitting just under the judge's stand deliberately filled his pipe, and with a graceful sweep of his arm drew the parlor match across his jeans pants leg in such a fashion as to light it with a loud, sharp crack. The court and jury were started, and everybody looked around in a startled manner, as if expecting a general fusillade to follow, whereupon Marr quickly apprehended the situation and rebuked the pipe smoker about as follows:

"Gentlemen, the court tolerates smoking in the courtroom. In fact, the court smokes itself, but it must draw the line at gentlemen lighting their pipes with their six shooters."—Galveston News.

A Mutual Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness, with the joy of an ambition gratified, of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last?

Nevertheless she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face: "Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you began to speak, I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that—you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither had I!"—Life.

A Natural Question.

Clara—Mr. Castleton tried to put his arm around my waist last night.

Maude—Couldn't he get it around?—Detroit Free Press.

MONTE CARLO TRICKS.

THEY REDUCE THE SHOW FOR THE PLAYER TO NEARLY NOTHING.

How Things Are Done at the Great Gambling Establishment—A System Which Leaves Little to Chance and Balks Too Much Good Luck.

The police of Monte Carlo are so admirably organized that a few hours after anybody's arrival the name of the visitor is already reported to the administration of the cercle, with of course the address and various details, such as the amount of luggage, the appearance, the price of the room or pension taken, etc. These details are all important to the inspecteur du viatique—a venerable looking old scoundrel whose duty it is to repatriate broken down gamblers. Anybody who has lost every penny he brought with him can on application either recover 10 per cent of his losses or, if the sum is small, his railway fare to the extent of from £4 to £6 is paid. This last is called the viatique and is given against a regular I O U, which has to be refunded before the recipient can be admitted again to the gambling house. We may mention, en passant, that no less than £40,000 is distributed in this guise every year and that no less than £30,000 is actually paid back.

The information of the police in and outside the building is so precise that it is no use for anybody to pretend to have lost £1,000 if he has lost only £50. The statement is accepted with great politeness, only one is asked to walk along the rooms with an inspector and then to wait awhile. Ere long the inspector will return and tell you not only how much, more or less, you have lost, but he will tell you what your game was—single or multiple chances, a "martingale" or at random—and if you protest he will add yet some more information, such as, "You have no luggage; you dine at cheap places," or, "You live at a cheap pension," etc. The above only goes to prove how carefully everything and everybody is watched—the waiters, the hotel proprietors, the railway officials and the croupiers living at boarding houses all send in the results of their observations every day.

Now, as to the precautions against obstinate good luck for punters. The first is in the fact that the gambling house is a cercle, a club, to which admittance is gained on presenting a card issued by the administration for one day only. This card has to be personally renewed every day, and nothing is easier than to refuse this to a too persistent winner. No reason is vouchsafed for the refusal, and the staff of "chuckers out" within easy reach looks too convincing to attempt intrusion or arguments. Should the objectionable punter be too big game for such a summary proceeding there is quite an army of agents provocateurs, both men and women, around each table, and they, according to instructions, pick up a quarrel with the lucky player—generally over a stake—a row ensues, both parties are chucked out, and then the inspector explains that the rule of the cercle is not to admit again those who make a disturbance and spoil the partie. Recriminations are useless, and as whatever law or justice there is at Monte Carlo is in the hands of the "Societe des Bains de Mer" just as is the police, there is neither protection nor appeal.

It must, however, be explained here that these extreme measures apply only to successful "martingalistes"—system players—or to "lightning" punters—gamblers who come every day for a few minutes, stake three times some maximums, win by some remarkable fluke and go away. These are the most hated, if only because of the superstition as to playing sur la tete du ponte—that is, following en masse the stakes of a lucky player. There have been cases where successive banks have been broken thus. A roulette bank starts generally with from £2,000 to £3,000, according to season, and the bank is considered broken when this sum is lost. Very often when the bank has been broken twice in succession the play is stopped at this particular table and the roulette taken away—another proof of the precautions referred to and as a patent instance that the administration does not believe in the possibility of pure chance. It is either the roulette or the croupier that must be out of gear.

As a matter of fact, a croupier does get out of gear because after a certain time, 15 to 30 minutes, he sets the disk moving and the ball rolling with the same swing, so to say, and the result is that the ball will fall time after time into the same section of the disk. The consequences of this phenomenon have been more than once disastrous on the bank in years past; hence croupiers are changed every half hour, or each 30 coups are made by a fresh hand. Some 800 coups are played daily at each table. As a further proof that the hand can acquire a certain dynamic monotony, if one may use the expression, and a high evenness of impulse may be cited the fact that at the croupiers' school at the Condamine there is a daily practice of "aiming at zero." It is well known that zero is the bank's chance of winning all other stakes except, of course, its own, and the single ones which are put "en prison," tied over until the next coup. Viser au zero is the croupier's constant preoccupation, and we find in this practice another instance of what was said in the beginning about the chances of the punter.

Rows happen mostly in the summer season, when small players and system players swarm around the tables. This is also the busy time for those appointed to watch over the various "martingalistes," for, although the founder of the house, old Blanc, used to say that he would give a million to anybody who could prove that it is possible to win 6 francs at roulette with absolute certainty, still the present administration will not even leave this loophole to chance. Hence a staff of ruined gamblers, salaried by the societe to spot successful "martingalistes," discover in what the system consists and get rid of them if too successful. The administration loves the punter who plays high even if he wins, provided he gambles the whole day. They know then that the money won will come back, and all the rest will follow.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Natural Wood Ornamentation.

If you are contemplating building a house, have all the woodwork in its natural grain and do not profane it with paint or enamel. A sure sign of the advance of culture and taste made by the present generation is the desire for natural wood ornamentation. In the long run it is much more economical than painted wood, or it does not require so much cleaning and no renewal of paint. The oiled wood is prettiest of all, and if any graining is resorted to at all it should be indulged in sparingly. Georgia pine takes an exquisite polish and grain.—Washington Star.

Wanted to Be In It.

Dick Hicks—Sometimes I wish I was an elephant or a giraffe.

Mrs. Hicks—Why do you wish that?

Dick Hicks—So I could go to the circus every day.—New York World.

False.

"Speaking of Miss de Flash, what glorious hair she has!"

"That's not connected with the subject at all."—Detroit Tribune.

AN UNCANNY TOWN CLOCK.

Its Strange Behavior Before It Stopped Forever at Half Past 8.

"We've got a town clock in our village that waked folks up more than a little at different times during the past five years," said George May of Coalton, Pa.

"That clock was put into the tower of the May building 25 years ago. It struck the hours regularly for nearly 20 years and then suddenly quit striking. John Gordon, the village jack of all trades, had taken care of the clock ever since it became a feature of the village, but he couldn't tinker the old public indicator of the flight of time so that it would again announce the hours as they passed. The clock ran all right, but it wouldn't strike.

"Now, our folks had got used to depending on hearing the clock strike, and when it became silent there was much regret in town, so much, in fact, that when two years ago the Presbyterian society of our town went around with a paper soliciting subscriptions for the purchase of a town clock to be put in the steeple of their new church people gladly and willingly put down their names, and the clock was bought and put up.

"The church was across the square from the May building, and it was a glad sound when the new clock pealed forth its announcement one day that it was ready to keep the village posted on the hours. It was set going at 12 o'clock noon. Everybody was rejoicing over being able once more to know just how things were going when, at half past one on the day the clock was started, they were thrown into consternation by hearing the old clock in the May building, which hadn't made a sound for three years or more, start in deliberately, and, it seemed defiantly, strike 2.

"It sounds ridiculous to say that the old clock was actuated by vengeful feelings toward the town it had served for so many years because the town had forgotten it for a new and more vigorous timepiece, but it is a fact, all the same, that it took to striking at all hours of the day and night, sometimes immediately preceding the striking of its correct neighbor in the church steeple, sometimes immediately after it, and sometimes at the same time.

"Then again, it would break out two or three times an hour, striking all the way from one stroke up to 48. The clangor it kept up caused people to request the owner of the May building to cease having the old clock wound, but he declined to interfere with it, and it kept on fooling with the new clock and keeping folks busy looking at their watches to see what time it really was until one night a year and a half ago the church caught fire in some way and was burned to the ground, new clock and all.

"The church was one hour burning, and during that time the old clock across the square struck three different times.

"It wasn't until along toward evening the day after the fire that people began to notice that the old clock hadn't struck once since its rival was destroyed. That amazed them, and their amazement grew when the clock remained silent all that night and the next day and did not strike again for nearly a year and a half.

"John Gordon, who had wound the old clock for a quarter of a century, lived with his aged mother in the village. Along in the early part of May, at just 6 one morning, the clock aroused and astonished everybody again by giving one loud and doleful stroke. Soon afterward it was learned that Gordon's old mother had died at exactly 6 o'clock that morning.

"At the funeral of his mother Gordon became ill, and for the first time since the clock was put in the May building other hands than his had to wind the capricious timepiece. Gordon was sick two weeks, but every one expected to see him on the streets again in a few days, when at half past 8 one evening the old clock tolled out another single stroke.

"John Gordon died at just that hour.

"Then the owner of the clock decided that it should never be wound again. When it ran down and stopped, its hands were at half past 8, and there they will remain as long as they cling to the face of the now silent old clock."—New York Sun.

Winning a Husband.

In his "Book About the Table" Mr. Jeaffreson tells of a young London epicure who was won by a lady through her excellence in making boiled custards.

Three young ladies were staying at his mother's house. Knowing that they had prudential reasons for wishing to marry him—he had a fortune—the young man resolved to select a wife from one of them and to let his choice be determined by their skill in cookery, the art he valued above all others.

Without revealing the purpose of his proposal he craftily broached the subject of cookery, led the girls to boast of their skill and then suggested that they should compete in making boiled custards. Each competitor should have the same materials and opportunities and be allowed a private room for her peculiar kitchen.

The proposal was merrily accepted, and it was also agreed that the young man and his mother should act as jurors to decide on the merits of the custards. When the three custards were produced, Fanny's was so clearly the best that the two jurors did not hesitate to proclaim her the victor.

Three days later Fanny was engaged to the youthful epicure, and three months later they were married. About a year after the marriage it was discovered that in the interval between the agreement for the tournament and the time for entering the lists Fanny had bribed the housekeeper with two sovereigns to furnish her with a half pint of cream, in addition to the specified materials.

She made the victim of her artifice an excellent wife nevertheless and years after was heard to say: "My dear girls are all that I desire. They are clever, lively, lovely and of the sweetest temper. But, what is to me far more important, they are incapable of artifice."

A Triple Russian Tragedy.

One of the most tragic events ever heard of in the business world took place some years ago in St. Petersburg. The agent of a banker, who had been sent to draw the sum of 1,000 rubles, lost the package of bank notes while returning from the bank. The money was picked up by a clerk, who, instead of giving the funds at once to the rightful owner, followed the agent to his destination and ascertained his name. The clerk then returned home, hesitating in his mind how he should act. When he arrived there, a violent quarrel took place between him and his wife, the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, on the following day went to the house of the owner to deliver the money. While there he was told that the agent had committed suicide the night before on account of the loss. Overcome with remorse, the clerk returned home, where he found that during his absence his wife had hanged herself from vexation at not having kept the money. He immediately cut down the body and hung himself with the same rope.—Exchange.

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Those are better bowls than we offered some time ago, and which had such a large sale.

They are nicely decorated in a delicate tint, and are certainly a bargain. Come in and look at them.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY FLOOD; best smoke in town.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Outing Costumes are Very Much in Evidence.

Mate Leroy Kindly Devotes a Few Interesting Paragraphs to Men's Summer Garments—Cool and Attractive Tennis Gowns—New Fancies in Millinery.

SUMMER BONNETS THAT ARE POEMS.

The upper right picture represents a rough straw hat bent and trimmed with black ribbon, on which jet beads are sewn, and a bunch of cornflowers. A pale blue bow is on the under side. That on the left is of splits, with a loose bow of black ribbon and a bunch of field flowers with flexible stems. The lower right is a jet foundation, with black ribbon loops and pink chiffon rosettes. The center is of straw, with pink crush roses and a large jet studded bow. The toque on the left is of jet with pink roses and two black tips.

Outing garments of every description fill the windows, counters and parlors of the best as well as the more ordinary stores just now, and while they bring comfort to some they bring great heartburning and weariness to others. Some can buy all the cool and dainty garments, and, what is more, they can afford to wear them all in their proper time and place, while the others are condemned by cruel poverty to wear the same old clothes of three seasons that make the owners hot to even think of.

NEW OUTING COSTUMES.

Today I stood in front of a window where were displayed a lot of lovely made up dresses of chambray and lace or embroidery. They were decked with bits of ribbon here and there, and though the material was comparatively cheap the dresses were really elegant. By my side was a young girl of about 16. Her shoes were run over at the side, her sleeves outgrown, and a large package carried by straps showed that she was an errand girl. She stood absolutely entranced before a dainty dress of mauve chambray overlaid with cream point de gene lace and with a sash and shoulder knots of ribbon to match. There was a parasol with this costume made of the same material and color.

The child looked and looked, entirely forgetful of her surroundings, and I could almost follow the workings of her mind as she imagined herself dressed in that gown. She straightened up, and unconsciously took a proud and dignified attitude. Then she smiled and made a deep courtesy to an invisible being. That moment she caught my eye, flushed and hurried off. I felt like moralizing a little, but gave it up, as the day was too warm, and contented myself with thinking that women need more than bread and meat in this world for happiness.

There are outing garments for the men—bless them—in almost as great variety as for women. The most tasteful outing or indeed everyday home and business suit is one where the coat, vest and trousers are of dark blue serge, of rather thin texture, supplemented with a light blue linen shirt and collar of the same, and a white washable tie. The hat may be of straw with a wide brim, or it may be an alpine or a derby felt, with little holes in the crown and band to secure ventilation. The sack coat is certainly cooler looking whether it is any cooler in reality, than the cutaway. Among the sack coats there are some in light tweeds and cheviots, and mixtures, all in rather light colors, like brown, tan, gray and a sort of ashen blue. But I think the blue serge suit by far the most refined, and it is certainly more universally becoming.

The straw hats for really hot weather have higher crowns than they did last season, and the brims do not remind one quite so much of circular saws. I notice that a number of white vests are worn with the Prince Albert coats. These are of linen, pique and duck. The watch chain is carried straight across these vests from one pocket to another. The Prince Albert coat is no longer cut with a train, and now it looks very much better. The fancy for wearing a white collar with a colored shirt is vulgar and in bad taste, and fewer wear them so. The turn down shirt collar is preferred to the high chokers, and men study their physical comfort to a rare degree this season, though the silk shirts with their soft collars, which were dressy and cool, are no longer seen. Those cutaway coats with the croton bug extensions have all gone out west or somewhere else, and the abominable Marquis of Ailsbury topcoats are shelved not for the season only, but for all time. These horrible nightmares of a tailor's output, bagged in the back and sagged in the pockets, had a general air of disreputable carelessness that made them an eyesore to women. They will never be seen again.

I suppose cravats are also included in a man's wardrobe as necessities, and I will therefore mention that there are too many

NEW IDEAS IN BONNETS.

shapes, styles and colors to remember in hot weather. Soft ties like those worn by children are the favorites for wear with sack suits. These are of soft neutral tints closely and pleasingly mingled. The Teck, four-in-hand and the stock all have their times and places. White muslin ties are neat, and I was astounded to discover that 12 of these cost only 10 cents. They are to be thrown away when soiled, but they always look refined and give a man an air of being bien soigne. There are handkerchiefs of regular Persian patterns and colors for men, but these are not as genteel as a clean white batiste handkerchief. These have hemstitched hems half an inch deep and are unusually large. I may add that the russet shoes are quite as popular as ever and are sharply pointed at the toes.

Outing suits for the feminine part of the world are as varied as the needs of the case demand. There is a blue and white checked linen hopsack suit for tennis. The skirt has rows of heavy stitching done in dark blue saddler silk down each seam. A couple of rackets crossed are worked in blue silk on each side of the skirt, and on each corner of the wide collar to the blazer. There are revers to the blazer of pure white linen and a plaited white linen shirt waist with a woven blue belt.

Another tennis suit is of dark blue bunting. The skirt is cut plain, but the seams are turned in on all edges and hemstitched together with scarlet silk. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped with scarlet silk, and all edges of the quaint basque and the pocket are treated in the same manner, the scallops being small, so as merely to give the appearance of a notched edge. A lighter tennis gown of white serge has four accordion plaited ruffles of white china silk headed by a row of feather stitching in reseda green. The skirt is cut to fit the hips plain, except in the back. The blazer has large bishop sleeves with upturned cuffs of the silk. The revers form a wide fichu cape and are of serge with silk ruffles and a border of feather stitching. The waist is of puffed china silk, ... with a round yoke, and this has a row of clover leaves worked upon it.

A rather neat bicycle suit has a black surah shirt waist, with an Eton jacket and a tan canvas belt. The hat is a sort of derby made of shepherd's plaid, black and shades of brown. The shoes are low, and there are checked stockings in black and brown. The skirt is of surah accordion plaited. This makes a good dustproof suit, but is chiefly remarkable for its oddity. The jacket is of thick silk. This would be nice for Sundays.

A suit for a pretty make believe sailor is of blue serge, with white cross stripes. The skirt is made plain, the sleeves to the elbows only, and the blouse is plaited closely. There is a very wide and stiff collar of white serge, cut in to give it a flare on the shoulder, and there is a turndown collar with the inevitable foul anchor worked upon it. There are besides a soft tie, made of blue surah, and a wide sash of surah, made double and with a stiffish lining. All these costumes may be modified by the leaving off of anything not deemed suitable or becoming or adding some little touch which would adapt the style better to the personality of the wearer.

Almost every day sees some new fancy in millinery. We are told that the days of the microscopic bonnet have passed and that we may expect strange sights at the September openings. I mention a few of the latest fancies. One for a carriage or visiting bonnet was of jet and lace, as to foundation. Over this all around the edge was a series of tiny caterpillar loops of white satin ribbon. There were two winglike lace and jet ornaments, a few buttercups between them, and a tuft of brown feathers above. It was effective. A summery looking hat was of rough brown straw, the brim dented in in half a dozen scallops, and in each nestled a bunch of violets with foliage and stems. A pretty

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE FALL.

bonnet for an elderly lady was of fine bourbon lace picked out with cut jet beads. The lace was gathered full and left to fall in natural folds, and in these there nestled four little crushed bows of chaudron satin ribbon. The strings were of black velvet.

A very modest but stylish bonnet for a young lady was of fine black chip, a plateau shape. On the crown there was a ruche of black pongee, and set above it were two quillings of black chantilly. The strings drew the sides down and bent the front up poke fashion, and under this was another quilling of black lace and a crushed bow of coppery ribbons. But the quaintest bonnet of all is a forerunner of what we are to expect. It is very like the ancient cottage bonnet, being cut to come down over the ears and to form a distinct crown in the back and almost a coal scuttle in front. There are two rosettes of dark blue ribbon, one set each side just above the ear, and the strings tying under the chin match it. The straw is also dark blue. A little bunch of mixed flowers stands pertly up on the top. The inside is faced with bias blue surah, and there is another small bunch of flowers set just above the forehead.

To be in keeping this bonnet requires a decided 1830 costume. The clever young lady who got this bonnet will wear it with a clouded taffeta, blue and gray. The sleeves are large balloon puffs at the top and covered with gray gloves on the lower part. The basque is as old fashioned as the bonnet and has a wide white velvet collar. Inside the collar there is a tucker of white crepe lisse. To throw over her shoulders is a long strip of silver gray taffeta, with no trimming whatever. This is a scarf and is hemmed at the ends. To be in strict keeping the wearer of such a gown should dress her hair in plain bandeaux. The effect is picturesque and pleasing.

A very pretty gown for an immature girl quite took my fancy in one large establishment, and knowing how difficult it is to devise something suitable for the shapeless figures of the young I describe it. The dress was of "thundercloud gray" crepon. The skirt was lifted high on one side, showing an underskirt. Around both was a band of maize satin ribbon. The belt was the same. The waist was "built out" slightly in the lining, and the crepon was drawn over it, the crinklers lying crosswise to give the appearance of greater width. There were a yoke of lace, set over the crepon, and a standing collar of the same. There were shoulder straps cut off short and turned under to simulate a figaro. The sleeves came but to the elbow and ended there in flaring cuffs, lined with maize satin, and with crepon outside and arranged so that they could be worn up or down as preferred. The skirt was shirred closely in the back. It made a very striking and really artistic dress. The "thundercloud" gray is a new tint and has a sort of sinister look, and in crepon it seems as if lightning might shoot out any moment.

MATE LEROY.

Not Appreciated.

A Detroiter who spent the night at a small stage town in Montana and received his bill after breakfast was more than surprised to find the amount $13.50.

"Provisions must be pretty high out here?" he queried as he counted out the money.

"Waal, no. Purvishuns are both plenty and cheap," was the reply of the complacent landlord.

"Then hired help must be very expensive?"

"Not nigh as expensive as last year."

"Maybe they charge a man $5 for a bed out in this country?" persisted the Detroiter in search of information.

"That would be highway robbery," blandly replied the landlord as he pocketed the cash.

"Well, is this bill for three meals and lodging, then?"

"Great dogs, but what do you take me fur?" exclaimed mine host in great surprise. "Why, no, of course not!"

"But I had no extras I remember."

"You didn't? Didn't you hear that row on the sidewalk?"

"Yes, I heard a row."

"And wasn't a man shot right at the door?"

"Why, I heard a shot, but made no inquiries."

"An didn't there two dead men lyin alongside the barn fur you to look at as you went?"

"... so, but what ... to do with the size of my bill?" queried the Detroiter.

"Everything, sir! The boys knew you was a stranger to the county and got up a row fur your benefit. It's $5 hotel bill and $8.50 fur the killin's, and if you are the man to kick on that you'd better head away fur home and a one hoss town!"—Detroit Free Press.

They've Had Enough.

Factory Inspector Watchorn, according to an exchange, "reports that hardly a train passes through Harrisburg—his home—going east that doesn't carry a carload of foreign speaking emigrants bound for the ports of Philadelphia and New York, where they are taking passage for Europe, evidently having got enough of the coke region and similar districts' experiences."

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

IMMENSE BUSINESS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE POOR.

French System of Pawnbroking—It is Conducted by the State as a Philanthropic Institution.

Of late the French system of pawnbroking has been receiving attention from philanthopic and charitable workers in this country, who have even begun in a limited way to put into practice some of its ideas.

In Paris there are no private pawnbrokers. A central corporation, with many branches both in Paris and the provinces, has a state monopoly of lending money on movable property. The head officers of this corporation are appointed by the government, and the civil service system reigns over the appointment of its clerks. The profits of the corporation go to the public charities.

The immense capital needed for the business is not money of the state but is borrowed. A fifth of the sum is supplied by the Comedie Francaise or state theater, which is also a corporation of theatrical artists. Altogether there are 3,000 lenders of money who prefer the mont de piete's certain interest of from 2 to 3 per cent to any heavier speculation. The money thus borrowed by the corporation is loaned out by it at a higher rate of interest to all unfortunates who are fortunate enough to have some property to put in pawn.

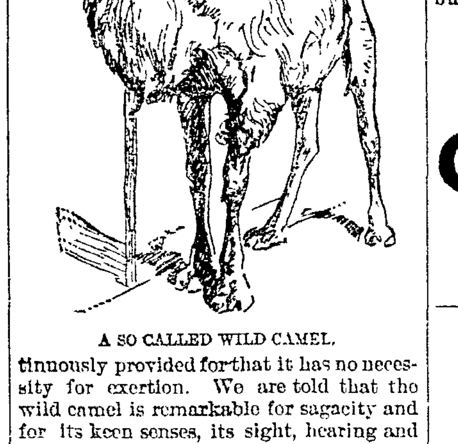
The ticket which the clerk will hand you for your watch bears in large type at the top: "The French Republic. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The words beneath in larger letters still are even more consoling, "Mountain of Piety." This is a poetic phrase coined by that pope who first had the idea of freeing people from the grip of usurers. There are people now living in Paris who have had their father's watch or other heirloom soaking on this mountain 40 years. They keep the interest up and hope for better days.

Had it been mattresses, bedclothes, underclothing, tools or any such article of prime necessity, they would have had in these past 40 years three opportunities of getting their property out free. From the first days of the first republic to the present date it has been customary now and then to make a kind of jail delivery of useful objects held in pawn, the money for the purpose coming either from a parliamentary decree or being raised by popular subscription. The last three charities of this kind were in 1850, 1871 and 1879. In 1871 the money came from the English association which, under Sir Richard Wallace, worked to alleviate the miseries of the siege.

Are There Any Wild Camels?

The ungainly appearance of the camel is matched by its obtuseness. Palgrave says of it: "If docile means stupid, well and good. In such a case the camel is the very model of docility. But if the epithet is intended to designate an animal that takes an interest in its rider so far as a beast can, that in some way understands his intentions, that obeys from a sort of fellow feeling with his master, like the horse or elephant, then the camel is by no means docile—very much the contrary. He takes no heed of his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not; walks straight on when once set agoing, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside, and should some tempting green branch allure him out of the path continues to walk on in the new direction because he is too dull to turn back into the right road.

The stupidity of the domesticated camel is perhaps due to its wants being so con-



A SO CALLED WILD CAMEL.

tinuously provided for that it has no necessity for exertion. We are told that the wild camel is remarkable for sagacity and for its keen senses, its sight, hearing and smell being all wonderfully perfect.

Quite recently an English traveler and sportsman, Mr. St. G. Littledale, has been following in the footsteps of great hunters. He had already shot and secured specimens of the bison in the Caucasus and of the great Marco Polo sheep from the upper reaches of the central Asiatic plateau, and he has succeeded in shooting some further specimens of the so called wild camel of which the skins have been brought back to England.

Is this camel truly wild? Przewalski argues in favor of its being so from certain particulars in which it differs from the tame camel, such as its having no corns on its fore legs and having much smaller humps, the male having no crest or a very small one, the general color being a reddish sandy hue, rare among the domesticated ones, with shorter ears and more grizzled muzzle.

Mr. Littledale warns us that these camels may not, after all, be truly wild, and evidence seems to support the view that they are really descended from individuals which had strayed away or been lost, or, as Cuvier has suggested, had been given their liberty by the Lamas in pursuance of their Buddhist views; that they are, in fact, domesticated camels which have become wild.

The Thermometer.

It is told that Hero of Alexander, who lived about 120 years before Christ, is said to have been the real inventor of the rude "weather tester" used for measuring the heat of the atmosphere, which was continued in use until about the time of the opening of the seventeenth century. About the date last mentioned it was reduced to an instrument more convenient and accurate by Sanctorio, an Italian, and was afterward much improved by various ... by Fahrenheit, who ... the scale and other improvements.

The Cradle Obsolete.

The cradle is fast becoming a curio, especially in its earlier hooded form. The American baby is not cradled, but taught to content itself with a mattress like any one else, so that the phrase, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," refers to a custom almost obsolete.

The capitol at Washington has cost more than $30,000,000. It covers 3½ acres, the dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter and is exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, the Invalides in Paris and St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg.

Madagascar is nominally under French protection, only, however, to keep the English from getting it. A French resident general, with a small military escort, resides at the capital.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Our Annual Sale of Printed

SILK REMNANTS

Will Commence on TUESDAY MORNING NEXT, July 10th,

—AND WILL COMPRISE NEARLY—

20.000 YARDS

Of the newest, choicest, and most fashionable designs and colorings made during the present season by the largest silk mill in the United States. In quality they are the regular $1 Goods, and are not sold by the largest houses any less than that price, but we shall place the entire lot on sale on Tuesday Morning Next at the unprecedented price of

Only 49 Cents Per Yard.

Which is less than one-half the price of regular goods. The various designs and colors have all been arranged and matched into Dress Patterns and convenient lengths for Blouse Waists, etc.

Printed Silks continue to be the leading fashionable fabric for ladies' wear and there is not an old style in the entire lot.

On and after Saturday our Merrimack street window will give some idea of the beauty and variety of this assortment. Remember that we have this great sale of Printed Silk Remnants only once a year, and that the sale commences on Tuesday Morning Next. Our Silk Department is convenient to either our Merrimack, Palmer or Middle street entrances.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

SUMMER SUPPLIES

BOYS' AND GIRLS' NIGHT GOWNS,

The best that can be made. If you are going to take the boys or girls away this summer, we can fit them out with the above goods, in various sizes and styles, at just about the price of the cotton. We also carry a big bargain in Gents' Night Gowns at 50c. each. Ladies can always find extra large gowns, cut full, large, long and broad, with deep hem at the bottom and made from extra good cotton, nicely trimmed, at 79c., $1, and $1.25 each. Our regular lines of Ladies' Gowns at 39c., 50c., etc., up to Bridal Gowns worth several dollars, are always complete. We carry in stock Ladies' Extra Large Chemises, Drawers, Skirts, Print and Percale Wrappers, all of these in addition to our lines in regular sizes.

Just Purchased, 1000 Little Children's Medium and Dark, Play, Work or Picnic Dresses.

At less than the cost of the material and making. Dresses at 15, 21, 25, 29, 33, 35, 39, 45, 49, 50c., up to 75c. for large girls. We are closing out all our Misses' and Large Girls' White Dresses at from 50c. to $1.50 below the price asked before July 4th. All our Infants' Silk Hats and Bonnets are marked down to close At Once.

The White and Colored Shirt Waist stock, of our own make, is complete and will be added to from our own workrooms each day. Large ladies wishing 42x44 bust measure in White Lawn Waists, can be fitted from this stock.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

THE BIG HOUSE.

HIGH TIME.

FOR WHAT?

Wednesday will be the Fourth. Isn't it high time that you bought your Light Suit? We are obliged to cut prices in order to reduce our stock. $5.98 will be our price for a big leader today and till all are closed. $8.00 and $10.00 are our prices for great values, worth $12 and $15 each. Our stock is all new and the assortment is large. You see, not having had any of last season's old styles, we had to buy heavily of the new styles in order to fill our counters. We've marked them down. Do you prefer Serges? Then you'll find us headquarters; $7, $8, $10, $12. An American Flag with every 25c. purchase. All pledges fulfilled here.

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J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 223 Bridge Street, Meats and Provisions. (Successor to Stront & Kingsbury.)

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EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 2.30, 3 15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.50, p. m.
For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.
For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.
For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5 10 p. m.
For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4 10, 6.20 p. m.
For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5 35 p.m.
For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.
For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.
For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4 19, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5 35 p. m.
For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5 35 p. m.
For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.
For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, ¶6 50, *7 45, *8 50, ¶9 00, *9 40, 11 00 a. m.; 1 40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5 40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45, a. m.
Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:
For Boston.—5 48, 6 34, ¶6 53, §7 01, §7 18, §7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 03, *9 50, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 43, 3 03, ¶3 03, 4 00, 4 10, 4 33, ¶5 21, *5 43, 6 28, 7 47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 18, 7.27, 8 45, *9 16 a. m.; §4 25, §6 03 p. m.
For Woburn, §7 01, 7 45, 11 00 a.m.; 1 40, 4 30, 8 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m., §4 26, 6 03, p.m. *Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.
For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.
For Salem and Way Stations—§7 38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.
☞ Time below is from Middlesex street station.
For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.
For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.41, 9.59, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02. a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8 13 p. m.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.
For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.: 1.56 and †8 43. p.m.
For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m., 12.11, †8.13 p. m.
For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.
Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.
☞ §Daily for Montreal.

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J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

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MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy, Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

NewspaperARCHIVE®
NewspaperARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

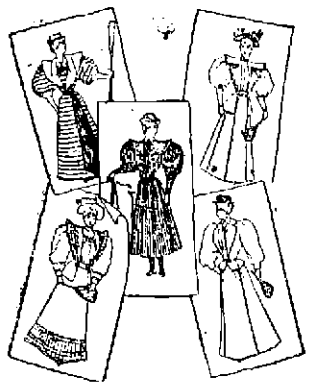
Outing Costumes are Very Much in Evidence.

Mate Leroy Kindly Devotes a Few Interesting Paragraphs to Men's Summer Garments—Cool and Attractive Tennis Gowns—New Fancies in Millinery.

SUMMER BONNETS THAT ARE POEMS.

The upper right picture represents a rough straw hat bent and trimmed with black ribbon, on which jet beads are sewn, and a bunch of cornflowers. A pale blue bow is on the under side. That on the left is of splits, with a loose bow of black ribbon and a bunch of field flowers with flexible stems. The lower right is a jet foundation, with black ribbon loops and pink chiffon rosettes. The center is of straw, with pink crush roses and a large jet studded bow. The toque on the left is of jet with pink roses and two black tips.

Outing garments of every description fill the windows, counters and parlors of the best as well as the more ordinary stores just now, and while they bring comfort to some they bring great heartburning and weariness to others. Some can buy all the cool and dainty garments, and, what is more, they can afford to wear them all in their proper time and place, while the others are condemned by cruel poverty to wear the same old clothes of three seasons that make the owners hot to even think of.



NEW OUTING COSTUMES.

Today I stood in front of a window where were displayed a lot of lovely made up dresses of chambray and lace or embroidery. They were decked with bits of ribbon here and there, and though the material was comparatively cheap the dresses were really elegant. By my side was a young girl of about 16. Her shoes were run over at the side, her sleeves outgrown, and a large package carried by straps showed that she was an errand girl. She stood absolutely entranced before a dainty dress of mauve chambray overlaid with cream point de gene lace and with a sash and shoulder knots of ribbon to match. There was a parasol with this costume made of the same material and color.

The child looked and looked, entirely forgetful of her surroundings, and I could almost follow the workings of her mind as she imagined herself dressed in that gown. She straightened up, and unconsciously took a proud and dignified attitude. Then she smiled and made a deep courtesy to an invisible being. That moment she caught my eye, flushed and hurried off. I felt like moralizing a little, but gave it up, as the day was too warm, and contented myself with thinking that women need more than bread and meat in this world for happiness.

There are outing garments for the men—bless them—in almost as great variety as for women. The most tasteful outing or indeed everyday home and business suit is one where the coat, vest and trousers are of dark blue serge, of rather thin texture, supplemented with a light blue linen shirt and collar of the same, and a white washable tie. The hat may be of straw with a wide brim, or it may be an alpine or a derby felt, with little holes in the crown and band to secure ventilation. The sack coat is certainly cooler looking, whether it is any cooler in reality, than the cutaway. Among the sack coats there are some in light tweeds and cheviots, and mixtures, all in rather light colors, like brown, tan, gray and a sort of ashen blue. But I think the blue serge suit by far the most refined, and it is certainly more universally becoming.

The straw hats for really hot weather have higher crowns than they did last season, and the brims do not remind one quite to much of circular saws. I notice that a number of white vests are worn with the Prince Albert coats. These are of linen, pique and duck. The watch chain is carried straight across these vests from one pocket to another. The Prince Albert coat is no longer cut with a train, and now it looks very much better. The fancy for wearing a white collar with a colored shirt is vulgar and in bad taste, and fewer wear them so. The turn down shirt collar is preferred to the high chokers, and men study their physical comfort to a rare degree this season, though the silk shirts with their soft collars, which were dressy and cool, are no longer seen. These outing coats with the cretonne bag extensions have all gone out west or somewhere else, and the abominable Marquis of Allsbury topcoats are shelved not for the season only, but for all time. These horrible nightmares of a tailor's output, bagged in the back and sagged in the pockets, had a general air of disreputable carelessness that made them an eyesore to women. They will never be seen again.

I suppose cravats are also included in a man's wardrobe as necessities, and I will therefore mention that there are too many shapes, styles and colors to remember in hot weather. Soft ties like those worn by children are the favorites for wear with sack suits. These are of soft neutral tints closely and pleasingly mingled. The Teck, four-in-hand and the stock all have their times and places. White muslin ties are neat, and I was astounded to discover that 12 of these cost only 10 cents. They are to be thrown away when soiled, but they always look refined and give a man an air of being bien soigne. There are handkerchiefs of regular Persian patterns and colors for men, but these are not as genteel as a clean white batiste handkerchief. These have hemstitched hems half an inch deep and are unusually large. I may add that the russet shoes are quite as popular as ever and are sharply pointed at the toes.

Outing suits for the feminine part of the world are as varied as the needs of the case demand. There is a blue and white checked linen hopsack suit for tennis. The skirt has rows of heavy stitching done in dark blue saddler silk down each seam. A couple of rackets crossed are worked in blue silk on each side of the skirt, and on each corner of the wide collar to the blazer. There are revers to the blazer of pure white linen and a plaited white linen shirt waist with a woven blue belt.

Another tennis suit is of dark blue bunting. The skirt is cut plain, but the seams are turned in on all edges and hemstitched together with scarlet silk. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped with scarlet silk, and all edges of the quaint basque and the pocket are treated in the same manner, the scallops being small, so as merely to give the appearance of a notched edge. A lighter tennis gown of white serge has four accordion plaited ruffles of white china silk headed by a row of feather stitching in resada green. The skirt is cut to fit the hips plain, except in the back. The blazer has large bishop sleeves with upturned cuffs of the silk. The revers form a wide fichu cape and are of serge with silk to ties and a border of feather stitching. The waist is of puffed china silk made with a round yoke, and this has a row of clover leaves worked upon it.

A rather neat bicycle suit has a black surah shirt waist, with an Eton jacket and a tan canvas belt. The hat is a sort of derby made of shepherd's plaid, black and shades of brown. The shoes are low, and there are checked stockings in black and brown. The skirt is of surah accordion plaited. This makes a good dustproof suit, but is chiefly remarkable for its oddity. The jacket is of thick silk. This would be nice for Sundays.

A suit for a pretty make believe sailor is of blue serge, with white cross stripes. The skirt is made plain, the sleeves to the elbow only, and the blouse is plaited closely. There is a very wide and stiff collar of white serge, cut in to give it a flare on the shoulder, and there is a turndown collar with the inevitable tool anchor worked upon it. There are besides a soft tie, made of blue surah, and a wide sash of surah, made double and with a stiffish lining. All these costumes may be modified by the leaving off of anything not deemed suitable or becoming or adding some little touch which would adapt the style better to the personality of the wearer.

Almost every day sees some new fancy in millinery. We are told that the days of the microscopic bonnet have passed and that we may expect strange sights at the September openings. I mention a few of the latest fancies. One for a carriage or visiting bonnet was of jet and lace, as to foundation. Over this all around the edge was a series of tiny caterpillar loops of white satin ribbon. There were two wing-like lace and jet ornaments, a few buttercups between them and a tuft of brown feathers above. It was effective. A summery looking hat was of rough brown straw, the brim dented in in half a dozen scallops, and in each nestled a bunch of violets with foliage and stems. A pretty

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE FALL.

bonnet for an elderly lady was of fine bourbon lace picked out with cut jet beads. The lace was gathered full and left to fall in natural folds, and in these there nestled four little crushed bows of chaudron satin ribbon. The strings were of black velvet.

A very modest but stylish bonnet for a young lady was of fine black chip, a plateau shape. On the crown there was a ruche of black pongee, and set above it were two quillings of black chantilly. The strings drew the sides down and bent the front up poke fashion, and under this was another quilling of black lace and a crushed bow of coppery ribbons. But the quaintest bonnet of all is a forerunner of what we are to expect. It is very like the ancient cottage bonnet, being cut to come down over the ears and to form a distinct crown in the back and almost a coal scuttle in front. There are two rosettes of dark blue ribbon, one set each side just above the ear, and the strings tying under the chin match it. The straw is also dark blue. A little bunch of mixed flowers stands pertly up on the top. The inside is faced with bias blue surah, and there is another small bunch of flowers set just above the forehead.

To be in keeping this bonnet requires a decided 1830 costume. The clever young lady who got this bonnet will wear it with a clouded taffeta, blue and gray. The sleeves are large balloon puffs at the top and covered with gray gloves on the lower part. The basque is as old fashioned as the bonnet and has a wide white velvet collar. Inside the collar there is a tucker of white crepe lisse. To throw over her shoulders is a long strip of silver gray taffeta, with no trimming whatever. This is a scarf and is hemmed at the ends. To be in strict keeping the wearer of such a gown should dress her hair in plain bandeaux. The effect is picturesque and pleasing.

A very pretty gown for an immature girl quite took my fancy in one large establishment, and knowing how difficult it is to devise something suitable for the shapeless figures of the young I describe it. The dress was of "thundercloud gray" crepon. The skirt was lifted high on one side, showing an underskirt. Around both was a band of maize satin ribbon. The belt was the same. The waist was "bulled out" slightly in the lining, and the crepon was drawn over it, the crinkiers lying crosswise to give the appearance of greater width. There were a yoke of lace, set over the crepon, and a standing collar of the same. There were shoulder straps cut off short and turned under to simulate a figure. The sleeves came but to the elbow and ended there in flaring cuffs, lined with maize satin, and with crepon outside and arranged so that they could be worn up or down as preferred. The skirt was shirred closely in the back. It made a very striking and really artistic dress. The "thundercloud" gray is a new tint and has a sort of sinister look, and in crepon it seems as if lightning might shoot out any moment.

MATE LEROY.

NEW IDEAS IN BONNETS.

Not Appreciated.

A Detroiter who spent the night at a small stage town in Montana and received his bill after breakfast was more than surprised to find the amount $13.50.

"Provisions must be pretty high out here?" he queried as he counted out the money.

"Waal, no. Purvisions are both plenty and cheap," was the reply of the complacent landlord.

"Then hired help must be very expensive?"

"Not nigh as expensive as last year."

"Maybe they charge a man $5 for a bed out in this country?" persisted the Detroiter in search of information.

"That would be highway robbery," blandly replied the landlord as he pocketed the cash.

"Well, is this bill for three meals and lodging, then?"

"Great dogs, but what do you take me fur?" exclaimed none host in great surprise. "Why, no, of course not!"

"But I had no extra as I remember."

"You didn't? Didn't you hear that row on the sidewalk?"

"Yes, I heard a row."

"And wasn't a man shot right at the door?"

"Why, I heard a shot, but made no inquiries."

"And hain't there two dead men lyin alongside the barn fur you to look at as you go out?"

"I presume so, but what has all this to do with the size of my bill?" queried the Detroiter.

"Everything, sir! The boys knew you was a stranger to the county and got up a row fur your benefit. It's $5 hotel bill and $8.50 fur the killin's, and if you are the man to kick on that you'd better head away fur home and a one hoss town!"—Detroit Free Press.

They're Bad Enough.

Factory Inspector Watchorn, according to an exchange, "reports that hardly a train passes through Harrisburg—his home—going east that doesn't carry a carload of foreign speaking emigrants bound for the ports of Philadelphia and New York, where they are taking passage for Europe, evidently having got enough of the coke region and similar districts' novelties."

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

IMMENSE BUSINESS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE POOR.

French System of Pawnbroking—It is Conducted by the State as a Philanthropic Institution.

Of late the French system of pawnbroking has been receiving attention from philanthopic and charitable workers in this country, who have even begun in a limited way to put into practice some of its ideas.

In Paris there are no private pawnbrokers. A central corporation, with many branches both in Paris and the provinces, has a state monopoly of lending money on movable property. The head officers of this corporation are appointed by the government, and the civil service system reigns over the appointment of its clerks. The profits of the corporation go to the public charities.

The immense capital needed for the business is not money of the state, but is borrowed. A fifth of the sum is supplied by the Comedie Francaise or state theater, which is also a corporation of theatrical artists. Altogether there are 3,000 lenders of money who prefer the mont de piete's certain interest of from 2 to 3 per cent to any heavier speculation. The money thus borrowed by the corporation is loaned out by it at a higher rate of interest to all unfortunates who are fortunate enough to have some property to put in pawn.

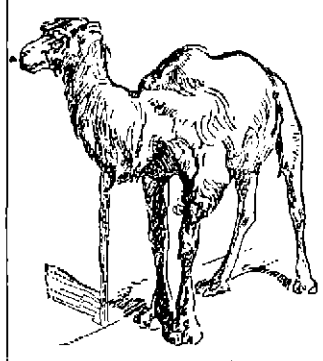
The ticket which the clerk will hand you for your watch bears in large type at the top: "The French Republic. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The words beneath in larger letters still are even more consoling, "Mountain of Piety." This is a poetic phrase coined by that pope who first had the idea of freeing people from the grip of usurers. There are people now living in Paris who have had their father's watch or other heirloom soaking on this mountain 40 years. They keep the interest up and hope for better days.

Had it been mattresses, bedclothes, underclothing, tools or any such article of prime necessity, they would have had in these past 40 years three opportunities of getting their property out free. From the first days of the first republic to the present date it has been customary now and then to make a kind of jail delivery of useful objects held in pawn, the money for the purpose coming either from a parliamentary decree or being raised by popular subscription. The last three charities of this kind were in 1850, 1871 and 1879. In 1871 the money came from the English association which, under Sir Richard Wallace, worked to alleviate the miseries of the siege.

Are There Any Wild Camels?

The ungainly appearance of the camel is matched by its obtuseness. Palgrave says of it: "If docile means stupid, well and good. In such a case the camel is the very model of docility. But if the epithet is intended to designate an animal that takes an interest in its rider so far as a beast can, that in some way understands his intentions, that obeys from a sort of fellow feeling with his master, like the horse or elephant, then the camel is by no means docile—very much the contrary. He takes no heed of his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not; walks straight on when once set agoing, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside, and should some tempting green branch allure him out of the path continues to walk on in the new direction because he is too dull to turn back into the right road.

The stupidity of the domesticated camel is perhaps due to its wants being so continuously provided for that it has no necessity for exertion. We are told that the wild camel is remarkable for sagacity and for its keen senses, its sight, hearing and smell being all wonderfully perfect.



A SO CALLED WILD CAMEL.

Quite recently an English traveler and sportsman, Mr. St. G. Littledale, has been following in the footsteps of great hunters. He had already shot and secured specimens of the bison in the Caucasus and of the great Marco Polo sheep from the upper reaches of the central Asiatic plateau, and he has succeeded in shooting some further specimens of the so called wild camel, of which the skins have been brought back to England.

Is this camel truly wild? Przewalski argues in favor of its being so from certain particulars in which it differs from the tame camel, such as its having no corns on its fore legs and having much smaller humps, the male having no crest or a very small one, the general color being a reddish sandy hue, rare among the domesticated ones, with shorter ears and more grizzled muzzle.

Mr. Littledale warns us that these camels may not, after all, be truly wild, and evidence seems to support the view that they are really descended from individuals which had strayed away or been lost, or, as Cuvier has suggested, had been given their liberty by the Lamas in pursuance of their Buddhist views; that they are, in fact, domesticated camels which have become wild.

The Thermometer.

It is told that Hero of Alexander, who lived about 130 years before Christ, is said to have been the real inventor of the rude "weather tester" used for measuring the heat of the atmosphere, which was continued in use until about the time of the opening of the seventeenth century. About the date last mentioned it was reduced to an instrument more convenient and accurate by one Sanctonio, an Italian, and was afterward much improved by various scientists, especially by Fahrenheit, who, in 1720, added the scale and other important details.

The Cradle Obsolete.

The cradle is fast becoming a curio, especially in the earlier hooded form. The American baby is not cradled, but taught to content itself with a mattress like any one else, so that the phrase, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," refers to a custom almost obsolete.

The capitol at Washington has cost more than $30,000,000. It covers 9½ acres, the dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter and is exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, the Invalides in Paris and St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg.

Madagascar is nominally under French protection, only, however, to keep the English from getting it. A French resident general, with a small military escort, holds at the capital.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Our Annual Sale of Printed

SILK REMNANTS

Will Commence on TUESDAY MORNING NEXT, July 10th,

—AND WILL COMPRISE NEARLY—

20,000 YARDS

Of the newest, choicest, and most fashionable designs and colorings made during the present season by the largest silk mill in the United States. In quality they are the regular $1 Goods, and are not sold by the largest houses any less than that price, but we shall place the entire lot on sale on Tuesday Morning Next at the unprecedented price of

Only 49 Cents Per Yard.

Which is less than one-half the price of regular goods. The various designs and colors have all been arranged and matched into Dress Patterns and convenient lengths for Blouse Waists, etc.

Printed Silks continue to be the leading fashionable fabric for ladies' wear and there is not an old style in the entire lot.

On and after Saturday our Merrimack street window will give some idea of the beauty and variety of this assortment. Remember that we have this great sale of Printed Silk Remnants only once a year, and that the sale commences on Tuesday Morning Next. Our Silk Department is convenient to either our Merrimack, Palmer or Middle street entrances.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

SUMMER SUPPLIES

BOYS' AND GIRLS' NIGHT GOWNS,

The best that can be made. If you are going to take the boys or girls away this summer, we can fit them out with the above goods, in various sizes and styles, at just about the price of the cotton. We also carry a big bargain in Gents' Night Gowns at 50c. each. Ladies can always find extra large gowns, cut full, large, long and broad, with deep hem at the bottom and made from extra good cotton, nicely trimmed, at 79c., $1, and $1.25 each. Our regular lines of Ladies' Gowns at 39c., 50c., etc., up to Bridal Gowns worth several dollars, are always complete. We carry in stock Ladies' Extra Large Chemises, Drawers, Skirts, Print and Percale Wrappers, all of these in addition to our lines in regular sizes.

Just Purchased, 1000 Little Children's Medium and Dark, Play, Work or Picnic Dresses.

At less than the cost of the material and making. Dresses at 15, 21, 25, 29, 33, 35, 39, 45, 49, 50c., up to 75c. for large girls. We are closing out all our Misses' and Large Girls' White Dresses at from 50c. to $1.50 below the price asked before July 4th. All our Infants' Silk Hats and Bonnets are marked down to close At Once.

The White and Colored Shirt Waist stock, of our own make, is complete and will be added to from our own workrooms each day. Large ladies wishing 42x44 bust measure in White Lawn Waists, can be fitted from this stock.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

THE BIG HOUSE.

HIGH TIME.

FOR WHAT?

Wednesday will be the Fourth. Isn't it high time that you bought your Light Suit? We are obliged to cut prices in order to reduce our stock. $5.98 will be our price for a big leader today and till all are closed. $8.00 and $10.00 are our prices for great values, worth $12 and $15 each. Our stock is all new and the assortment is large. You see, not having had any of last season's old styles, we had to buy heavily of the new styles in order to fill our counters. We've marked them down. Do you prefer Serges? Then you'll find us headquarters; $7, $8, $10, $12. An American Flag with every 25c. purchase. All pledges fulfilled here.

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K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing of all kinds. Telephone 393. Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

T. M. BOLTON, 130 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

W. A. LEW, 46 John Street, Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed. Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 9 Merrimack Street. Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers Street Bridge.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.50, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.19, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays), SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—6.45, 8.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.00, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, §7.01, §7.18, §7.21, *7.43, *8.07, 9.03, *9.60, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.43, 2.03, ¶3.03, 4.00, 4.10, 4.50, ¶5.21, *5.43, 6.25, 7.47, 8.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.18, 7.27, †.45, 10.16 a. m.; §4.35, §6.08 p. m.

For Woburn, §7.01, 7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.40, 4.50, 8.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m., §4.16, 6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.16 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.37 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.41, 3.59, 5.23, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 9.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02 a.m. (to Nashua only), 7.00, 8.00, 8.33, 8.41 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.41, 5.42, §8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.41 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and †8.43. p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.57 §.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ §Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Lowell.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

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P. H. HEELON, 557 and 559 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Masonic Block Attorney at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

F. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 343 Central St Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first

insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy, Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

THE CORPSE SAT UP.

A Watcher's Grewsome Experience In the Room of a Dead Friend.

"I am not a believer in the supernatural," said a young man to a writer for The Courier-Journal, "but every time I see a copy of Wilkie Collins' novel, 'The Woman In White,' I get the creeps, for it recalls one of the most awful experiences in my life. I boarded in the southern portion of the city, at the home of a widow, in whose family was an interesting youth about 16 years old. He and I were exceedingly fond of one another, perhaps from the fact that he was afflicted with epilepsy, and I was the only person about the house who understood how to relieve him and was able to handle him without his hurting himself while in convulsions. He did not live long after I knew him and died in my arms in one of his attacks. The incident I am speaking of occurred on one of the very coldest nights in January. The boy had died at noon, and the family sat up with the corpse until midnight, when I relieved them in the watch, requesting all to retire, as I loved the boy so well I felt it my duty to stay near him in death. An hour passed, and I picked up a copy of 'The Woman In White' to while away the somber watch. I drew near the fireplace and turned up the lamp a little higher, as the rest of the room was very dark, and a window was raised back of the corpse on the cooling board. After all had gone to bed the realization of the somber situation obtruded itself upon me, and as I perused the novel its contents were not calculated to reassure me. I thought about everything possible, and for the first time in my life I began to quake with fear.

"I was in such a condition of mind that the dropping of a pin would have been noted at once, and the creaking of a piece of furniture or the swaying of a shutter would have sent terror through my heart. In this overwrought state of mind I heard a slight noise and turned toward the corpse, when, awful to relate, I saw my friend raise his hands, throw back the pall and sit stark upright. The eyes, which had never been closed, looked searchingly about the room until they rested on me, the open mouth contracted, and the countenance took a distorted expression. Without pausing I dashed from the room into the dark corridors.

"When I reached my bedroom, I fell in a swoon, which must have lasted several hours, for on awakening I saw the sun just tingeing the eastern horizon. Finding myself on the floor with the novel clinched in my hand recalled the dreadful scene, and pulling myself up from the floor I rang a call bell for a servant. The servant came, and we descended to the parlor after I had told him what had happened. Yes, I had actually experienced that dreadful scene, for the corpse was found lying across the bier. We went over to it. The muscles were all relaxed, and it appeared sleeping peacefully. It was laid back as it had been arranged by loving friends. As I could not explain the phenomenon I had witnessed, I went for a physician. He said the boy had been dead all the time, but that the muscles contracted during his fit had been relaxed in my presence. We agreed not to tell the circumstance to the family, but it is true in every particular, and when I think of the awful scene even in daytime I am filled with terror.

"I have never got into 'The Woman In White' farther than three chapters, and I do not think now that I shall ever finish the story that is so intimately associated with this awful ghost story in real life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Great Palace.

According to Bishop Liutprand of Cremona, in his account of his embassy to the court of Nicephorus Phocas, the golden chamber of Constantinople was the most splendid part of the whole palace. If Justin rebuilt it, Theophilus and Constantine VII did much for its decoration. Theophilus made a silver table "for the accommodation of the guests and the adornment of the palace," in which so many foreigners and courtiers feasted with the emperor. A great chandelier hung from the center of the hall over the table.

The famous golden tree, so often mentioned in accounts of the palace, was constructed by Theophilus. "Birds sitting on the branches sung by some mechanism, the air being supplied by concealed passages." The walls were ornamented with mirrors and colored tiles, "affording the more pleasure to the guests owing to the delicious nature of the viands." Besides making the silver doors—into the Tripeton—Constantine VII ornamented the walls and ceiling of the Chrysotriklinos with flowers and leaves, framed in silver circles.

In the golden chamber the most striking object must have been the Pentapyrgion, of which unluckily no accurate description has survived. It was "a magnificent structure of wood covered with gold. Within and without it was hung a great variety of decorations, golden ornaments and the imperial robes." At the feast of Easter it was the custom that a small table should be placed for the emperor in the Pentapyrgion, while the foreign embassadors whom he invited dined at the golden table below him. Thus it would seem to have been a sort of throne arranged for the purposes of a dining hall. —Scottish Review.

They Do, They Do.

"There must be in the hearts of all children," said a father, "an innate love for dirt. They may be the children of flat dwellers and living in a street in which no blade of grass ever peeps, but at the first opportunity they take to the earth with keen enjoyment. Let the authorities tear up the street pavement and dig a trench for a water pipe. The ridge of earth that the men throw up is to the children a mountain range of delight. They dig in it, and they toss it about, and bring water out of their houses and make mud pies of it gladly and as naturally as though they had been born and reared in some place where the earth comes to the surface. Surely all children like to play in the dirt."—New York Sun.

Particular With Their Bank Notes.

It may be of interest to readers to know that the paper for the Bank of England notes is made from new white linen—never from rags or from anything that has been in use before. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on an automatic dial.—St. Louis Republic.

Turkey has for some time been planning a great exhibition to be held in Constantinople in 1896. The sultan has just decided to postpone it until 1897 or 1898 on account of the milennial exhibition, which is to be held at Pesth in 1896, and at which Turkey will be an extensive exhibitor.

No Credentials Needed.

Maid—Gentleman in the parlor wants to see you, ma'am.

Mrs. de Avnoo—A gentleman?

Maid—Oh, yes, ma'am, he's a real gentleman. He chucked me under the chin, ma'am.—New York Weekly.

Making a Record.

"Sir," said the proud young soubrette, "I positively refuse to marry you."

"I wasn't aware that I had ever asked you," said the plutocrat.

"Of course you haven't. But when I tell my friends and the press that I refused to marry you it will be so, don't you see?" —Indianapolis Journal.

CHARGING THE GUNS.

How Brave Men Have Met Their Fate on the Battlefield.

A line of battle on the other side of the open is an unknown quantity. If a charge is ordered, one does not figure on his chances of being hit. If there is a line of earthworks with an abatis in front and artillery posted at intervals, a charge means that about every fifth man will be killed or wounded. Those who escape the shells, bullets, grapeshot and canister will always regard it in the light of a miracle In a charge of cavalry against cavalry the flash of it carries one along without thought. It is an infantry charge against field guns which have got warmed up to their work that calls for every iota of pluck in a soldier's makeup.

Here on the north bank of the shallow creek we have thrown up a breastwork of rails, logs, bushes, stones and dirt to cover the brigade front. A boy could jump it at any spot, but when the enemy breaks out of the woods over there and advances across the old pasture our defense will save 300 lives.

We have a strong position, and the enemy knows it. Before sending a body of infantry up against us he will batter away with artillery and at least make gaps in our defense. Our guns are blazing away to the right and left of us, but we have none on our front. The ground is too low for effective work. We are waiting, waiting, waiting, every man ready, but only a little skirmishing on our front. Of a sudden 500 men spring to their feet with exclamations of anger and disgust. We can see a battery coming into action on the high ground half a mile away and infantry moving out to support it. One, three, six guns gallop up with the horses under the lash, unlimber and load, and within 60 seconds the first shell comes screaming over our heads, flying not more than six feet too high. Bang! bang! bang! go the other guns, one after another, and after three or four shots apiece they get their distance and time their fuses, and we are under a plunging fire. Solid shot would tear through the breastwork and wound and kill, but the casualties would be few. The scream of a shell shatters the nerves. It may not hit any one as it strikes, but its explosion may maim and kill a dozen.

An aid dashes to the rear; a battery comes galloping up; shouts of disappointment run up and down the line. It would be folly for our battery to unlimber here on the low ground. That plunging fire would dismount every gun in 10 minutes. It hurries off to the left, looking for a better site, and down the line comes the order for the Fifth to make ready for a charge. There are 750 men of us. The enemy probably has that number lying down behind the guns. We don't figure on them, however, but on the six fieldpieces. We shall be under their fire the minute we stand up. There is half a mile of ground to be traversed. They will cut the fuses short and use shell on us for the first quarter of a mile. Then will come grape and canister, and a little later they will double shot the guns The ping of a bullet is not a pleasant sound, but the wailing of grape and the spiteful hiss of canister bring a chill. You remember to have seen men on the field killed by these missiles, and you recall the hideous nature of the fatal wounds.

We seem to wait for a lull in the firing, but it does not come. Men cannot be held here inactive 10 minutes longer. Death and wounds follow the bursting of every shell, and those untouched are fiercely demanding to know if we are to be sacrificed without firing a shot in reply. It's death to charge those guns—death to remain lying on our faces behind the breastwork. Here we go! Every man in the old Fifth leaps to his feet and vaults over the breastwork and falls into double line on the other side. We instinctively dress to the right, come to a "front" and move forward. Every one of the six guns is immediately turned upon us, and we break from "common time" to "quick time" without orders.

Am I afraid? Yes and no. A shell is a murderous missile, but I am not in direct range of any one of the guns. It is the grape and canister I dread. We are sweeping forward like a wave rolling in upon the beach, but it seems to me that we only crawl. Everybody is crying out: "Faster! Faster! Why don't we charge?" We have covered half the ground when the lines suddenly spring forward. Every man begins to shout and cheer, and the sole idea is to reach the guns as soon as possible. Now we get grape and canister in double charges. It is as if 10,000 whips were cutting through the air in every direction. Men bend forward, clinch their teeth and think only of the finish.

We are close upon the guns—we are among them—we are shooting and clubbing and using the bayonet! The infantry supports rise up off the ground and charge us, and it becomes the fight of a mob. Round and round circles the mob, every man fighting on his own hook and the smoke making the hour seem like twilight, and no man realizes when the end comes. The firing, shouting and rushing about gradually die away, the smoke cloud lifts and drifts off, and a great cheer leaps from the lips of the living. Two acres of ground are thickly dotted with the dead and wounded, but in the center, like the black spot in the bullseye, are five of the six guns we made the rush for. They are ours. We hold the guns and the position, and tomorrow the old Fifth will be proudly mentioned in brigade, division and corps reports. At what sacrifice? War has no credit and debit. We fight and die for the glory of it. M. QUAD.

Two Kinds of Hoodoo.

"I wouldn't have them peacock's feathers stuck up there if it was my place," said the superstitious man as he leaned against the bar and shook his dripping umbrella.

"Why, what's the matter with the feathers?" asked the bartender. "Ain't they pretty?"

"They'll hoodoo the place, that's all—very onlucky."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed another man who was drinking alone

"That's what I say," said the bartender.

"But I knowed a man that stuck up peacock feathers in his saloon, and a man was killed there before morning."

"Put down that umbrella!" yelled the bartender and two others in a breath.

"That's all right I ain't a-hurting nobody," and the superstitious man raised the umbrella over his head as if examining its ribs.

"Put down that umbrella!" roared the bartender, rushing down toward the end of the counter.

"And he a-talkin about peacock's feathers," growled the other man angrily.

But the man with the umbrella had fled.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mother's Answer.

When Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, on the ground that he was insane. His mother, being applied to and requested to write a strong letter on the subject, answered, "Well, but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters?"—Green Bag.

He Was Reckless.

"How did young Lovett get such an awful cold?"

"He was all wrapped up in that Boston girl at the party last night."—New York World.

MONEY NOT THE ONLY THING.

English Society Circles Into Which Wealth Alone Could Not Penetrate.

There is a marked difference between the main body of the Americans who annually invade London nowadays and those who used to be seen years ago. Time was when the traveling Americans did not care for the society, preferring to do the sights as speedily as possible and hurry off to other show places. Now visitors from the land of the free consider themselves quite as much in the social swim as any lord or lady in the peerage, are "up" in all the ways and customs of society and are regarded by London swelldom as representative Americans. In general these are the sightseers of the past grown anglicized and their sons and daughters. I regard Mr. Astor as a fair sample of the new American in England. His money of course enables him to do anything he likes. He might stand on his head on the top of the Duke of York's column or play leap frog down Pall Mall with Mr. Vanderbilt.

It is doubtful, by the bye, if either of these performances would make him a cause of more pitying smiles and compassionate shoulder shrugs than his forced intrusion into London journalism or his ostentatious purchase of the Duke of Westminster's Thames bank villa. He has too much money to let the people who find it pleasant to know him show what they really think of his desertion of his own country. And I rather suspect that he knows very few who are great enough in themselves to be indifferent to the money power he wields.

There is a class of noblemen among the English aristocracy who are above any and all outside influences altogether—men whom gold does not dazzle. I regard them as the highest type of nobility in every sense, and I consider the Duke of Northumberland as a striking instance of the sort of man I mean. The Duke of Rutland in another. The poorest, humblest American, were he a gentleman, might enter the society of these noblemen and be cordially received by them. But all the wealth of the Astors and Vanderbilts combined could not get recognition for its possessors from the same men were there no other recommendation.

And I am morally certain of one thing—buying and hiring grand houses in England by foreigners for no rhyme or reason but the exhibition of a bit of vulgar swagger would not be in any sense a credential of respectability to them. Much the reverse, I should imagine. As for the Duke of Westminster, he is a shrewd man of business, and like all the Grosvenors has as keen an eye to the main chance as a horse dealer or a patent medicine drummer. Yet I cannot somehow think that any very lasting friendship has sprung up between his grace and the American purchaser of Cliveden. Indeed the reported controversy concerning the right of property in the visitors' book would seem to negative the presumption of the existence of very amicable relations I often wonder how men like Mr. Astor can wish to fill a fourth or fifth rate position in England instead of the first place in America. He cannot at one moment rely on the fact that he is an American, and therefore the equal of any man, and at the next set up as a English country squire or a London editor, and therefore several pegs below the dukes and other nobility. He must make his choice.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Curious Electrical Phenomena.

Petroleum spirit, or benzine, is largely used in the silk and wool industries and in "chemical cleaning" works as a solvent for greasy impurities. It is extremely volatile and inflammable and has often been suspected of being the cause of those mysterious fires which occasionally break out in works and factories where it is much used. The ignition of this spirit has now been shown to be "spontaneous" and to be caused by electrical excitation. In certain states of the atmosphere, especially when it is cold and dry, the spirit becomes excited and exhibits sparks and flashes of light to the accompaniment of crackling sounds, and the ignition of the spirit may take place at any moment.

Kissling, in Germany, recommends that a small quantity of some kind of soap, soluble in petroleum, shall be dissolved in it, and maintains that this will prevent the electrical excitation, even when so little as 0.2 to 0.3 is added. The use of soap in spirit that is in a state of excitation always averts the danger of ignition. This form of activity in petroleum spirit is never observed in moist or warm weather, the conditions of which tend to carry off or prevent the manifestation of electricity, and the soap probably provides the necessary moisture, water being otherwise nonmiscible with petroleum spirit.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Perilous Mining.

The Carrara marble quarries, which are 400 or 500 in number, are situated far above the town in the midst of the grandest and most savage scenery. The soft aerial hues which distance lends to the mountains disappear on nearer approach. The great peaks stand up against the sky in fantastic forms. No trees or verdure clothe their naked sides, no flowers grow, no water flows to fertilize that soil. The 6,000 quarrymen who are busy here appear as ants crawling on the vast hillsides. The marble is quarried by dynamite. Every moment explosions rend the air, and huge fragments fly up as if expelled from a volcano. Often the mine has to be placed in the perpendicular face of a precipice. Then the workman is lowered by a rope and hangs suspended, "like the samphire gatherer, 'twixt earth and heaven. A dreadful trade." About 160,000 tons of marble are annually exported, of which most goes to America. The quantity is inexhaustible.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Of What Is "Bee Comb" Composed?

Bee comb, or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets," which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiment carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively proves that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.—St. Louis Republic.

He Ate Angleworms.

"I have heard of eating snails and grubworms," said L. D. Daniels, "but I never knew of but one man who ever ate angle worms. He was a negro and preferred the slimy creatures to any dish that could be set before him. They were not prepared in any way before cooking, but placed alive in a hot skillet, with the bottom well greased and fried until they were crisp and brown. They looked appetizing, but I could never be induced to eat any of them, notwithstanding the negro's evident relish and the fact that they looked much better than a dish of snails."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Early Release Likely.

Little Dick—Mamma wanted me to take piano lessons, but I coaxed her to let me have a fiddle.

Little Dot—Do you like a fiddle?

Little Dick—No, but I think she'll get tired of that quicker than a piano.—Good News.

MIRRORS AND MAGIC.

FROM THE CLEAR POOL DOWN TO THE MODERN FRENCH PLATE.

Ancient Mirrors of Metal, Which Pliny Claims Were Preceded by Those of Glass. More Modern History on the Subject—Belief In Magic Cures.

It has often been said that with a sufficient amount of research or ingenuity the germ of all inventions could be traced to our first parents in the garden of Eden. No one will be surprised, therefore, in learning from Milton that no sooner had Eve first opened her eyes upon the world than she wandered off to a clear pool, where she hung entranced over the reflection of her own charms. In one of her subsequent guileless confessions to Adam she declares that had not the voice of God called her away to find a companion in him and in love for him to lose all sight of self she would doubtless have lingered there, enamored with her own beauty, and perchance have shared the fabled Narcissus' fate.

Nature's mirror, over which Eve hung enraptured, failed to satisfy the demands of her daughters, and human ingenuity was soon called upon to produce a more convenient substitute. From the various specimens of antique mirrors preserved in museums learned men have concluded that the honor of this invention can justly be ascribed to the Egyptians, who used highly polished looking glasses of brass, bronze or other metals. Those mentioned in the Pentateuch, where the Hebrew women are reported to have carried mirrors out of Egypt and into the wilderness, were small and round and furnished with handles, which were more varied in form and device than the looking glasses themselves.

Although all the very ancient mirrors now extant are of metal, Pliny claims that glass mirrors were found at Sidon, and Praxiteles, the renowned Greek sculptor, who lived four centuries before Christ, is the supposed discoverer of the utility of silver as a reflective medium in the manufacture of choice mirrors. Previous to his time and to the introduction of the metallic Egyptian looking glasses, in mythic ages, we find that Polyphemus, the one eyed Cyclops, could perform his toilet satisfactorily only when the surface of the sea was perfectly smooth. The demigod or hero Perseus, in his search for Medusa, the Gorgon whose glance had the power of turning the beholder to stone, carefully held his shield in front of him and only saw the reflection of the ghastly snake locked head, which he successfully severed and bore away in triumph.

From earliest times magic properties have been ascribed to certain mirrors, and the Thessalian soothsayers and witches have even been reported to have possessed magic looking glasses, by whose subtle agency they could compel the moon—that great mirror—to leave her exalted position in the sky and descend to earth.

Still farther east, in Japan, the "Land of the Rising Sun," the mirror has been used for many centuries and is one of the requisite articles for divine worship. Emblematic of the purity of the worshiper and of the transparency of his motives in proffering his requests, the mirror was formerly laid before the altar near which the faithful votary stood to recite his prayers.

As the years rolled on, and eastern civilization gradually made its way into the barbarous west, the demand for mirrors of all shapes and sizes rapidly increased, and an old chronicler of the days of Charlemagne states that they were then used by all classes, and that even the clergy had adopted the prevailing fashion, some of the holy men wearing small mirrors set in their shoes, that they might incessantly contemplate the beauty of their vestments.

Six hundred years later, in the fourteenth century, the first glass mirrors were manufactured in Europe, at the celebrated glass works on the island of Murano, near Venice, and this establishment long monopolized the right of producing these articles of commerce. Compared to the huge flawless mirrors of the present age, these first glass productions were very rude contrivances indeed, as is proved by the specimen preserved in the apartments of Queen Mary in Holyrood castle.

Henry III of France not only visited the manufactories at Murano, but was so delighted with all the wonders he saw there that he issued patents of nobility for the two directors of the glass works, and his successor, Henry IV, was quite overcome by the gift of a glass mirror from the republic of Venice at his accession to the throne. Restricted at first, as we have seen, to Murano, the manufacture of mirrors was eventually introduced in France, where the works of St. Gobin have attained great renown for the beauty, size and general excellence of their mirrors, which were sold at almost fabulous prices. And it was a Frenchman, Thebart, who first discovered the art of casting huge sheets of plate glass such as are seen today.

During the middle ages the superstitions of all former times were rife, and even in the beginning of the renaissance supernatural powers were still ascribed to certain magical or astrological mirrors, which were still fashioned of metal and upon which mysterious cabalistic signs were faintly traced. When properly used—that is to say, with exact observance of the multitudinous imaginary laws and signs by which they were supposed to be governed—these mirrors were said to effect magical cures.

In the far east a few of these magic mirrors are still to be found, and here is a description of the ceremonies observed to secure the recovery of a patient stricken with an otherwise incurable disease: After inscribing sundry potent passages of the Koran upon the magic mirror it was perfumed and placed in the hand of the sick man, who was enjoined to gaze fixedly at his reflection while certain prayers were recited around his bed. These prayers were ended by a special invocation to the spirits of the earth and sky, and when the ceremony was over, if all the participants had faithfully performed the parts assigned them, the patient was sure to be entirely freed from the disease There are other magic mirrors which are supposed to be gifted with the power of predicting the future, of effacing wrinkles, exorcising evil spirits, procuring intercourse with the heavenly host, preserving health and even of assuring perpetual youth to all those fortunate enough to back in their reflected rays.—H. E. Gresber in New York Post.

Changed.

"Marry me or die!" he hissed.

"Neether," she coldly rejoined.

They parted. Years passed. They met again. Meanwhile she had graduated.

"Hast thou a different answer now?" he demanded.

"Yes."

His heart swelled with hope.

"Speak, I pray thee," he urged.

"Neyther," she said.—Detroit Tribune.

Brooklyn has eight miles of water front, where over $300,000,000 worth of goods are stored every year. It is the fourth American city in manufactures, producing nearly $200,000,000 a year.

Expect every man to do his duty and with all your expectation expect to be disappointed.—Galveston News.

HUNTING FOR BABY.

At 9 o'clock in the morning we rounded the corner of the mountain and turned into the valley. Half a mile away on our left and sitting close into the hill and surrounded with half grown trees was Baker's cabin. The Indians had 24 hours the start of us. Signal fires had told us that they had not gone up the valley, but would they pass this cabin so near the trail and restrain their hand already stained with blood? The main body might not halt, but half a dozen warriors were force enough to wipe out the family.

We halted and looked for smoke curling above the trees from the chimney, but there was none. Under a tree in a field stood two horses, but no human being was in sight. Presently the horses caught sight of us and neighed. Did you ever hear a horse signal his loneliness by a neigh? It is so long drawn, and there is such a sorrowful quaver to it, that it seems to ring in your ears for days afterward. Wounded horses used to neigh that way on the battlefield after midnight, and you may have heard the sound on the wide prairie when a faithful team horse had broken down and been turned out and left to his fate.

We had a foreboding as we drew near the house. One of the heavy window shutters was creaking dismally on its hinges in the morning breeze, and the shattered door told of the work of tomahawks and battering ram. We knew the spectacle which would greet us as we stepped inside, but how many bodies would there be? A settler who came riding down the valley just then joined us at the door of the cabin and whispered with white face:

"It happened yesterday morning. I heard the firing, but dared not come down to his help. There will be Baker, his wife, a girl of 10 and a baby boy a year old—all wiped out!"

After a bit we went in. Man and wife lay in the middle of the floor, the girl in a corner. It was no need to bend over them to see if life remained. Bullets and tomahawks had made sure work of it, and three more scalps had been added to the belts of the renegade Indians from the reservation. We had carried the bodies out doors for burial when the settler came out and said:

"I have looked high and low, but can't find the baby. It must have been here, but what can have become of it?"

We searched the house, but there was no trace. The Indians would not have hampered themselves with a baby when on the warpath. If alive when they entered the house, they would have shown it no mercy nor flung the little body out. The man had a winchester, the woman a revolver.

While they were firing from the broken door they had been shot down by warriors who sneaked up to the side window.

"Look for the baby," whispered the settler. "Baker loved that baby as his life. He may have carried it into the woods and then been cut off before he could get back to it."

The hundred men of us hitched our horses, formed in a long line and swept through the thickets in rear of the house quite up to the foot of the hills. There was no sign of the child. Then the line swung around to the right, and we swept back to the east until clear of the bushes. We were just breaking clear when a cry was raised, and a minute later the captain of the troop had baby in his arms and was pushing through the men toward the house. It was dressed, but had no extra covering, and it had rested under a thick bush for 24 hours. The men cheered and cheered as the officer sat down on the doorstep with his burden, but he held up a hand and solemnly said:

"Hush, men—he's dying! We have come too late!"

So it was. Whether it was the cold of the night, the lack of nourishment or the fear which must have come to its heart we could not tell, but within 10 minutes its life went out, and with reverential hands the wee baby was laid beside those waiting for burial. Just before death came it opened its big blue eyes, looked around at the bearded faces bending forward, and there was a smile on its face as the light went out. Faces were turned aside, and it seemed a long five minutes before the captain said:

"Wiped out, even to the baby! Men, get the grass dug and the bodies in, and we will ride on."

There were tears and mutterings and vows of vengeance as we hurried through with our sorrowful task, though but few men there had wives and children. Do you remember what the philanthropists said of next day's work? We cut off a band of 10 of the renegades, drove them into a ravine, and not a man escaped. They shouted to us again and again that they surrendered. They threw down their rifles and held up their hands, but their only answer was the pop, pop of the carbines till the last target was riddled. The philanthropists took good care to state all that, but it was the soldiers who afterward told what was discovered when we prowled among the bodies—told it in whispers and with tears in their eyes. Three of them had the scalps of white victims at their belts—the scalps of Baker, his wife and fair haired daughter A father's love and the hand of God had prevented baby's scalp from keeping the company of the others. We wished them alive that we might kill them over again, and as we rode away we saw the wolf and the buzzard making ready for their feast. M. QUAD.

Probably Not.

Old Mr. Williams was subject to fits of what he called "righteous anger" on slight provocation, and at such times, as he was naturally talkative, his tongue often ran away with him.

"There's Square Peters' son," he roared to his gentle little wife. "Wuthless feller t' be writin books about furrin lands 'stid o' stayin t' hum, whar he b'longs. The square showed me one o' his books t'other day—all about Spain 'twas; bound in red silk an sprinkled thick with pictors. 'Edition de Looks,' the square called it, an I reckon there's more looks than sense in it, true enough.

"I tell ye what 'tis," concluded Mr. Williams, roaring still louder as his wife remained silent, "I ain't got no opinion o' sech goin's on. Eight dollars was the price o' that book, an I wouldn't buy it. Why," said the old man, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair, "I wouldn't buy that book if I was starvin! No, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

The Dutiful Patient.

Yesterday at 4 p. m., as I turned into a cafe restaurant on the boulevards, I espied Champoireau finishing his dessert.

"What! Still at table at this time of day?"

"Let me explain. This is my third lunch."

"No!"

"Yes. Just think! My doctor allows me to smoke only one cigar after every meal. Consequently, in order to smoke to my heart's content, I go in for six meals a day!"—Journal Amusant.

Comparison.

Elsie—Just look at the lovely engagement ring Jack gave me.

Isabel—Why, who would have thought your finger as large as mine?—Detroit Tribune.

GOOD HEALTH.

HOW TO KEEP THE FEET PAINLESS.

Easy Fitting Shoes a Source of Happiness—Art for Amateurs—Sunk Carving For Intaglio.

Too many of us know full well what it is to suffer with feet that ache, burn and in other ways refuse to pleasantly perform the tasks assigned them. Standing much upon the feet causes them to swell, walking heats them, and both troubles are exhaustive when unrelieved.

One should be unaware that one has feet. No one can accomplish the day's duties and pleasures in a satisfactory manner when conscious that the feet are not thoroughly in order for service. The following recommendations from Golden Days contain valuable aids to securing that perfect condition which is necessary to health and happiness:

Two or three hot foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will give great ease and comfort. Tired feet find a warm salt bath almost as restful as an hour's lay off. Take a little wooden tub—every bathroom should have one—fill it with warm water, drop in a cupful of sea or common table salt; paddle around in this impromptu shore bath for a time, dry the feet on a towel that will produce friction, then slip your 10 toes into a fresh pair of stockings, and if before your bath you have been ready to "drop" you will feel almost "made over," as it were, after this operation.

A tonic very much in favor with women who are obliged to stand a great deal is the spirit bath. Alcohol and neutral spirits are both fine. Pour into palms and rub feet vigorously. Professional dancers, men who are noted pedestrians and acrobats, keep in good condition by using spirit baths. Bathing the feet in alcohol, after one has been exposed to cold and damp, will often prevent serious colds.

As hot water causes the feet to swell, it is well after a hot bath to rub them and then use slippers while exercising. This will save one from an unpleasant tightness that wearing a snug fitting shoe after a bath is bound to emphasize. Many women find instant relief from fatigue by simply plunging the feet into very cold water. Alum and water, it is said, will take out the painful sensation caused by overfatigue.

The old fashioned foot bath of mustard and water, many mothers believe, will sidetrack a fever, cure a genuine nervous headache and produce sleep.

Learn to Laugh.

"Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere and is a nuisance as well," says a family doctor.

Camphor For a Cough.

Two or three drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar will often quiet the paroxysms of cough in sleeping children. For this and its value as an external application in bruises, sprains, muscular soreness, etc., a fair sized bottle should always be on hand.

WOOD CARVING.

A Pretty and Very Easy Variety Is the Sunk Carving or Intaglio.

Intaglio or sunk carving is extensively used for furniture, especially for finishing off those parts which are to be ornamented and not too expensively. To do this The Art Interchange directs as follows: Take a good nicely planed panel, and having "placed" the design then with a small gouge cut into the wood. This differs from ordinary carving, just as steel engraving or etching differs from wood engraving. As you go on have a piece of putty by you to press into the incision, and by thus taking proofs see how well you are cutting. This is the most cleanly of all cuts. It may be practiced with care in a drawing room.

When finished on dark wood, the effect may be heightened by taking gold paint or powder mixed with gum water and touching up the inside of the cutting. White, red and light blue or yellow paints are also employed for such a purpose. In carving a pair of bellows one side may be in relief. That which is to hang against the wall should be in intaglio.

With a little practice intaglio can be executed as rapidly as one can sketch with a pencil and as easily. In carving intaglio many hold the gouge in the left hand and hammer it with the palm of the right.

To carve a casket or box do so while it is in pieces or apart—that is, make it or have it made in dovetail or tailed and mitred and after carving join it together. This rule should be followed as regards brackets or any other articles in pieces.

Many beginners give themselves a great deal of needless trouble by working on made up articles. There are many things which can be made elegant by carving. An ordinary wooden bowl, such as is used in many kitchens, when carved in relief resembles the mazer bowls which were so much valued during the middle ages. Holly is an exquisite wood for this purpose. When finished, the whole bowl may be stained to a rich brown color. Then with a camel's hair brush, using the greatest possible care to prevent the darker fluid from spreading over the lighter, paint in the ground with ebony stain or very good jet black ink. Apply two coats of the latter, the second after the first is perfectly dry. Then when quite dry oil the whole.

Hollywood spoons are pretty when delicately carved. Panels can be made up into chests, cabinets, boxes, backs of chairs, dados or wainscots or doors. With very thin panels you can carve an album or book cover. If they are very broad and thin, split it carefully into two pieces or make it of two such pieces and glue them together after carving.

His Use.

"I don't see what business a kicker has on earth," said the irritable man.

"Oh," replied the philosopher, "he is very useful!"

"How?"

"He makes you appreciate the people who are good natured."—Washington Star.

Estimate, of Course.

"Miss Alice?" said one. "Why, she must weigh at least 130 pounds."

"Nonsense! She doesn't either," hastily spoke up one of the young men present.

And then everybody asked him how he knew.—Somerville Journal.

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THE CORPSE SAT UP.

A Watcher's Gruesome Experience In the Room of a Dead Friend.

"I am not a believer in the supernatural," said a young man to a writer for The Courier-Journal, "but every time I see a copy of Wilkie Collins' novel, 'The Woman In White,' I get the creeps, for it recalls one of the most awful experiences in my life. I boarded in the southern portion of the city, at the home of a widow, in whose family was an interesting youth about 16 years old. He and I were exceedingly fond of one another, perhaps from the fact that he was afflicted with epilepsy, and I was the only person about the house who understood how to relieve him and was able to handle him without his hurting himself while in convulsions. He did not live long after I knew him and died in my arms in one of his attacks. The incident I am speaking of occurred on one of the very coldest nights in January. The boy had died at noon, and the family sat up with the corpse until midnight, when I relieved them in the watch, requesting all to retire, as I loved the boy so well I felt it my duty to stay near him in death. An hour passed, and I picked up a copy of 'The Woman In White' to while away the somber watch. I drew near the fireplace and turned up the lamp a little higher, as the rest of the room was very dark, and a window was raised back of the corpse on the cooling board. After all had gone to bed the realization of the somber situation obtruded itself upon me, and as I perused the novel its contents were not calculated to reassure me. I thought about everything possible, and for the first time in my life I began to quake with fear.

"I was in such a condition of mind that the dropping of a pin would have been noted at once, and the creaking of a piece of furniture or the swaying of a shutter would have sent terror through my heart. In this overwrought state of mind I heard a slight noise and turned toward the corpse, when, awful to relate, I saw my friend raise his hands, throw back the pall and sit stark upright. The eyes, which had never been closed, looked searchingly about the room until they rested on me, the open mouth contracted, and the countenance took a distorted expression. Without pausing I dashed from the room into the dark corridors.

"When I reached my bedroom, I fell in a swoon, which must have lasted several hours, for on awakening I saw the sun just tingeing the eastern horizon. Finding myself on the floor with the novel clinched in my hand recalled the dreadful scene, and pulling myself up from the floor I rang a call bell for a servant. The servant came, and we descended to the parlor after I had told him what had happened. Yes, I had actually experienced that dreadful scene, for the corpse was found lying across the bier. We went over to it. The muscles were all relaxed, and it appeared sleeping peacefully. It was laid back as it had been arranged by loving friends. As I could not explain the phenomenon I had witnessed, I went for a physician. He said the boy had been dead all the time, but that the muscles contracted during his fit had been relaxed in my presence. We agreed not to tell the circumstance to the family, but it is true in every particular, and when I think of the awful scene even in daytime I am filled with terror.

"I have never got into 'The Woman In White' farther than three chapters, and I do not think now that I shall ever finish the story that is so intimately associated with this awful ghost story in real life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Great Palace.

According to Bishop Liutprand of Cremona, in his account of his embassy to the court of Nicephorus Phocas, the golden chamber of Constantinople was the most splendid part of the whole palace. If Justin rebuilt it, Theophilus and Constantine VII did much for its decoration. Theophilus made a silver table "for the accommodation of the guests and the adornment of the palace," in which so many foreigners and courtiers feasted with the emperor. A great chandelier hung from the center of the hall over the table.

The famous golden tree, so often mentioned in accounts of the palace, was constructed by Theophilus. "Birds sitting on the branches sung by some mechanism, the air being supplied by concealed passages." The walls were ornamented with mirrors and colored tiles, "affording the more pleasure to the guests owing to the delicious nature of the viands." Besides making the silver doors—into the Tripeton—Constantine VII ornamented the walls and ceiling of the Chrysotriklinos with flowers and leaves, framed in silver circles.

In the golden chamber the most striking object must have been the Pentapyrgion, of which unluckily no accurate description has survived. It was "a magnificent structure of wood covered with gold. Within and without it was hung a great variety of decorations, golden ornaments and the imperial robes." At the feast of Easter it was the custom that a small table should be placed for the emperor in the Pentapyrgion, while the foreign embassadors whom he invited dined at the golden table below him. Thus it would seem to have been a sort of throne arranged for the purposes of a dining hall.—Scottish Review.

They Do, They Do.

"There must be in the hearts of all children," said a father, "an innate love for dirt. They may be the children of flat dwellers and living in a street in which no blade of grass ever peeps, but at the first opportunity they take to the earth with keen enjoyment. Let the authorities tear up the street pavement and dig a trench for a water pipe. The ridge of earth that the men throw up is to the children a mountain range of delight. They dig in it, and they toss it about, and bring water out of their houses and make mud pies of it gladly and as naturally as though they had been born and reared in some place where the earth comes to the surface. Surely all children like to play in the dirt."—New York Sun.

Particular With Their Bank Notes.

It may be of interest to readers to know that the paper for the Bank of England notes is made from new white linen—never from rags or from anything that has been in use before. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on an automatic dial.—St. Louis Republic.

Turkey has for some time been planning a great exhibition to be held in Constantinople in 1896. The sultan has just decided to postpone it until 1897 or 1898 on account of the millennial exhibition, which is to be held at Pesth in 1896, and at which Turkey will be an extensive exhibitor.

No Credentials Needed.

Maid—Gentleman in the parlor wants to see you, ma'am.

Mrs. de Avnoo—A gentleman?

Maid—Oh, yes, ma'am, he's a real gentleman. He chucked me under the chin, ma'am.—New York Weekly.

Making a Record.

"Sir," said the proud young soubrette, "I positively refuse to marry you."

"I wasn't aware that I had ever asked you," said the plutocrat.

"Of course you haven't. But when I tell my friends and the press that I refused to marry you it will be so, don't you see?"—Indianapolis Journal.

CHARGING THE GUNS.

How Brave Men Have Met Their Fate on the Battlefield.

A line of battle on the other side of the open is an unknown quantity. If a charge is ordered, one does not figure on his chances of being hit. If there is a line of earthworks with an abatis in front and artillery posted at intervals, a charge means that about every fifth man will be killed or wounded. Those who escape the shells, bullets, grapeshot and canister will always regard it in the light of a miracle. In a charge of cavalry against cavalry the dash of it carries one along without thought. It is an infantry charge against field guns which have got warmed up to their work that calls for every iota of pluck in a soldier's makeup.

Here on the north bank of the shallow creek we have thrown up a breastwork of rails, logs, bushes, stones and dirt to cover the brigade front. A boy could jump it at any spot, but when the enemy breaks out of the woods over there and advances across the old pasture our defense will save 800 lives.

We have a strong position, and the enemy knows it. Before sending a body of infantry up against us he will batter away with artillery and at least make gaps in our defense. Our guns are blazing away to the right and left of us, but we have none on our front. The ground is too low for effective work. We are waiting, waiting, waiting, every man ready, but only a little skirmishing on our front. Of a sudden 500 men spring to their feet with exclamations of anger and disgust. We can see a battery coming into action on the high ground half a mile away and infantry moving out to support it. One, three, six guns gallop up with the horses under the lash, unlimber and load, and within 60 seconds the first shell comes screaming over our heads, flying not more than six feet too high. Bang! bang! bang! go the other guns, one after another, and after three or four shots apiece they get their distance and time their fuses, and we are under a plunging fire. Solid shot would tear through the breastwork and wound and kill, but the casualties would be few. The scream of a shell shatters the nerves. It may not hit any one as it strikes, but its explosion may maim and kill a dozen.

An aid dashes to the rear; a battery comes galloping up; shouts of disappointment run up and down the line. It would be folly for our battery to unlimber here on the low ground. That plunging fire would dismount every gun in 10 minutes. It hurries off to the left, looking for a better site, and down the line comes the order for the Fifth to make ready for a charge. There are 750 men of us. The enemy probably has that number lying down behind the guns. We don't figure on them, however, but on the six fieldpieces. We shall be under their fire the minute we stand up. There is half a mile of ground to be traversed. They will cut the fuses short and use shell on us for the first quarter of a mile. Then will come grape and canister, and a little later they will double shot the guns. The ping of a bullet is not a pleasant sound, but the wailing of grape and the spiteful hiss of canister bring a chill. You remember to have seen men on the field killed by these missiles, and you recall the hideous nature of the fatal wounds.

We seem to wait for a lull in the firing, but it does not come. Men cannot be held here inactive 10 minutes longer. Death and wounds follow the bursting of every shell, and those untouched are fiercely demanding to know if we are to be sacrificed without firing a shot in reply. It's death to charge those guns—death to remain lying on our faces behind the breastwork. Here we go! Every man in the old Fifth leaps to his feet and vaults over the breastwork and falls into double line on the other side. We instinctively dress to the right, come to a "front" and move forward. Every one of the six guns is immediately turned upon us, and we break from "common time" to "quick time" without orders.

Am I afraid? Yes and no. A shell is a murderous missile, but I am not in direct range of any one of the guns. It is the grape and canister I dread. We are sweeping forward like a wave rolling in upon the beach, but it seems to me that we only crawl. Everybody is crying out: "Faster! Faster! Why don't we charge?" We have covered half the ground when the lines suddenly spring forward. Every man begins to shout and cheer, and the sole idea is to reach the guns as soon as possible. Now we get grape and canister in double charges. It is as if 10,000 whips were cutting through the air in every direction. Men bend forward, clinch their teeth and think only of the finish.

We are close upon the guns—we are among them—we are shooting and clubbing and using the bayonet! The infantry supports rise up off the ground and charge us, and it becomes the fight of a mob. Round and round circles the mob, every man fighting on his own hook and the smoke making the hour seem like twilight, and no man realizes when the end comes. The firing, shouting and rushing about gradually die away, the smoke cloud lifts and drifts off, and a great cheer leaps from the lips of the living. Two acres of ground are thickly dotted with the dead and wounded, but in the center, like the black spot in the bullseye, are five of the six guns we made the rush for. They are ours. We hold the guns and the position, and tomorrow the old Fifth will be proudly mentioned in brigade, division and corps reports. At what sacrifice? War has no credit and debit. We fight and die for the glory of it. M. QUAD.

Two Kinds of Hoodoo.

"I wouldn't have them peacock's feathers stuck up there if it was my place," said the superstitious man as he leaned against the bar and shook his dripping umbrella.

"Why, what's the matter with the feathers?" asked the bartender. "Ain't they pretty?"

"They'll hoodoo the place, that's all—very onlucky."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed another man who was drinking alone.

"That's what I say," said the bartender.

"But I knowed a man that stuck up peacock feathers in his saloon, and a man was killed there before morning."

"Put down that umbrella!" yelled the bartender and two others in a breath.

"That's all right. I ain't a-hurting nobody," and the superstitious man raised the umbrella over his head as if examining its ribs.

"Put down that umbrella!" roared the bartender, rushing down toward the end of the counter.

"And ho a-talkin about peacock's feathers," growled the other man angrily.

But the man with the umbrella had fled.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mother's Answer.

When Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, on the ground that he was insane. His mother, being applied to and requested to write a strong letter on the subject, answered, "Well, but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters?"—Green Bag.

He Was Reckless.

"How did young Lovett get such an awful cold?"

"He was all wrapped up in that Boston girl at the party last night."—New York World.

MONEY NOT THE ONLY THING.

English Society Circles Into Which Wealth Alone Could Not Penetrate.

There is a marked difference between the main body of the Americans who annually invade London nowadays and those who used to be seen years ago. Time was when the traveling Americans did not care for the society, preferring to do the sights as speedily as possible and hurry off to other show places. Now visitors from the land of the free consider themselves quite as much in the social swim as any lord or lady in the peerage, are "up" in all the ways and customs of society and are regarded by London swelldom as representative Americans. In general these are the sightseers of the past grown anglicized and their sons and daughters. I regard Mr. Astor as a fair sample of the new American in England. His money of course enables him to do anything he likes. He might stand on his head on the top of the Duke of York's column or play leap frog down Pall Mall with Mr. Vanderbilt.

It is doubtful, by the bye, if either of these performances would make him a cause of more pitying smiles and compassionate shoulder shrugs than his forced intrusion into London journalism or his ostentatious purchase of the Duke of Westminster's Thames bank villa. He has too much money to let the people who find it pleasant to know him show what they really think of his desertion of his own country. And I rather suspect that he knows very few who are great enough in themselves to be indifferent to the money power he wields.

There is a class of noblemen among the English aristocracy who are above any and all outside influences altogether—men whom gold does not dazzle. I regard them as the highest type of nobility in every sense, and I consider the Duke of Northumberland as a striking instance of the sort of man I mean. The Duke of Rutland is another. The poorest, humblest American, were he a gentleman, might enter the society of these noblemen and be cordially received by them. But all the wealth of the Astors and Vanderbilts combined could not get recognition for its possessors from the same men were there no other recommendation.

And I am morally certain of one thing—buying and hiring grand houses in England by foreigners for no rhyme or reason but the exhibition of a bit of vulgar swagger would not be in any sense a credential of respectability to them. Much the reverse, I should imagine. As for the Duke of Westminster, he is a shrewd man of business, and like all the Grosvenors has as keen an eye to the main chance as a horse dealer or a patent medicine drummer. Yet I cannot somehow think that any very lasting friendship has sprung up between his grace and the American purchaser of Cliveden. Indeed the reported controversy concerning the right of property in the visitors' book would seem to negative the presumption of the existence of very amicable relations. I often wonder how men like Mr. Astor can wish to fill a fourth or fifth rate position in England instead of the first place in America. He cannot at one moment rely on the fact that he is an American, and therefore the equal of any man, and at the next set up as a English country squire or a London editor, and therefore several pegs below the dukes and other nobility. He must make his choice.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Curious Electrical Phenomena.

Petroleum spirit, or benzine, is largely used in the silk and wool industries and in "chemical cleaning" works as a solvent for greasy impurities. It is extremely volatile and inflammable and has often been suspected of being the cause of those mysterious fires which occasionally break out in works and factories where it is much used. The ignition of this spirit has now been shown to be "spontaneous" and to be caused by electrical excitation. In certain states of the atmosphere, especially when it is cold and dry, the spirit becomes excited and exhibits sparks and flashes of light to the accompaniment of crackling sounds, and the ignition of the spirit may take place at any moment.

Kissling, in Germany, recommends that a small quantity of some kind of soap, soluble in petroleum, shall be dissolved in it, and maintains that this will prevent the electrical excitation, even when so little as 0.2 to 0.3 is added. The use of soap in spirit that is in a state of excitation always averts the danger of ignition. This form of activity in petroleum spirit is never observed in moist or warm weather, the conditions of which tend to carry off or prevent the manifestation of electricity, and the soap probably provides the necessary moisture, water being otherwise nonmiscible with petroleum spirit.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Perilous Mining.

The Carrara marble quarries, which are 400 or 500 in number, are situated far above the town in the midst of the grandest and most savage scenery. The soft aerial hues which distance lends to the mountains disappear on nearer approach. The great peaks stand up against the sky in fantastic forms. No trees or verdure clothe their naked sides, no flowers grow, no water flows to fertilize that soil. The 6,000 quarrymen who are busy here appear as ants crawling on the vast hillsides. The marble is quarried by dynamite. Every moment explosions rend the air, and huge fragments fly up as if expelled from a volcano. Often the mine has to be placed in the perpendicular face of a precipice. Then the workman is lowered by a rope and hangs suspended, "like the samphire gatherer, 'twixt earth and heaven. A dreadful trade." About 160,000 tons of marble are annually exported, of which most goes to America. The quantity is inexhaustible.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Of What Is "Bee Comb" Composed?

Bee comb, or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets," which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiment carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively proves that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.—St. Louis Republic.

He Ate Angleworms.

"I have heard of eating snails and grubworms," said L. D. Daniels, "but I never knew of but one man who ever ate angleworms. He was a negro and preferred the slimy creatures to any dish that could be set before him. They were not prepared in any way before cooking, but placed alive in a hot skillet, with the bottom well greased and fried until they were crisp and brown. They looked appetizing, but I could never be induced to eat any of them, notwithstanding the negro's evident relish and the fact that they looked much better than a dish of snails."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Early Release Likely.

Little Dick—Mamma wanted me to take piano lessons, but I coaxed her to let me have a fiddle.

Little Dot—Do you like a fiddle?

Little Dick—No, but I think she'll get tired of that quicker than a piano.—Good News.

MIRRORS AND MAGIC.

FROM THE CLEAR POOL DOWN TO THE MODERN FRENCH PLATE.

Ancient Mirrors of Metal, Which Pliny Claims Were Preceded by Those of Glass. More Modern History on the Subject—Belief In Magic Cures.

It has often been said that with a sufficient amount of research or ingenuity the germ of all inventions could be traced to our first parents in the garden of Eden. No one will be surprised, therefore, in learning from Milton that no sooner had Eve first opened her eyes upon the world than she wandered off to a clear pool, where she hung entranced over the reflection of her own charms. In one of her subsequent guileless confessions to Adam she declares that had not the voice of God called her away to find a companion in him and in love for him to lose all sight of self she would doubtless have lingered there, enamored with her own beauty, and perchance have shared the fabled Narcissus' fate.

Nature's mirror, over which Eve hung enraptured, failed to satisfy the demands of her daughters, and human ingenuity was soon called upon to produce a more convenient substitute. From the various specimens of antique mirrors preserved in museums learned men have concluded that the honor of this invention can justly be ascribed to the Egyptians, who used highly polished looking glasses of brass, bronze or other metals. Those mentioned in the Pentateuch, where the Hebrew women are reported to have carried mirrors out of Egypt and into the wilderness, were small and round and furnished with handles, which were more varied in form and device than the looking glasses themselves.

Although all the very ancient mirrors now extant are of metal, Pliny claims that glass mirrors were found at Sidon, and Praxiteles, the renowned Greek sculptor, who lived four centuries before Christ, is the supposed discoverer of the utility of silver as a reflective medium in the manufacture of choice mirrors. Previous to his time and to the introduction of the metallic Egyptian looking glasses, in mythic ages, we find that Polyphemus, the one eyed Cyclops, could perform his toilet satisfactorily only when the surface of the sea was perfectly smooth. The demigod or hero Perseus, in his search for Medusa, the Gorgon whose glance had the power of turning the beholder to stone, carefully held his shield in front of him and only saw the reflection of the ghastly snake locked head, which he successfully severed and bore away in triumph.

From earliest times magic properties have been ascribed to certain mirrors, and the Thessalian soothsayers and witches have even been reported to have possessed magic looking glasses, by whose subtle agency they could compel the moon—that great mirror—to leave her exalted position in the sky and descend to earth.

Still farther east, in Japan, the "Land of the Rising Sun," the mirror has been used for many centuries and is one of the requisite articles for divine worship. Emblematic of the purity of the worshiper and of the transparency of his motives in proffering his requests, the mirror was formerly laid before the altar near which the faithful votary stood to recite his prayers.

As the years rolled on, and eastern civilization gradually made its way into the barbarous west, the demand for mirrors of all shapes and sizes rapidly increased, and an old chronicler of the days of Charlemagne states that they were then used by all classes, and that even the clergy had adopted the prevailing fashion, some of the holy men wearing small mirrors set in their shoes, that they might incessantly contemplate the beauty of their vestments.

Six hundred years later, in the fourteenth century, the first glass mirrors were manufactured in Europe, at the celebrated glass works on the island of Murano, near Venice, and this establishment long monopolized the right of producing these articles of commerce. Compared to the huge flawless mirrors of the present age, these first glass productions were very rude contrivances indeed, as is proved by the specimen preserved in the apartments of Queen Mary in Holyrood castle.

Henry III of France not only visited the manufactories at Murano, but was so delighted with all the wonders he saw there that he issued patents of nobility for the two directors of the glass works, and his successor, Henry IV, was quite overcome by the gift of a glass mirror from the republic of Venice at his accession to the throne. Restricted at first, as we have seen, to Murano, the manufacture of mirrors was eventually introduced in France, where the works of St. Gobin have attained great renown for the beauty, size and general excellence of their mirrors, which were sold at almost fabulous prices. And it was a Frenchman, Thebart, who first discovered the art of casting huge sheets of plate glass such as are seen today.

During the middle ages the superstitions of all former times were rife, and even in the beginning of the renaissance supernatural powers were still ascribed to certain magical or astrological mirrors, which were still fashioned of metal and upon which myterious cabalistic signs were faintly traced. When properly used—that is to say, with exact observance of the multitudinous imaginary laws and signs by which they were supposed to be governed—these mirrors were said to effect magical cures.

In the far east a few of these magic mirrors are still to be found, and here is a description of the ceremonies observed to secure the recovery of a patient stricken with an otherwise incurable disease: After inscribing sundry potent passages of the Koran upon the magic mirror it was perfumed and placed in the hand of the sick man, who was enjoined to gaze fixedly at his reflection while certain prayers were recited around his bed. These prayers were ended by a special invocation to the spirits of the earth and sky, and when the ceremony was over, if all the participants had faithfully performed the parts assigned them, the patient was sure to be entirely freed from the disease. There are other magic mirrors which are supposed to be gifted with the power of predicting the future, of effacing wrinkles, exorcising evil spirits, procuring intercourse with the heavenly host, preserving health and even of assuring perpetual youth to all those fortunate enough to bask in their reflected rays.—H. E. Gresber in New York Post.

Changed.

"Marry me or die!" he hissed.

"Neether," she coldly rejoined.

They parted. Years passed. They met again. Meanwhile she had graduated.

"Hast thou a different answer now?" he demanded.

"Yes."

His heart swelled with hope.

"Speak, I pray thee," he urged.

"Neyther," she said.—Detroit Tribune.

Brooklyn has eight miles of water front, where over $300,000,000 worth of goods are stored every year. It is the fourth American city in manufactures, producing nearly $200,000,000 a year.

Expect every man to do his duty and with all your expectation expect to be disappointed.—Galveston News.

HUNTING FOR BABY.

At 9 o'clock in the morning we rounded the corner of the mountain and turned into the valley. Half a mile away on our left and sitting close into the hill and surrounded with half grown trees was Baker's cabin. The Indians had 24 hours the start of us. Signal fires had told us that they had not gone up the valley, but would they pass this cabin so near the trail and restrain their hand already stained with blood? The main body might not halt, but half a dozen warriors were force enough to wipe out the family.

We halted and looked for smoke curling above the trees from the chimney, but there was none. Under a tree in a field stood two horses, but no human being was in sight. Presently the horses caught sight of us and neighed. Did you ever hear a horse signal his loneliness by a neigh? It is so long drawn, and there is such a sorrowful quaver to it, that it seems to ring in your ears for days afterward. Wounded horses used to neigh that way on the battlefield after midnight, and you may have heard the sound on the wide prairie when a faithful team horse had broken down and been turned out and left to his fate.

We had a foreboding as we drew near the house. One of the heavy window shutters was creaking dismally on its hinges in the morning breeze, and the shattered door told of the work of tomahawks and battering ram. We knew the spectacle which would greet us as we stepped inside, but how many bodies would there be? A settler who came riding down the valley just then joined us at the door of the cabin and whispered with white face:

"It happened yesterday morning. I heard the firing, but dared not come down to his help. There will be Baker, his wife, a girl of 10 and a baby boy a year old—all wiped out!"

After a bit we went in. Man and wife lay in the middle of the floor, the girl in a corner. It was no need to bend over them to see if life remained. Bullets and tomahawks had made sure work of it, and three more scalps had been added to the belts of the renegade Indians from the reservation. We had carried the bodies out doors for burial when the settler came out and said:

"I have looked high and low, but can't find the baby. It must have been here, but what can have become of it?"

We searched the house, but there was no trace. The Indians would not have hampered themselves with a baby when on the warpath. If alive when they entered the house, they would have shown it no mercy nor flung the little body out. The man had a winchester, the woman a revolver.

While they were firing from the broken door they had been shot down by warriors who sneaked up to the side window.

"Look for the baby," whispered the settler. "Baker loved that baby as his life. He may have carried it into the woods and then been cut off before he could get back to it."

The hundred men of us hitched our horses, formed in a long line and swept through the thickets in rear of the house quite up to the foot of the hills. There was no sign of the child. Then the line swung around to the right, and we swept back to the east until clear of the bushes. We were just breaking clear when a cry was raised, and a minute later the captain of the troop had baby in his arms and was pushing through the men toward the house. It was dressed, but had no extra covering, and it had rested under a thick bush for 24 hours. The men cheered and cheered as the officer sat down on the doorstep with his burden, but he held up a hand and solemnly said:

"Hush, men—he's dying! We have come too late!"

So it was. Whether it was the cold of the night, the lack of nourishment or the fear which must have come to its heart we could not tell, but within 10 minutes its life went out, and with reverential hands the wee baby was laid beside those waiting for burial. Just before death came it opened its big blue eyes, looked around at the bearded faces bending forward, and there was a smile on its face as the light went out. Faces were turned aside, and it seemed a long five minutes before the captain said:

"Wiped out, even to the baby! Men, get the grass dug and the bodies in, and we will ride on."

There were tears and mutterings and vows of vengeance as we hurried through with our sorrowful task, though but few men there had wives and children. Do you remember what the philanthropists said of next day's work? We cut off a band of 10 of the renegades, drove them into a ravine, and not a man escaped. They shouted to us again and again that they surrendered. They threw down their rifles and held up their hands, but their only answer was the pop, pop of the carbines till the last target was riddled. The philanthropists took good care to state all that, but it was the soldiers who afterward told what was discovered when we prowled among the bodies—told it in whispers and with tears in their eyes. Three of them had the scalps of white victims at their belts—the scalps of Baker, his wife and fair haired daughter. A father's love and the hand of God had prevented baby's scalp from keeping the company of the others. We wished them alive that we might kill them over again, and as we rode away we saw the wolf and the buzzard making ready for their feast. M. QUAD.

Probably Not.

Old Mr. Williams was subject to fits of what he called "righteous anger" on slight provocation, and at such times, as he was naturally talkative, his tongue often ran away with him.

"There's Square Peters' son," he roared to his gentle little wife. "Wuthless feller t' be writin books about furrin lands 'stid o' stayin t' hum, whar he b'longs. The square showed me one o' his books t'other day—all about Spain 'twas; bound in red silk an sprinkled thick with picters. 'Edition de Looks,' the square called it, an I reckon there's more looks than sense in it, true enough.

"I tell ye what 'tis," concluded Mr. Williams, roaring still louder as his wife remained silent, "I ain't got no opinion o' sech goin's on. Eight dollars was the price o' that book, an I wouldn't buy it. Why," said the old man, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair, "I wouldn't buy that book if I was starvin! No, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

The Dutiful Patient.

Yesterday at 4 p. m., as I turned into a cafe restaurant on the boulevards, I espied Champoireau finishing his dessert.

"What! Still at table at this time of day?"

"Let me explain. This is my third lunch."

"No!"

"Yes. Just think! My doctor allows me to smoke only one cigar after every meal. Consequently, in order to smoke to my heart's content, I go in for six meals a day!"—Journal Amusant.

Comparison.

Elsie—Just look at the lovely engagement ring Jack gave me.

Isabel—Why, who would have thought your finger as large as mine!—Detroit Tribune.

GOOD HEALTH.

HOW TO KEEP THE FEET PAINLESS.

Easy Fitting Shoes a Source of Happiness—Art for Amateurs—Sunk Carving or Intaglio.

Too many of us know full well what it is to suffer with feet that ache, burn and in other ways refuse to pleasantly perform the tasks assigned them. Standing much upon the feet causes them to swell, walking heats them, and both troubles are exhaustive when unrelieved.

One should be unaware that one has feet. No one can accomplish the day's duties and pleasures in a satisfactory manner when conscious that the feet are not thoroughly in order for service. The following recommendations from Golden Days contain valuable aids to securing that perfect condition which is necessary to health and happiness:

Two or three hot foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will give great ease and comfort. Tired feet find a warm salt bath almost as restful as an hour's lay off. Take a little wooden tub—every bathroom should have one—fill it with warm water, drop in a cupful of sea or common table salt; paddle around in this impromptu shore bath for a time, dry the feet on a towel that will produce friction, then slip your 10 toes into a fresh pair of stockings, and if before your bath you have been ready to "drop" you will feel almost "made over," as it were, after this operation.

A tonic very much in favor with women who are obliged to stand a great deal is the spirit bath. Alcohol and neutral spirits are both fine. Pour into palms and rub feet vigorously. Professional dancers, men who are noted pedestrians and acrobats, keep in good condition by using spirit baths. Bathing the feet in alcohol, after one has been exposed to cold and damp, will often prevent serious colds.

As hot water causes the feet to swell, it is well after a hot bath to rub them and then use slippers while exercising. This will save one from an unpleasant tightness that wearing a snug fitting shoe after a bath is bound to emphasize. Many women find instant relief from fatigue by simply plunging the feet into very cold water. Alum and water, it is said, will take out the painful sensation caused by overfatigue.

The old fashioned foot bath of mustard and water, many mothers believe, will sidetrack a fever, cure a genuine nervous headache and produce sleep.

Learn to Laugh.

"Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere and is a nuisance as well," says a family doctor.

Camphor For a Cough.

Two or three drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar will often quiet the paroxysms of cough in sleeping children. For this and its value as an external application in bruises, sprains, muscular soreness, etc., a fair sized bottle should always be on hand.

WOOD CARVING.

A Pretty and Very Easy Variety Is the Sunk Carving or Intaglio.

Intaglio or sunk carving is extensively used for furniture, especially for finishing off those parts which are to be ornamented and not too expensively. To do this The Art Interchange directs as follows: Take a good nicely planed panel, and having "placed" the design then with a small gouge cut into the wood. This differs from ordinary carving, just as steel engraving or etching differs from wood engraving. As you go on have a piece of putty by you to press into the incision, and by thus taking proofs see how well you are cutting. This is the most cleanly of all cuts. It may be practiced with care in a drawing room.

When finished on dark wood, the effect may be heightened by taking gold paint or powder mixed with gum water and touching up the inside of the cutting. White, red and light blue or yellow paints are also employed for such a purpose. In carving a pair of bellows one side may be in relief. That which is to hang against the wall should be in intaglio.

With a little practice intaglio can be executed as rapidly as one can sketch with a pencil and as easily. In carving intaglio many hold the gouge in the left hand and hammer it with the palm of the right.

To carve a casket or box do so while it is in pieces or apart—that is, make it or have it made in dovetail or tailed and mitred and after carving join it together. This rule should be followed as regards brackets or any other articles in pieces.

Many beginners give themselves a great deal of needless trouble by working on made up articles. There are many things which can be made elegant by carving. An ordinary wooden bowl, such as is used in many kitchens, when carved in relief resembles the mazer bowls which were so much valued during the middle ages. Holly is an exquisite wood for this purpose. When finished, the whole bowl may be stained to a rich brown color. Then with a camel's hair brush, using the greatest possible care to prevent the darker fluid from spreading over the lighter, paint in the ground with ebony stain or very good jet black ink. Apply two coats of the latter, the second after the first is perfectly dry. Then when quite dry oil the whole.

Hollywood spoons are pretty when delicately carved. Panels can be made up into chests, cabinets, boxes, backs of chairs, dados or wainscots or doors. With very thin panels you can carve an album or book cover. If they are very broad and thin, split it carefully into two pieces or make it of two such pieces and glue them together after carving.

His Use.

"I don't see what business a kicker has on earth," said the irritable man.

"Oh," replied the philosopher, "he is very useful!"

"How?"

"He makes you appreciate the people who are good natured."—Washington Star.

Estimate, of Course.

"Miss Alice?" said one. "Why, she must weigh at least 130 pounds."

"Nonsense! She doesn't either," hastily spoke up one of the young men present.

And then everybody asked him how he knew.—Somerville Journal.

SULPHUR BITTERS

Ladies:—
The Secret
Of a
Fair Face
Is a
Beautiful
Skin.
Sulphur Bitters
Will give you
A lovely
Complexion.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE may be robbed of its charms by the blight of a poor complexion

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder

is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the tea rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades:—Pink or flesh, White and brunette.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 318-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

Stained and Varnished interiors will soon be a thing of the past.

The latest style is to use

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CLEAR TONED

INTERIOR PAINTS

The delicate party colors of which harmonize with the newest shades of wall papers.

They dry with flat finish and can be cleaned with soap and water.

SOLD ONLY AT

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Drain's Bargain Store.

Nearly everybody is obliged to buy DRY GOODS of some description. Why not patronize the place where there are real bargains.

DRAIN'S,
111 Gorham Street.

Summer is at Hand.

HOT WEATHER WILL PROVE TROUBLESOME.

Do you want your house cool and comfortable? Call at W. A. MACK'S and see his line of Oil and Gas Stoves.

Buy your Kitchen Utensiles here and get modern goods at lowest prices.

Biggest Stove Store in the City.

W. A. Mack & Co.,

25 SHATTUCK STREET.

DR. KELLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 7.

SUN RISES	4 15	MOON SETS	10 30 PM
SUN SETS	7 23	FULL SEA	2 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	15 08		2 45 PM

Forecast for New England: Local rains and thunder storms, followed by clearing weather; cooler and fair tonight; south winds, shifting to north.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

It will cost $20,000 to hold a special election on the Meigs bill.

Miss Luttie M. Harmon has gone to Old Orchard and Saco, Me.

Mrs. A. M. Briggs has returned from a long visit in California and Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Chandler has accepted a position as book-keeper for S. P. Pike.

Mr. Runels has 30 men at work cutting the stone for the curbing of city hall lot.

Hugh Duffy was the first player in the big league to make his 100th hit this season.

Mrs. Hedvig Lovejoy sailed today for a three months' visit to her former home in Sweden.

Services were held in all the Catholic churches last evening, it being the First Friday of the month.

It is said that Mitchell Adams of Ward Four will be a candidate for alderman on the republican ticket.

Rev. E. E. Thomas of Castleton, New York, preaches at the John Street church at 10.30 a. m. tomorrow.

The Xaverian Brothers will open a school in Worcester. The school is in Monsignor Griffins' parish.

According to the notice posted the polls will open at 7 a. m. and close at 4 p. m., in the special election in Ward Six July 17th.

For "odd jobs" we have varnish, stains, ready mixed paints in all colors. Do your own jobbing. A. L. Kittredge & Co. will furnish you these lines of goods on demand.

The First Corps of Cadets went into camp today, Corp. Thomas Talbot and Privates Victor I. Cumnock and J. P. Battles of this city marched into camp with the corps.

All the large stores in the city were closed last evening, according to the custom adopted each year, of closing the stores on Friday evenings during the summer months.

Walter Parks, living on D street, was injured by a pile of lumber falling on him last night. A number of buildings are in progress of construction here and the Parks boy and several companions were playing about the lumber.

The Saturday half holiday has now become an established summer institution. It is so satisfactory that many people would like to see it prevail throughout the year. This perhaps, is one of the early reforms of the future.—Globe.

The last productions of the opera "Said Pasha" were given today. Monday "The Mascot," Aubran's tuneful and favorite opera will be put on, and judging from the fine rehearsals already held it will be an excellent performance.

The annual picnic of the Unitarian society was held at Willow Dale yesterday and was attended by about 100 people. Those present enjoyed themselves about the grove and in the dance hall, where the Union orchestra furnished music for dancing.

The following officers of Lowell Encampment, I. O. O. F., were publicly installed Thursday evening: Chief Patriarch, John Hodge; Senior Warden, Charles Wilson; and Junior Warden, George H. Frye. After the exercises supper was served in the banquet hall.

The Lowell Trust company has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent. to stockholders of record June 30th. Same will be paid by check July 14th. Besides this, an amount equal to two per cent. has been added to the surplus account of the bank.

There will be a gospel, temperance and no license rally at the Worthen Street Baptist church, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, addressed by Rev. E. T. Curnick, H. H. Warner and others under the auspices of Eastern Middlesex District lodge, I. O. G. T. All are invited to attend.

An election of lieutenant in Co. M, Ninth Regiment, will soon occur. Lieut. McNulty will probably be promoted to first lieutenant. The candidates for second lieutenant are First. Sergt. Joseph Gillow and Third Sergeant George Wilson, the latter at one time lieutenant in the Mechanic Phalanx.

Mr S. St. Onge, formerly of this city, the manager of J. L. Chalifoux's store in Birmingham, Ala., is on his way to this city. He will stop at Toledo, Ohio, to visit Denis Long. He will then join his children here. Mr. St. Onge is about to start in business for himself in Providence, R. I. His absence will be regretted by his many friends of Birmingham, Ala., who wish him success in all his undertakings.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Society of St. Paul's church was held yesterday when the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. W. H. Lincoln; vice presidents, Mrs. Emulus Thompson, Mrs. Isaac Allard, Mrs. Fred Morrison, Mrs. Sam Arnold, Mrs. W. D. Brown; secretary, Mrs. J. F. Savage; treasurer, Miss Martha Bradley; committee to solicit members, Miss Eliza Holgate; managers, Miss Carrie E. Bacheller, Mrs. Jas. Murphy, Mrs. S. T. Brown, Miss Helena Fielding, Mrs. J. E. Turner, Mrs. J. Clark Glidden, Mrs. William Holgate, Mrs. Chas. Young, Mrs. Dixon; flower committee, Miss Annie Mosher, Miss Lillian Winn, Miss Lily Keniston, Miss Mabel Chase, Miss Florence Hartshorn, Miss May Mowatt, Miss Ida Scarlett and Mrs. C. S. Mansur.

No Cause for Alarm.

The fourth company of the Boys' Brigade of the Worthen Street M. E. church marched down town this morning to take the cars for the Fowler farm in Middlesex village. As they marched along to the sound of the drum people asked if there was a strike in Lowell and had the troops been called out.

The Plumbers' Union.

The following officers have been elected for the Master Plumbers' association: Thomas Costello, president; Stephen H. Jones, secretary; Charles H. Hobson, secretary; Peter F. Conaton, treasurer. The following firms are members of the association: T. Costello & Co., S. H. Jones, the H. R. Barker Manufacturing Co., Farrell & Conaton, D. H. Wilson & Co., Drury & Green, H. H. Wilder & Co., Scott & O'Day, Desmaris Brothers, J. H. Cocker, W. F. Enwright, John H. Barry, A. C. Ladd, E. A. Nichols, W. McLarney & Co., James Caddell and J. W. Stewart.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

If nervous, try Old Hundred cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fred F. Evans is going to Weirs, N. H., in about ten days.

The Middlesex mills will shut down the 21st for a short time.

Rev. Eldridge Mix, D. D., of Worcester, will preach at the Kirk street church.

The valuation of new buildings by the assessors since May 1 will equal $75,000.

Rev. R. Wilson of Providence, will preach at the Berean church, Moore street.

Mrs. Caleb L. Smith and family have gone to York beach for the month of July.

Court Gen. Butler, A. O. F., had its newly elected officers installed last night.

The altar boys of St. Patrick's church will enjoy an outing in Methuen next Wednesday.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

The Westminster Presbyterian church pulpit will be supplied by Rev. J. C. Bryan of Pittsburg, Pa.

A civil service examination for applicants for clerkships in the post office will be held some time next month.

The Universalist churches will unite tomorrow with the First church and Rev. G. L. Perin, D. D., will preach.

The Hosford Square bicycle club will have a run to Lynn tomorrow leaving Hosford square at 7.30 a. m.

P. J. Hoar, attorney-at-law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

The condition of Dr L. J. Martel, of Lewiston who is suffering from an attack of blood poisoning, is much improved. He is considered entirely out of danger.

Ladd & Whitney circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., will hold a lawn party July 17th, at the residence of Mrs. O. C. Johnson corner of Wannalancit and Oliver streets.

Lowell lodge, I. O. O. F., had its new officers installed by D. D. G. M., Leo Miller, assisted by Allen Buckminster as grand marshal, F. C. Cragie, grand guide and Fred Silver, grand warden, last night.

George E. Hooper who was in business in 1886 where Robertson Bros. now keep on Central street, has returned to Lowell after eight years in Colorado. He is enthusiastic over the western country. He will return in September.

Rev. Smith Baker will deliver the charge to the pastor at the installation of Rev. Dr. Heath, over the North Congregational church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., next Tuesday, and then go to the Christian Endeavor convention at Cleveland, O.

Contractor Barton is pushing the work on the foundation for the East Merrimack street bridge. Work is kept up at night for then the Concord river is low, the water from the canals being shut off. In driving piles for the foundation a ledge is struck at a depth of twenty feet.

Jewett & Swift received word yesterday that no shipments of beef had been made from Chicago yesterday, and that no livestock had been received. The wholesale price of beef remains about the same as it has been for two or three days, but the supply in this city is gradually becoming exhausted.

The harp upon which Miss Annie Frank Libby played at the Highland club, Wednesday evening, is one of the finest in the country, and was one of the exhibition of harps at the World's fair. It was brought to this country by Paderewski himself, and was made by the greatest firm of instrument makers in Europe. Miss Libby is a harpist who fills engagements the entire season. She is the guest of her brother, Paymaster Libby of the Shaw hosiery.

The Fourth of July is over and nearly every merchant has the "blues" over the slim holiday trade. One merchant is bound to make people happy. Wm. Wade, 23 Merrimack street, two doors below the post office, is offering bargains in boots and shoes, so remarkable that competition is out of the question. What do you think of ladies' button boots at 25 cents a pair? and other goods at corresponding prices. Do not think of trading elsewhere until you call at Wade's, 23 Merrimack street.

Mr. Joseph F. Wiggin and Mr. Wm. H. Barker of Boston, with Mr. L. Roger Wentworth of Somerville, have been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Middlesex as commissioners to sell the Samuel Welsh estate, No. 356 Parker street, between Stevens and Pine streets; and next Wednesday afternoon promptly at 3 o'clock, rain or shine, J. E. Conant & Co. will strike it off to the highest bidder. There's a modern 2½ story house of 10 rooms, stable and one acre of land.

The land upon which the Ladd and Whitney monument and the statue of Victory stand was sold to the city of Lowell, June 12, 1846, by the Merrimack company and the proprietors of the locks and canals for $1. It was provided that the land should be forever maintained as a public square, neatly enclosed and fenced and ornamented with shade trees. It is said that the opponents of the removal of the statue of Victory are claiming that the city council has not the authority to delegate its power in the discontinuance of a public street or square.

The alleged failure to report "speak easy" drug stores is said to have caused some members of the police department to be criticized by superior officers.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Has No Authority.

City Solicitor Hogan, so it is said, believes that the city hall commission has no authority to make the proposed changes at Monument square. Should the enclosure be removed it follows that the place will undoubtedly be paved as a street, and hence, it seems, that the power to make the proposed changes is vested in the city council.

Some Big Attachments.

Among the new entries on the attachment book at the registry of deeds are the following: Rev. C. J. Wigren vs. F. O. Townsend, the driver of hook and ladder No. 3, Palmer street, for $20,000. This is the outcome of the accident in Merrimack square some weeks ago. George S. Campbell vs. Hattie Guthrie for $2000; Honora O'Brien, Catharine M. Savage and Ellen T. O'Hearn vs. Mary E. and Daniel J. Manning for $5000; M. A. Smith vs. George A. Murphy for $800; Robert Daley vs. Limon B. Rose for $3000; M. A. Smith vs. Thomas E. Ward et al. for $800; M. A. Smith vs. John Welch et als. for $800.

A Little "Beauty" Book

150 pages on skin and scalp, care of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of moles, wrinkles, pimples, superfluous hair, eczema and all skin blemishes, in short, the result of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin. Price 10c mailed.

WHO IS IT?

John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, Established 1870. 125 W. 42d St., N. Y.

MORE INSURANCE FACTS.

AN INSURER PROPOUNDS SOME KNOTTY QUESTIONS.

Broadside at the Insurance Companies' Answer to THE SUN'S Recent Article on Co-insurance and Its Serious Defects.

The recent article in THE SUN on the co-insurance plan of fire insurance companies and the answer of the companies to that article published in yesterday's SUN has attracted considerable attention. The following letter is of considerable interest in relation to the same subject.

Mr. Editor: THE SUN of yesterday published an article on the co-insurance clause in insurance policies, which, from the quotation marks used may be presumed to have contained the exact language of the company on this point. A close perusal of the article, however, and a little reflection will give rise to a reasonable doubt that the explanation makes the term very much clearer. For instance, to quote from the article, "Full co-insurance means that the assured must keep his property insured for its full value, or he must be a co-insurer to the extent of the deficit." Suppose he does insure for full value in one company, does this satisfy the provision? and will he get the full face value of his policy in case of total loss? If that is so then the co insurance clause is conditional and upon compliance with its terms, namely: insurance for full value, even though the risk be entirely in one company, the clause loses its force altogether. In such a case will there be any occasion for arbitration? In other words if a man insures a building worth, when the policy is taken, $5000 for $10,000 will he get the $10,000 because he was careful to insure for full value? Suppose he has a sixty, seventy or eighty per cent co-insurance clause will he get even $6000, $7000 or $8000 in case of total loss? He has paid premiums on $10,000 with the consent of the company who want him to increase the amount. Is it not true, rather that he will get 60, 70 or 80 per cent of the actual value estimated after the fire by two appraisers who, as a rule, never saw the building?

Again to quote, "If his property is worth $10,000 and he has but $8000 insurance he becomes a co-insurer for $2000 and contributes his proportion in case of partial loss. In event of total loss he collects full insurance."

Consider the ambiguous terms in this provision, property worth $10,000, when, at the time when the policy is taken out, or at the time of loss? Determined by whom? the assessors who often undervalue property, or by two appraisers who determine its value after it has ceased to be?

Again, "In event of total loss he collects the full insurance. Does fire insurance mean the face value of the policy, or the actual cash value of the building at the time of fire?"

Let some insurance agent answer these questions as he does business and I am inclined to think that property owners will marvel more than ever where they are at.

AN INSURER.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Bro. Isadore of Baltimore is spending the vacation at the home of the Xaverian Brothers on Varney street.

Rev. O. H. Denney and Mrs. Denney of the Mt. Vernon church, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Pratt at Squirrel island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Smith will enjoy a month's rest at Fryeburg, Me.

Mr. Charles F. Wolcott goes to Newport, Vt., next week.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, P. R., of St. Patrick's church, and Rev. Wm. O'Brien, pastor of St. Michael's church, sailed today for Europe, and will be gone for several weeks.

Miss Eliza McDaniels, Miss Charlotte McDaniels, Miss Lucy Nesmith and the Misses Hastings are at Kennebunkport.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hobson left today for Bay View, Gloucester.

Miss Mollie Raynes of Sherman street has gone to Truro, Me.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, Co. C. B. Rogers, Col. J. W. Deffenbough and J. W. Leroux of the Maryland state normal board, visited Lowell yesterday, and were shown over the municipal buildings by Supt. Bray and Clerk Kidder of the lands and buildings department.

Rev. J. O. Campbell has gone to western Pennsylvania for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stanley left today on a ten days' vacation which will be spent at Marblehead.

Mr. Forrest Connor is summering at Keene, N. H.

Miss Abbie Smith and Miss Nellie Sullivan of the Bon Marche millinery department start this evening on a four weeks' vacation.

Miss Helen E. Ryan of Waterbury is visiting her sisters in this city.

J. E. SHANLEY & CO.

The Mystery Solved at Last—We Remain in Our Present Quarters a Few Weeks Longer.

We have kept our word with the public. We have conducted a bona fide sale from the beginning, although we somewhat mystified you as to our future business intentions. There were many doubtful and skeptical, as to the honesty and reality of our advertisements, thinking it perhaps a catch penny sale, like all of the others But to all such and to the general public we are pleased to announce that we have leased the new Odd Fellows' block, Nos. 158, and 160 Merrimack street which we expect to occupy about August 1st. But in the mean time we shall hold a second sale. A grand removal sale. Everything must be cleaned out, as our stay is short. Space will not admit of only a few quotations: spool cotton, 2c spool, silk do, linings cambric 3 1-2c, best English silesia 12½ cents, velvetine binding 4c a yard, dress braid 3c a yard, best 37½c French satines 19c, best 37½c Organdies beauties only 19c, black and blue storm serge 46 inches wide, 75c quality, only 56 cents, wrappers, shirt waists, corsets, gloves, hosiery, silk mits, laces and parasols, will be closed out with a grand rush, as we are determined not to take any goods with us. Be on hand Monday morning. Sale commences at 8 o'clock sharp.

J. E. SHANLEY & Co.,
Merrimack street,
Removal sale.

The Xaverian Bros.' house on Varney street has had a story added to afford more accommodations. Six rooms and a hall are added. The exterior has been painted and it is a fine looking building now.

Mrs. A. Mireault and her daughter Lauretta, and son Ferdinand, left this morning for Prince Edwards' island. They will be gone until October.

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated nappies and platters with a pound of our high grade tea. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to I. mercer, tailor, 154 Central street has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for summer wear.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers Hall. Telephone 467-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THOROUGHLY WHIPPED.

Dick O'Brien Unable to Stand the Punches From Walcott's Fists.

BOSTON, July 7.—Lovers of the courageous man, as shown by prowess in the squared circle, haven't seen such a satisfying battle in this city in years as that of last night between Dick O'Brien and Joe Walcott.

It was a corking battle from the first call of time until, frustrated at every point, outpointed, disfigured, nonplussed and a thoroughly beaten man, O'Brien fell on his face and succumbed. He didn't quit and he wasn't knocked out in the ordinary sense of the word. He was punched out. Hammered so hard that he dropped from sheer exhaustion and lost consciousness.

Walcott proved the wonder that his friends have always claimed him to be, but which has been denied by many on the score of his gameness. Despite the many blows of his adversary, he fought on with all the desperation of the gamest of white men. He had a terrific battle from the start, and unless the possessor of a stout heart would surely succumb to the blows which O'Brien landed time and again on his face and jaw.

O'Brien took a terrible punching, his jaw, eyes and body showing the awfully telling blows from the negro. Walcott did not bear a mark, but doubtless his body will be sore for many a day, for O'Brien's right hand was sent there innumerable times.

It was a peculiar fight. First one would have an advantage, and then the tide would change and his opponent, who a minute before seemed to be rapidly growing groggy, would suddenly make a dying effort, and his friends would cheer, for it looked then as though he would end the fight.

The lads were in grand condition, and no fault could be found with either man, for they plainly showed that they had trained most faithfully. The darky looked like the diminutive giant in picture books, the muscles of his black body standing out like whipcords, while O'Brien, standing a foot over him, surely looked as though he would be an easy winner, if size counted for anything. O'Brien was favored by the spectators.

Waives All Rights.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Eva L. Mann, who figured as the wife of Robert Ray Hamilton, gave a quit claim deed yesterday to Edmund L. Baylies and Gilbert M. Speir, representing the Hamilton estate, yielding all her rights to the estate for the sum of $10,000. The deed contains a clause by which she agrees not to prosecute any appeal or assert any claim as the widow of the late Robert Ray Hamilton.

Kelly Army Stranded.

VANCEBURG, Ky., July 7.—General Kelly and his army of commonwealers are stranded at Moose Landing, 10 miles above here, where they were left by the captain of the towboat Connell. Twenty refused to give up possession of the barge and the captain concluded to call the assistance of the United States marshal. The army is foraging off the farmers and causing great uneasiness among them.

Hyannis, Mass.

A Complete Wreck

Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Malaria Distress in the Stomach.

Good Reason For a High Opinion of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I am willing my statement of the benefit I have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla shall be printed for the good of others. I think I was a complete wreck, as I was suffering from rheumatism, malaria, and had a severe attack of the grip. Before I had used the whole of one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a decided improvement; my stomach in particular being very much better. I had not been able to eat half a cracker without suffering terrible distress. Now I am entirely cured of dyspepsia, have gained 15 lbs., and do the work for 5 in family." MRS. EMELINE A. BEARSE, Hyannis, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

-THE-

H. R. Barker M'fg Co.

Guarantees this.

JAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 337 to 345 Central St

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

MANY TO CHOOSE FROM.

Lawrence Postmaster Race is Not Yet Ended.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Quite an active contest is going on over the Lawrence postmastership, which will become vacant in the course of a few days.

The candidates for the place are D. F. Kelly, D. F. Dolan, C. T. Briggs, Jr., John C. Sanborn, D. F. McCarthy, J. J. Donovan, ex-Postmaster Patrick Murphy and J. J. Murray.

Representative Stevens has not yet decided whom he will select for the place, but expects to make his recommendation to the postmaster general in the course of a few days.

Mr. Stevens declines to discuss the various candidates to give any intimation as to their chances.

Just Remember This.

One minute before trains pull out of the Union station, in Boston, the big iron gates, through which a person passes from the depot proper to the train shed, are closed. You can storm and threaten, but the gateman must obey orders.

Physicians Registration Act.

The law providing for the registration of doctors takes effect in 1895. By January of next year all physicians who are qualified under the statute must be registered. Graduation from a college of repute or three years' practice. This and a successful examination is the only means of securing the legal right to practice medicine. This law will cut off many who have been doctoring as specialists for years together with a lot of faith curists, christian scientists and others.

M. J. Landers of Harvard Medical school is taking a summer course in surgery at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.

Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Tan Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.
10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.
5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.
Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is new made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

You must eat SOMETHING and it is simply a question of WHAT and WHERE to get it. The question is answered by

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A nice location for a doctor or light professional business. Inquire at THE SUN office.

A TICKET TO THE BEACH FREE.

Any one making a Cash Purchase at our store to the amount of $15 will be given a Railroad Ticket to Lynn Beach FREE, good July 21st, on any train during the day. Make your purchase now and go at our expense.

This is Refrigerator weather, and those who have not already bought will do well to call on us.

Baby Carriages so low that all can afford to buy.

Straw Matting away down.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

WARM WEATHER SUPPLIES.

FOOTWEAR.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's White Canvas Shoes of Every Description.

TENNIS SHOES,

Canvas, Tan and Black; Russet Goat and Russia Leather; all at Reduced Prices.

Rubber Co.'s Tennis Shoes.

Black, White, and Striped.

Boys' and Youths' Red Rubber Soled, Tennis Oxfords,

Toilet Slippers and low shoes for old and young. Comfort Shoes for ladies and gentlemen. Our large stock has everything in Shoes. Visit our store for your wants and save yourself time and worry,

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall

THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

CHOICE CUTS OF

FRESH SALMON, 20c.

SPRING LAMB,

LEG 20c., FOREQUARTER 10c

—AT—

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

Left At

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Near Palmer St. - Telephone 452-3.

LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 373 Bridge Street, Meats and Provisions. (Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 182 Merrimack Street, Photographers, Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing Of all kinds. Telephone 39-5. Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

W. H. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor,

Has a Large Assortment of

Nice Cloths, Clay Diagonals, Scotch Suitings, etc.

W. H. DAVIS,

50 CENTRAL ST.

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

W. A. LEW, 49 John Street. Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 9 Merrimack Street. Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Sun Rises........ 4 15 | Moon Sets....10 30 PM
Sun Sets......... 7 23 | Full Sea | .. 2 15 AM
Length of Day..15 08 | | .. 2 45 PM

Forecast for New England: Local rains and thunder storms, followed by clearing weather; cooler and fair tonight; south winds, shifting to north.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

It will cost $20,000 to hold a special election on the Meigs bill.

Miss Luttie M. Harnjon has gone to Old Orchard and Saco, Me.

Mrs. A. M. Briggs has returned from a long visit in California and Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Chandler has accepted a position as book-keeper for S. P. Pike.

Mr. Runels has 30 men at work cutting the stone for the curbing of city hall lot.

Hugh Duffy was the first player in the big league to make his 100th hit this season.

Mrs. Hedvig Lovejoy sailed today for a three months' visit to her former home in Sweden.

Services were held in all the Catholic churches last evening, it being the First Friday of the month.

It is said that Mitchell Adams of Ward Four will be a candidate for alderman on the republican ticket.

Rev. E. E. Thomas of Castleton, New York, preaches at the John Street church at 10.30 a. m. tomorrow.

The Xaverian Brothers will open a school in Worcester. The school is in Monsignor Griffins' parish.

According to the notice posted the polls will open at 7 a. m. and close at 4 p. m., in the special election in Ward Six July 17th.

For "odd jobs" we have varnish, stains, ready mixed pains in all colors. Do your own jobbing. A. L. Kittredge & Co. will furnish you these lines of goods on demand.

The First Corps of Cadets went into camp today, Corp. Thomas Talbot and Privates Victor I. Cumnock and J. P. Batties of this city marched into camp with the corps.

All the large stores in the city were closed last evening, according to the custom adopted each year, of closing the stores on Friday evenings during the summer months.

Walter Parks, living on D street, was injured by a pile of lumber falling on him last night. A number of buildings are in progress of construction here and the Parks boy and several companions were playing about the lumber.

The Saturday half holiday has now become an established summer institution. It is so satisfactory that many people would like to see it prevail throughout the year. This perhaps, is one of the early reforms of the future.—Globe.

The last productions of the opera "Said Pasha" were given today. Monday "The Mascot," Aubran's tuneful and favorite opera will be put on, and judging from the fine rehearsals already held it will be an excellent performance.

The annual picnic of the Unitarian society was held at Willow Dale yesterday and was attended by about 100 people. Those present enjoyed themselves about the grove and in the dance hall, where the Union orchestra furnished music for dancing.

The following officers of Lowell Encampment, I. O. O. F., were publicly installed Thursday evening: Chief Patriarch, John Hodge; Senior Warden, Charles Wilson; and Junior Warden, George H. Frye. After the exercises supper was served in the banquet hall.

The Lowell Trust company has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent. to stockholders of record June 30th. Same will be paid by check July 14th. Besides this, an amount equal to two per cent. has been added to the surplus account of the bank.

There will be a gospel, temperance and no license rally at the Worthen Street Baptist church, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, addressed by Rev. E. T. Curnick, H. H. Warner and others under the auspices of Eastern Middlesex District lodge, I. O. G. T. All are invited to attend.

An election of lieutenant in Co.M, Ninth Regiment, will soon occur. Lieut. McNulty will probably be promoted to first lieutenant. The candidates for second lieutenant are First. Sergt. Joseph Gillow and Third Sergeant George Wilson, the latter at one time lieutenant in the Mechanic Phalanx.

Mr S. St. Onge, formerly of this city, the manager of J. L. Chalifoux's store in Birmingham, Ala., is on his way to this city. He will stop at Toledo, Ohio, to visit Denis Long. He will then join his children here. Mr. St. Onge is about to start in business for himself in Providence, R. I. His absence will be regretted by his many friends of Birmingham, Ala., who wish him success in all his undertakings.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Society of St. Paul's church was held yesterday when the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. W. H. Lincoln; vice presidents, Mrs. Emulus Thompson, Mrs. Isaac Allard, Mrs. Fred Morrison, Mrs. Sam Arnold, Mrs. W. D. Brown; secretary, Mrs. J. F. Savage; treasurer, Miss Martha Bradley; committee to solicit members, Miss Eliza Holgate; managers, Miss Carrie E. Bacheller, Mrs. Jas. Murphy, Mrs. S. T. Brown, Miss Helena Fielding, Mrs. J. E. Turner, Mrs. J. Clark Glidden, Mrs. William Holgate, Mrs. Chas. Young, Mrs. Dixon; flower committee, Miss Annie Mosher, Miss Lilhan Winn, Miss Lilly Keniston, Miss Mabel Chase, Miss Florence Hartshorn, Miss May Mowatt, Miss Ida Scarlett and Mrs. C. S. Mansur.

No Cause for Alarm.

The fourth company of the Boys' Brigade of the Worthen Street M. E. church marched down town this morning to take the cars for the Fowler farm in Middlesex village. As they marched along to the sound of the drum people asked if there was a strike in Lowell and had the troops been called out.

The Plumbers' Union.

The following officers have been elected for the Master Plumbers' association: Thomas Costello, president; Stephen H. Jones, secretary; Charles H. Hobson, secretary; Peter F. Conaton, treasurer. The following firms are members of the association: T. Costello & Co., S. H. Jones, the H. R. Barker Manufacturing Co., Farrell & Conaton, D. H. Wilson & Co., Drury & Green, H. H. Wilder & Co., Scott & O'Day, Desmaris Brothers, J. H. Cocker, W. F. Enwright, John H. Barry, A. C. Ladd, E. A. Nichols, W. McLarney & Co., James Caddell and J. W. Stewart.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

If nervous, try Old Hundred cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fred F. Evans is going to Weirs, N. H., in about ten days.

The Middlesex mills will shut down the 21st for a short time.

Rev. Eldridge Mix, D. D., of Worcester, will preach at the Kirk street church.

The valuation of new buildings by the assessors since May 1 will equal $75,000.

Rev. R. Wilson of Providence, will preach at the Berean church, Moore street.

Mrs. Caleb L. Smith and family have gone to York beach for the month of July.

Court Gen. Butler, A. O. F., had its newly elected officers installed last night.

The altar boys of St. Patrick's church will enjoy an outing in Methuen next Wednesday.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

The Westminster Presbyterian church pulpit will be supplied by Rev. J. C. Bryan of Pittsburg, Pa.

A civil service examination for applicants for clerkships in the post office will be held some time next month.

The Universalist churches will unite tomorrow with the First church and Rev. G. L. Perin, D. D., will preach.

The Hosford Square bicycle club will have a run to Lynn tomorrow leaving Hosford square at 7.30 a. m.

P. J. Hoar, attorney at-law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

The condition of Dr L. J. Martel, of Lewiston who is suffering from an attack of blood poisoning, is much improved. He is considered entirely out of danger.

Ladd & Whitney circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., will hold a lawn party July 17th, at the residence of Mrs. O. C. Johnson corner of Wannalancit and Oliver streets.

Lowell lodge, I. O. O. F., had its new officers installed by D. D. G. M., Leo Miller, assisted by Allen Buckminster as grand marshal, F. C. Cingle, grand guide and Fred Silver, grand warden, last night.

George E. Hooper who was in business in 1886 where Robertson Bros. now keep on Central street, has returned to Lowell after eight years in Colorado. He is enthusiastic over the western country. He will return in September.

Rev. Smith Baker will deliver the charge to the pastor at the installation of Rev. Dr. Heath, over the North Congregational church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., next Tuesday, and then go to the Christian Endeavor convention at Cleveland, O.

Contractor Barton is pushing the work on the foundation for the East Merrimack street bridge. Work is kept up at night for then the Concord river is low, the water from the canals being shut off. In driving piles for the foundation a ledge is struck at a depth of twenty feet.

Jewett & Swift received word yesterday that no shipments of beef had been made from Chicago yesterday, and that no livestock had been received. The wholesale price of beef remains about the same as it has been for two or three days, but the supply in this city is gradually becoming exhausted.

The harp upon which Miss Annie Frank Libby played at the Highland club, Wednesday evening, is one of the finest in the country, and was one of the exhibition of harps at the World's fair. It was brought to this country by Paderewski himself, and was made by the greatest firm of instrument makers in Europe. Miss Libby is a harpist who fills engagements the entire season. She is the guest of her brother, Paymaster Libby of the Shaw hosiery.

The Fourth of July is over and nearly every merchant has the "blues" over the slim holiday trade. One merchant is bound to make people happy. Wm. Wade, 23 Merrimack street, two doors below the post office, is offering bargains in boots and shoes, so remarkable that competition is out of the question. What do you think of ladies' button boots at 25 cents a pair? and other goods at corresponding prices. Do not think of trading elsewhere until you call at Wade's, 23 Merrimack street.

Mr. Joseph F. Wiggin and Mr. Wm. H. Barker of Boston, with Mr. L. Roger Wentworth of Somerville, have been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Middlesex as commissioners to sell the Samuel Welsh estate, No. 356 Parker street, between Stevens and Pine streets; and next Wednesday afternoon promptly at 3 o'clock, rain or shine, J. E. Conant & Co. will strike it off to the highest bidder. There's a modern 2½ story house of 10 rooms, stable and one acre of land.

The land upon which the Ladd and Whitney monument and the statue of Victory stand was sold to the city of Lowell, June 12, 1846, by the Merrimack company and the proprietors of the locks and canals for $1. It was provided that the land should be forever maintained as a public square, neatly enclosed and fenced and ornamented with shade trees. It is said that the opponents of the removal of the statue of Victory are claiming that the city council has not the authority to delegate its power in the discontinuance of a public street or square.

The alleged failure to report "speak easy" drug stores is said to have caused some members of the police department to be criticized by superior officers.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Has No Authority.

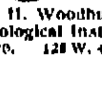
City Solicitor Hogan, so it is said, believes that the city hall commission has no authority to make the proposed changes at Monument square. Should the enclosure be removed it follows that the place will undoubtedly be paved as a street, and hence, it seems, that the power to make the proposed changes is vested in the city council.

Some Big Attachments.

Among the new entries on the attachment book at the registry of deeds are the following: Rev. C. J. Wigren vs. F. O. Townsend, the driver of hook and ladder No. 3, Palmer street, for $20,000. This is the outcome of the accident in Merrimack square some weeks ago. George S. Campbell vs. Hattie Guthrie for $2000; Honora O'Brien, Catharine M. Savage and Ellen T. O'Hearn vs. Mary E. and Daniel J. Manning for $5000; M. A. Smith vs. George A. Murphy for $800; Robert Daley vs. Elmon D. Rose for $3000; M. A. Smith vs. Thomas E. Ward et al. for $800; M. A. Smith vs. John Welch et als. for $800.

A Little "Beauty" Book

En pages on skin and scalp, care of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of moles, wrinkles, pimples, superfluous hair, eczema and skin blemishes, in short, the result of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin. Free, mailed.

WHO  IS IT?

John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute,
Established 1870. 125 W. 42d St., N.Y.

MORE INSURANCE FACTS.

AN INSURER PROPOUNDS SOME KNOTTY QUESTIONS.

Broadside at the Insurance Companies' Answer to THE SUN'S Recent Article on Co-Insurance and Its Serious Defects.

The recent article in THE SUN on the co-insurance plan of fire insurance companies and the answer of the companies to that article published in yesterday's SUN has attracted considerable attention. The following letter is of considerable interest in relation to the same subject.

Mr. Editor: THE SUN of yesterday published an article on the co-insurance clause in insurance policies, which, from the quotation marks used may be presumed to have contained the exact language of the company on this point. A close perusal of the article, however, and a little reflection will give rise to a reasonable doubt that the explanation makes the term very much clearer. For instance, to quote from the article, "Full co-insurance means that the assured must keep his property insured for its full value, or he must be a co-insurer to the extent of the deficit." Suppose he does insure for full value in one company, does this satisfy the provision? and will he get the full face value of his policy in case of total loss? If that is so then the co insurance clause is conditional and upon compliance with its terms, namely: insurance for full value, even though the risk be entirely in one company, the clause loses its force altogether. In such a case will there be any occasion for arbitration? In other words if a man insures a building worth, when the policy is taken, $5000 for $10,000 will be get the $10,000 because he was careful to insure for full value? Suppose he has a sixty, seventy or eighty per cent co-insurance clause will he get even $6000, $7000 or $8000 in case of total loss? He has paid premiums on $10,000 with the consent of the company who want him to increase the amount. Is it not true, rather that he will get 60, 70 or 80 per cent of the actual value estimated after the fire by two appraisers who, as a rule, never saw the building?

Again to quote, "If his property is worth $10,000 and he has but $8000 insurance he becomes a co-insurer for $2000 and contributes his proportion in case of partial loss. In event of total loss he collects full insurance."

Consider the ambiguous terms in this provision, property worth $10,000, when, at the time when the policy is taken out, or at the time of loss? Determined by whom? the assessors who often undervalue property, or by two appraisers who determine its value after it has ceased to be?

Again, "In event of total loss he collects the full insurance. Does fire insurance mean the face value of the policy, or the actual cash value of the building at the time of fire?"

Let some insurance agent answer these questions as he does business and I am inclined to think that property owners will marvel more than ever where they are at.

AN INSURER.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Bro. Isadore of Baltimore is spending the vacation at the home of the Xaverian Brothers on Varney street.

Rev. O. H. Denney and Mrs. Denney of the Mt. Vernon church, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Pratt at Squirrel island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Smith will enjoy a month's rest at Fryeburg, Me.

Mr. Charles F. Wolcott goes to Newport, Vt., next week.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, P. R., of St. Patrick's church, and Rev. Wm. O'Brien, pastor of St. Michael's church, sailed today for Europe, and will be gone for several weeks.

Miss Eliza McDaniels, Miss Charlotte McDaniels, Miss Lucy Nesmith and the Misses Hastings are at Kennebunkport.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hobson left today for Bay View, Gloucester.

Miss Mollie Raynes of Sherman street has gone to Truro, Me.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, Co. C. B. Rogers, Col. J. W. Deffenbough and J. W. Leroux of the Maryland state normal board, visited Lowell yesterday, and were shown over the municipal buildings by Supt. Bray and Clerk Kidder of the lands and buildings department.

Rev. J. O. Campbell has gone to western Pennsylvania for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stanley left today on a ten days' vacation which will be spent at Marblehead.

Mr. Forrest Connor is summering at Keene, N. H.

Miss Abbie Smith and Miss Nellie Sullivan of the Bon Marche millinery department start this evening on a four weeks' vacation.

Miss Helen E. Ryan of Waterbury is visiting her sisters in this city.

J. E. SHANLEY & CO.

The Mystery Solved at Last—We Remain in Our Present Quarters a Few Weeks Longer.

We have kept our word with the public. We have conducted a bona fide sale from the beginning, although we somewhat mystified you as to our future business intentions. There were many doubtful and skeptical, as to the honesty and reality of our advertisements, thinking it perhaps a catch penny sale, like all of the others. But to all such and to the general public we are pleased to announce that we have leased the new Odd Fellows' block, Nos. 158, and 160 Merrimack street which we expect to occupy about August 1st. But in the mean time we shall hold a second sale. A grand removal sale. Everything must be cleaned out, as our stay is short. Space will not admit of only a few quotations: spool cotton, 2c spool, silk 6c, lining cambric 3 1-2c, best English silesia 12½ cents, velvetine binding 4c a yard, dress braid 3c a yard, best 37½c French satines 19c, best 37½c Organdies beauties only 19c, black and blue storm serge 46 inches wide, 75c quality, only 50 cents, wrappers, shirt waists, corsets, gloves, hosiery, silk mits, laces and parasols, will be closed out with a grand rush, as we are determined not to take any goods with us. Be on hand Monday morning. Sale commences at 8 o'clock sharp.

J. E. SHANLEY & CO.,
Merrimack street,
Removal sale.

The Xaverian Bros.' house on Varney street has had a story added to afford more accommodations. Six rooms and a hall are added. The exterior has been painted and it is a fine looking building now.

Mrs. A. Miteault and her daughter Lauretta, and son Ferdinand, left this morning for Prince Edwards' island. They will be gone until October.

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated napples and platters with a pound of our high grade teas. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor, 64 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for summer wear.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. H. Smith, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone [illegible].

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THOROUGHLY WHIPPED.

Dick O'Brien Unable to Stand the Punches From Walcott's Fists.

BOSTON, July 7.—Lovers of the courageous man, as shown by prowess in the squared circle, haven't seen such a satisfying battle in this city in years as that of last night between Dick O'Brien and Joe Walcott.

It was a corking battle from the first call of time until, frustrated at every point, outpointed, disfigured, nonplussed and a thoroughly beaten man, O'Brien fell on his face and succumbed. He didn't quit and he wasn't knocked out in the ordinary sense of the word. He was punched out. Hammered so hard that he dropped from sheer exhaustion and lost consciousness.

Walcott proved the wonder that his friends have always claimed him to be, but which has been denied by many on the score of his gameness. Despite the many blows of his adversary, he fought on with all the desperation of the gamest of white men. He had a terrific battle from the start, and unless the possessor of a stout heart would surely succumb to the blows which O'Brien landed time and again on his face and jaw.

O'Brien took a terrible punching, his jaw, eyes and body showing the awfully telling blows from the negro. Walcott did not bear a mark, but doubtless his body will be sore for many a day, for O'Brien's right hand was sent there innumerable times.

It was a peculiar fight. First one would have an advantage, and then the tide would change and his opponent, who a minute before seemed to be rapidly growing groggy, would suddenly make a dying effort, and his friends would cheer, for it looked then as though he would end the fight.

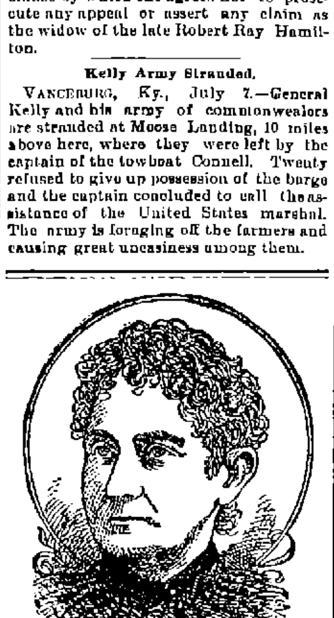
The lads were in grand condition, and no fault could be found with either man, for they plainly showed that they had trained most faithfully. The darky looked like the diminutive giant in picture books, the muscles of his black body standing out like whipcords, while O'Brien, standing a foot over him, surely looked as though he would be an easy winner, if size counted for anything. O'Brien was favored by the spectators.

Waives All Rights.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Eva L. Mann, who figured as the wife of Robert Ray Hamilton, gave a quit claim deed yesterday to Edmund L. Baylies and Gilbert M. Speir, representing the Hamilton estate, yielding all her rights to the estate for the sum of $10,000. The deed contains a clause by which she agrees not to prosecute any appeal or assert any claim as the widow of the late Robert Ray Hamilton.

Kelly Army Stranded.

VANCEBURG, Ky., July 7.—General Kelly and his army of commonwealers are stranded at Moose Landing, 10 miles above here, where they were left by the captain of the towboat Connell. Twenty refused to give up possession of the barge and the captain concluded to call the assistance of the United States marshal. The army is foraging off the farmers and causing great uneasiness among them.



Hyannis, Mass.

A Complete Wreck

Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Malaria Distress in the Stomach.

Good Reason For a High Opinion of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I am willing my statement of the benefit I have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla shall be printed for the good of others. I think I was a complete wreck, as I was suffering from rheumatism, malaria, and had a severe attack of the grip. Before I had used the whole of one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a decided improvement; my stomach in particular being very much better. I had not been able to eat half a cracker without suffering terrible distress. Now I am entirely cured of dyspepsia, have gained 15 lbs., and do the work for 5 in family." MRS. EMELINE A. BEARSE, Hyannis, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

-THE-

H. R. Barker M'f'g Co.

Guarantees this.

JAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 233 to 243 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

MANY TO CHOOSE FROM.

Lawrence Postmaster Race is Not Yet Ended.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Quite an active contest is going on over the Lawrence postmastership, which will become vacant in the course of a few days.

The candidates for the place are D. F. Kelly, D. F. Dolan, C. T. Briggs, Jr., John C. Sanborn, D. F. McCarthy, J. J. Donovan, ex-Postmaster Patrick Murphy and J. J. Murray.

Representative Stevens has not yet decided whom he will select for the place, but expects to make his recommendation to the postmaster general in the course of a few days.

Mr. Stevens declines to discuss the various candidates to give any intimation as to their chances.

Just Remember This.

One minute before trains pull out of the Union station, in Boston, the big iron gates, through which a person passes from the depot proper to the train shed, are closed. You can storm and threaten, but the gateman must obey orders.

Physicians Registration Act.

The law providing for the registration of doctors takes effect in 1895. By January of next year all physicians who are qualified under the statute must be registered. Graduation from a college of repute or three years' practice. This and a successful examination is the only means of securing the legal right to practice medicine. This law will cut off many who have been doctoring as specialists for years together with a lot of faith curists, christian scientists and others.

M. J. Landers of Harvard Medical school is taking a summer course in surgery at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.

Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Tan Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.
10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.
5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.
Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is new made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S ∴ CASH ∴ GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

You must eat SOMETHING and it is simply a question of WHAT and WHERE to get it. The question is answered by

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 109 Middlesex St. New No. 485.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.............Proprietor

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A fine location for a doctor or light professional business. Inquire at THE SUN office.

A TICKET TO THE BEACH FREE.

Any one making a Cash Purchase at our store to the amount of $15 will be given a Railroad Ticket to Lynn Beach FREE, good July 21st, on any train during the day. Make your purchase now and go at our expense.

This is Refrigerator weather, and those who have not already bought will do well to call on us.

Baby Carriages so low that all can afford to buy.

Straw Matting away down.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 25 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

WARM WEATHER SUPPLIES.

FOOTWEAR.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's White Canvas Shoes of Every Description.

TENNIS SHOES,

Canvas, Tan and Black; Russet Goat and Russia Leather; all at Reduced Prices.

Rubber Co.'s Tennis Shoes.

Black, White, and Striped.

Boys' and Youths' Red Rubber Soled, Tennis Oxfords,

Toilet Slippers and low shoes for old and young. Comfort Shoes for ladies and gentlemen. Our large stock has everything in Shoes. Visit our store for your wants and save yourself time and worry,

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall

THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

CHOICE CUTS OF

FRESH SALMON, 20c.

SPRING LAMB,

LEG 20c., FOREQUARTER 10c

—AT—

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

Left At

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Near Palmer St. - Telephone 452-3.

LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 373 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 182 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block,
Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing
Of all kinds. Telephone 39-5, Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

W. H. DAVIS,

Merchant Tailor,

Has a Large Assortment of

Nice Cloths,
Clay Diagonals,
Scotch Suitings, etc.

W. H. DAVIS,

50 CENTRAL ST.

T. M. BOLTON, 130 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

W. A. LEW. 49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 9 Merrimack Street.
Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal
of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 31. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only paper in Lowell receiving The Associated Press, cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

NOW OR NEVER

Time for Labor's Greatest Fight Says Debs.

ORDERS MEN OUT "UNTIL THE VICTORY IS WON."

Success Only a Question of a Few Days.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PITTSBURG, July 7.—The following telegram was received from Pres. Eugene V. Debs last night by Charles Naylor, an organizer of the American railway union, now in this city:

"We have assurance that within 48 hours every labor organization in the country will come to our rescue. The fight is on, and our men are acquitting themselves like heroes. Here and there one weakens, but our case is strengthened by a dozen going out in his place.

"Every true man must quit now and remain out until the fight is won. There can be no halfway ground. Men must be for us or against us.

"Our cause is gaining ground daily, and our success is only a question of a few days.

"Do not falter in this hour; stand erect, proclaim your manhood.

"Labor must win now or never. Our victory will be positive and complete. Whatever happens do not give any credence to rumors and newspaper reports."

FIRE IN PROVIDENCE.

IT CLEANED OUT A BIG BUSINESS BLOCK.

Men Hurt by Falling Walls and Great Loss Result—Fire Broke Out This Forenoon.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PROVIDENCE, July 7. — The Phenix block, a five-story business structure on lower Westminister street, in the heart of the city, was burned out this morning.

Two alarms brough the reserve department to the scene, and the fire tower doubtless prevented a conflagration. The flames were first seen in the fifth story where there are store rooms for the various tenants.

Wm. Ellsbree, a wholesale milliner, and Watchman Benjamin Peck, the latter aged 72, rushed to the top of the building and an explosion of some material unknown, burned Peck so badly that he was at once taken to the hospital. His injuries are of a fatal character.

The entire building was smoked, soaked and all but gutted. The east wall fell and crushed in the roof of the next building, occupied by John McManus, clothing and men's furnishings.

On the Exchange pl. front were A. P. Possner, groceries and varieties; A. J. Sanborn's Son, leather and findings, and the storerooms for the wholesale millinery concerns. Companies B. F. and H. of the 2d regiment, state militia, occupied the fourth floor with its armory. The camp equipment, including tents and some uniforms, were taken out yesterday, preparatory to encampment next week.

The state, however, will lose considerable, as 200 rifles and 100 uniforms are burned.

The personal loss to the soldiery is $2000, with no insurance. The building is owned by Jesse Howard, with loss of $40,000, fully insured. The loss to occupants is upwards of $60,000 about all being well covered by insurance. John McManus, in the adjoining building, was damaged $10,000, fully insured.

Refused to Concur.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

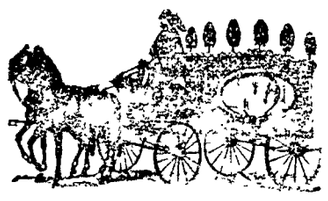
WASHINGTON, July 7.—The ways and means committee refused to concur in the senate amendments on the tariff bill.

Clearance Sale!!!

Now is the time to get your vacation or business suit or trouser, at greatly reduced prices. Best values in the city at Alexander's, importer and tailor, 67 Central street.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER.



Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD

FAY'S SCENE

It is Still Agitating the City of Manchester.

WHAT THE BROTHER HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Some Explanations in Regard to the Affair.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 7.—The abduction of Miss Mary Fay, a novice at Mt. St. Mary's convent, by her brother, Hon. Peter A. Fay, of Lowell, in this city, Thursday, occasioned a tremendous sensation which has today reached large proportions and overshadows all other subjects of discussion in public places.

Taking place as it did, on the main street of the city, in front of the largest business block in town, and in the face and eyes of hundreds of people, it could not fail to attract attention and to elicit most extravagant and sensational reports.

The young woman is now 23 years old, and first came to Manchester four years ago, at which time she entered the celebrated academy connected with Mt. St. Mary's convent.

Her people are among the wealthiest Catholic residents of Lowell, and as she is the youngest daughter she is the "baby," the pet of the family.

Naturally nothing was too good for her, and knowing by reputation of the fine school kept by the Sisters of Mercy in this city, it was decided that she should enter the institution and fit herself to occupy any position in life that might come to her.

The full term of school life in Mt. St. Mary's is seven years, but advanced pupils frequently graduate on less time, and in fact very few young ladies, unless they enter at the age of 13 or 15, ever take the full seven years' course.

Miss Fay was a remarkably bright and talented scholar, and she was only in the school two years, graduating with honor.

She oftentimes expressed herself as desirous of becoming a nun, but finding her family a unit in opposition to her desires, and receiving no encouragement from the sisters, she made application for admission to the Manchester training school, and having finished a course of a year and a half graduated from there last month, and then on Monday took at Mt. St. Mary's convent the white veil, the first step in the path of the professed.

Her brother Peter was particularly bitter against her desire to become a nun, and finally obtained from her a promise not to enter the sisterhood.

This promise it is understood Miss Fay claims, was given under duress, and therefore not binding upon her.

When Mr Fay learned of what his sister had done in joining the order, he at once sent a note to the reverend mother superior, demanding that she not only not admit his sister to the order, but that she turn her out of the convent.

To this the latter sent back word that no nun would ever be turned away from the convent, but that any sister who desired to leave could do so at any time.

This was received by Mr. Fay yesterday morning, and he at once came to this city and with the sensational results already rendered.

George D. Fay, a brother of the girl and of the Hon. Peter Fay, is employed by the Granite State Provident association in this city, and in an interview today said:

"My sister Mary has not been well for some time, and what she did last Monday was done when she could not have been in her right mind.

"The young woman has an aged mother and father, four brothers and one sister.

"Our family may appear to be a large one, but not long ago three or four members died.

"My mother felt very much afflicted, and relied for comfort on her children.

"Mary was the pet of the family, and action in taking the veil in the convent in this city was a great blow to mother.

"The entire family was unanimous in its desire that Mary should not go into the convent.

"We heard about six weeks ago that Mary was talking about taking holy orders, and my brother Peter at that time came up here and had a long talk with my sister.

"She finally agreed that she would not enter the convent, and gave us her word of honor.

"Then suddenly we learned that she had taken the first veil, and I so notified the family.

"Peter at once notified the mother superior to release his sister.

"The mother wrote back that Mary was of age and could stay or leave the convent at her will, and that they never turned a nun away from the convent without that nun giving cause for such action.

"When my brother came to Manchester yesterday he was as sober as a judge.

"He is not a drinking man in the common acceptance of the term, and he surely was all right yesterday.

"It was more by advice that he did what took place yesterday. I told him to go up to the convent and try to gain admittance.

"If he failed to get in go to Varick's get a good axe and force his way in.

"If he was arrested I told him I would go on his bail immediately.

"My mother's idea was to take a carriage, take Mary from the convent and drive directly to Lowell.

"That plan was of no avail, from the fact that one of the sisters came down with my sister.

"We have never believed that Mary wanted to go into the convent, anyway, but that she was influenced to do so.

"Only a few months ago she spoke disparagingly of a friend of ours who had taken holy orders in another place, so you can see she did not know her own mind.

"Mary could have gone to Europe this summer if she desired.

"She graduated from the Lowell public high school, and we had heard so much of the excellent instruction at the convent that we concluded that it would do Mary no harm to take a two years' course.

"So we sent her to Manchester and she took the two years' course and afterwards entered the public training school to further fit herself for teaching.

"The first thing we knew there were rumors that she was going to enter the convent as a nun, and such a story proved of great concern to the family.

"Of course, we deprecate using force in the matter, but it was necessary that we should do so.

"I was in Lowell last night and saw my sister.

"She appeared very composed and cheerful, although I had not much to say to her.

"She is being closely watched, and I assure you that if she finds her way back to the convent again the same scene that was enacted yesterday will be repeated, and perhaps there will be still more trouble.

"We are very well convinced that if the authorities had had more warning at the convent that my brother was to have done what he did do, there would have been two or three men there to oppose him.

"Fortunately, circumstances helped my brother."

At the convent the affair is greatly regretted, but those in charge do not see how they are in any way to blame for what has happened.

POLITICAL CAUCUSES.

New Law the Most Important One Passed by the Legislature This Year.

The enactment of the caucus reform bill is considered to be the most important law adopted by the present legislature. There are some measures affecting corporate interests which have attracted more public attention, but the immediate and future effect of the caucus bill will be to make radical and improving changes in our election methods. A prominent politician speaking of the law says:

"Curiously enough, although the first caucus was held in Massachusetts, it has never had legal standing. Any methods acceptable to party managers were adopted in them, and it is not strange that abuses have crept in. People not especially interested in the personal fortunes of political candidates have shown their disapproval of the caucus by staying away from them. This was exactly what those who had selfish interests to serve desired. But public attention has been called to the failures and dangers of the caucus system, or rather lack of system, of late, and this new law has received the support of the public and press in a way that shows a demand for it, and indicates a public sentiment that will insist on its enforcement.

"It will take some time for the people to understand that primary political meetings are hereafter to be dignified and fair gatherings of voters, where they can have their voice and vote tell as much as on election day, but the adoption of this law marks the beginning of a great change in Massachusetts politics. There will be no backward steps taken. The history of all such movements shows that an improving election law, once adopted, it is impossible to rescind it.

"This law will require perfecting changes, as all laws do, but caucus reform has come to stay. The days of the snap caucus are numbered, and the time gone by when a committee of five chosen by the chairman, of peculiar, but convenient hearing faculties, will bring in a list of delegates. Primary meetings will, in the near future, be as much an expression of public opinion within a party as the vote on an election day in a test of it between parties.

"The caucus bill, when considered section by section, seems complicated, as all laws relating to elections do. But the provisions which are mandatory, and which affect the voters, are very simple indeed.

"Caucuses for state, congressional and county conventions must be held throughout the state on one of two consecutive days. So must caucuses to chose delegates to representative, senatorial and county conventions to be held on one of two consecutive days. Such caucuses are to be called by the state central committee at least three weeks before being held. Town and city committees must give public notice of the caucus of at least seven days, designating which of the two days the caucus shall be held, and stating time and place.

"Cities and towns must furnish polling places at the expense of the municipalities and provision is made for keeping the polls open at least 30 minutes. The remaining compulsory provisions of the bill are mainly directions to political committees. The permissive part of the bill relates mainly to the use of the Australian system of voting in caucuses as it is now used at elections.

"This portion of the bill is substantially an adaptation of the Boston caucus rules which have been found to work very satisfactorily. Of course there are some things in this measure that I would have different, but I am surprised that so good a bill has become a law. There is no more difficult legislative work than to reach an agreement on a caucus law.

"The results of a fair open political fight are decisive, because their results are accepted. But tricks and frauds in the caucuses that have been possible under the old caucus system, or rather the lack of system, invariably breed disastrous dissensions and promote party factions.

"A fair trial of this law will so change the conduct and management of primary meetings that we shall all wonder that we ever submitted to the haphazard and unfair methods which have so long prevailed in nominating candidates for public offices."

STABBING AFFRAY

Which Occurred on the South Common on the Fourth.

Henry Desmarais, Philip Dumond and Leon Dumond, lives with their wives on Davidson street, in Belvidere. On the Fourth of July the South common was the center of interest for many people, and among the throng gathered there were the above named parties.

They sought a shady spot and sat there watching the sights. Desmarais and Leon Dumond grew weary of sitting, and in order to shake off monotony started for a walk. They had proceeded but a short way when a man coming in the opposite direction bumped up against Desmarais. The latter pushed away the intruder, and pushed him away again when he returned. Desmarais then turned to go toward his wife when the stranger stabbed him with a knife, the weapon entering between the eighth and ninth ribs and making a two inch wound.

Desmarais turned around just in time to see his assailant preparing to make a second thrust. When he saw the danger of his position, he kicked the man and then went over and sat down by his wife. Pretty soon the assailant came along with another man, and pulling off his coat shouted, "There they are the ——." A crowd gathered and further trouble was avoided by the appearance of the police.

Charged With Assault.

Yesterday afternoon, Inspectors Laflamme and Allen arrested John J. Riley, who is accused by Desmarais of having committed the assault. Riley lives on Fulton street and is employed in the Massachusetts mills.

He denies all knowledge of the stabbing, and says that on the Fourth, he was on the South common with his three children.

Desmarais says that the man who assaulted him was drunk, while Riley claims he never drinks.

Hosiery Business Brisk.

Business is booming at the Lowell and Lawrence companies hosieries to all appearances.

In the former employes are working noons and overtime. The Lawrence hosiery was never putting out a larger amount of hosiery and underwear than at present. Surely the black clouds are breaking and the silver lining is being seen.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Get all your printing done at THE SUN office

LATEST

USE FORCE

Imperative Orders Issued by War Department.

GENS. MERRITT AND OTIS MUST OPEN ROADS.

No More Delay of United States Mails.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The war department has its "dander" up. Gen. Schofield today telegraphed Gen. Merritt at St. Paul and Gen. Otis at Vancouver barracks to use force to open the roads for the passage of mails and to send their troops out to do it. If there are not enough troops more will be sent. The war department will fight to open roads.

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD.

PRES. GOMPERS MAY ORDER OUT LABOR UNIONS.

More Serious Aspect of Strike in Chicago—Crisis Expected by Tomorrow.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—President Gompers will be here tomorrow to confer with the strike managers. It is thought he will call out all organized labor in the city.

Injunction Against Debs.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The government has served an injunction on Pres. Debs this noon, restraining him from inciting a strike or taking part in the present trouble.

100,000 OUT OF WORK.

Effect of the Strike on Chicago's Establishments.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—An exhaustive canvass of the industrial concerns of the city reveals an appalling state of affairs and warrants the statement that today 75 per cent. of them will stop their machinery and keep it so until the embargo on traffic is raised.

The effect will be to throw into idleness upward of 100,000 workers.

Deputies Are Powerless.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SPOKANE, Wash., July 7.—Strikers here have commenced tearing up the Northern Pacific tracks east of the city. Nearly 1000 men are removing the rails and scattering the ties. The deputies seem powerless to act. The sympathy of the community is with the strikers and the city is in perfect turmoil. Troops have been ordered from Fort Sherman.

Firemen Hard Pushed.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—For the 24 hours ending at midnight 62 fire alarm calls from burning railroad property, nearly all being on the South side.

Several times railroad shops were on fire.

The strain was great on the fire department, and at the headquarters in the city hall a double force of operators was at work.

Chief Sweenie said last night it was a question whether the firemen on the South side could hold out if such wholesale incendiaries continued.

Will Not Strike.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

COLD SPRINGS, Col., July 7—The railway men on the Colorado division of the A. R. U., decided 27 to 67 in committee not to strike. This is important action as the division represents the tributaries of railroads between the west and Chicago.

No Western Mails.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, July 7.—The big strike is interfering with western mails. The Chicago mail was four hours late and no mails west of Chicago have come in for seven days.

Another Riot Today.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7. — Shortly after 11 o'clock today a mob of 500 men tore up the Panhandle road tracks at 53d street. The police charged and were met with a volley from revolvers. They were repulsed but charged again and dispersed the crowd.

Strike Still On.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CLEVELAND, July 7.—Not a striker went to work today on any of the roads.

Lawrence's Tax Rate Goes Up.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LAWRENCE, July 7.—The assessors announced today, their tax rate for the year. It is an increase of 80 cents, the rate being $16 per thousand. The valuation is placed at $33,370,900.

Comment on Pres. Debs.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 7.—The Morning Post expresses approval of the attitude of the United States authorities toward the railway troubles in the west.

"The arrest of Debs," it says, "would be a drastic measure, but better calculated than almost any other to end the struggle."

A Successful Firm.

These are not times when a merchant likes to spread out in his business. On the contrary merchants are given to concentrating their plants, yet the enterprising firm of A. E. O'Heir has been constantly increasing their business. He has opened a branch store in Little Canada for furniture and housefurnishings, in new and second hand goods. He will attend to customers just as promptly at the main store, 8 and 10 Merrimack street.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

ON A VACATION.

Judge Frye Takes Judge Hadley's Place on the Police Court Bench.

Judge Hadley started on his vacation today and Judge Frye dispensed justice to those who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the law.

There were fourteen "drunks."

Michael Dillon was given a term of six months in the workhouse; Mary Duffy was sent to jail for two months.

A fine of $5 was imposed upon Della Kennedy and Daniel Collins.

Two were allowed to go on probation and the others were fined $3 each.

John J. Riley who was charged with stabbing Henry Desmarais on the South common July 4, was held in $500 till next Tuesday.

Fred Whitney for non-support of his wife was placed under Officer Tuttle's care on his promise to contribute $2 each week toward the support of his family.

The case of Joseph Kelly and Edward Deneault, who were concerned in the fight on the Lakeview car at 8.30 last evening, was called. The other contestants Louis Mongeau and Nelson Dupuy were also up for trial. Dupuy's eye was tearfully blackened as a result of the "scrap."

Several conductors were called to testify. From their version of the affair it appeared that Dupuy and Mungeau provoked the assault, so they were fined $5 each and Kelly and Deneault were discharged.

UP GO PRICES.

Beef is Taking a Jump Nowadays and the Poor People Will Have to Turn Vegetarians.

A week ago a roast of beef [illegible] by a SUN man cost 20 cents a [illegible] today a similar cut was quoted at 32 [illegible] Sirloin which sold at 22 cents is worth 28; and 25 cent steak 35 cents. Restaurants have begun to put up prices on meat. Pork has increased from three to six cents and even corn beef has risen three cents a pound.

It looks very much as if Lowell people in common with people in other places will turn vegetarians for a while.

No orders for fresh pork will be received by Boston wholesalers after today. Hams have gone up to 13½ and 14 cents per pound at wholesale in Boston, which would mean about 17 cents at retail in Lowell. Beef at noon was reported at 40 cents for good cuts.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of C. Fred Varnum occurred from the residence of his parents, 75 Smith street, yesterday afternoon and the large attendance of relatives and friends of the deceased, testified to the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him. Rev. Dr. J. M. Greene of the Eliot church conducted the services. The bearers were six members of D Company, Second Corps Cadets, of which deceased was a member; they were Privates Edward A. Barnes, Herbert E. Nichols, Fred W. Howard, J. F. Honey, Sergt. George E. Worthen and Harry K. Noyes. There were a large number of floral tributes, the gifts of loving friends, noticeable among which, were a scroll from the members of D Company and a wreath from the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Eliot church. The interment was in the Lowell cemetery.

LOCAL NOTES.

David P. Martin, the well known and popular letter carrier, has started on his vacation.

The Utopia Tennis club took supper at Lakeview, last evening and afterwards listened to "Said Pasha."

On the North common this afternoon, two teams from the Mathew Temperance Institute will play a game of ball.

The Locks & Canals company are building a wooden span bridge over the canal to connect Ford street with Cheever.

This morning the Tremont & Suffolk employes were paid off for the work they did up to Tuesday night last when the mills were shut down.

The two-tenement house on Walker street sold this morning by Simon B. Harris, at auction, was bought by Thomas J. Sanborn of the police force. Price $3625.

Welcome Assembly, Pythian Sisterhood of this city, has been presented with an elegant morocco-bound bible as a gift from Pythian Assembly of Lynn, Mass.

Mayor Pickman, Editor Bayles and William P. Atwood, chemist in the Hamilton, are on a canoe trip down the Ipswich river. Dr. Jennison joined them today, and the trip was continued across Ipswich bay.

The police learned yesterday afternoon that Joseph Ormond, the man who was before the court yesterday, and who refused to say a word when questioned had escaped from the insane department at Tewksbury, last Wednesday. He was sent back to that institution.

DEATHS.

Mary A. Berry, aged 40 years, daughter of Daniel A. Berry, died yesterday at her home in Tyngsboro.

Charles, son of Charles and Monique Belleville, is dead at 7 Hanover street.

Jennie C. Wilton, daughter of John H. and Flora Wilton, died at 64 Lunberg street this morning, aged 3 months and 24 days.

Alfred Foxall, aged 43 years, died this morning at his home, 7 Kennedy street. He leaves a wife and three daughters, one a resident of England. Deceased was a member of Manchester Unity, I. O. O. F.

Mary, wife of James McManus, residing at 110 Lakeview avenue, died yesterday at Fitchburg where she had been visiting. Deceased was 62 years of age and a resident of Lowell for the past 40 years. Her remains will be brought to Lowell this evening and the funeral will take place at 2 p. m. tomorrow.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Row on an Electric.

There was a lively scrimmage on the 8.30 electric car from Lakeview last evening. Among those who boarded the train were four individuals who were considerably under the influence of liquor. They created some loud talk and when near the Navy Yard began to rain blows upon each other.

It was two against two, and the pair who carried the greatest "jag" came out at the small end.

Much blood was spilled and when the car stopped at the Navy Yard the vanquished couple were removed from and taken to the house of a friend, where their wounds were dressed.

The victors continued on to Lakeview only to meet defeat. Here Frank Scott, the Dracut officer and George Dunlap were awaiting them with open arms and returned with them to the police station where they were booked for disturbing the peace and assault and battery. Their names are Joseph Kelley and Edward Denneault.

Carpet Strike Nearly Over.

There is a belief among many of the Carpet mill strikers that the company will soon come to terms and reach some agreement with the operatives. The strikers also claim that the stock of goods on hand when they left work is about run out.

TEXTILE TRADE

Still Fails to Show Much Improvement.

THE BLOCKADE OF RAILROADS IS INJURIOUS

To the Business Interests of the Country.

The interruption of business by the railroad strike has been such that signs, whether bright or gloomy, have little value.

Speculation in products has turned largely upon temporary uncertainties, but meat products have been higher, with a threatened famine here, and the probability that large quantities will be spoiled at Chicago, while improved crop prospects have depressed wheat 1 3-4 cents.

The crop year ends with narrow exports. Though a little larger than of late, the aggregate for the year has been not far from 165,000,000 bushels, flour included, though at the lowest average price ever known. The year's receipts at western ports were about 158,000,000 bushels, against 294,000,000 the previous year.

Cotton promises so well and the stocks in sight here and abroad are so large that speculation for an advance is difficult. With two months of the crop year yet remaining, over 7,350,000 bales have already come in sight, and there is strong promise of a much larger yield this year.

The Industrial World.

The iron industry had not yet recovered from the coal miners' strike when it was seriously interrupted by the blockade of the railroads at the west. A large and somewhat lasting reduction in the demand for iron is the natural consequence of disturbances affecting railway earnings.

The demands for boots and shoes are slightly better as to cheaper grades, particularly of women's goods, and the shipments from the east are at present about equal to last year's.

Textile manufactures do not show improvement, two important cotton mills manufacturing colored goods having stopped indefinitely, while the unsold stock of print cloths at Fall River, Mass., and Providence has reached 1,064,000 pieces, and a downward revision in prices of bleached sheetings is expected. Quite a large number of woolen mills have filled all orders in hand and closed for the present, and in most branches orders fall far below expectations.

Interruption of traffic is felt in these industries, but much more uncertainty exists as to how far foreign goods may be delivered at lower prices than domestic when the new duties take effect, and behind these causes of hesitation lies the fact that with many hands out of work and wages reduced for others and prices of farm products exceedingly low, the buying power of the people is greatly restricted. Minor industries are also affected much in the same way, especially where important changes of duty are expected.

Failures during the week have been 181 in the United States, against 334 last year, and 34 in Canada, against 23 last year, with no important disaster as yet since the new half year began.

England and Immigrants.

LONDON, July 7.—The Marquis of Sailsbury, in the house of lords, introduced a bill increasing the powers of existing laws respecting immigrants. He said that the refusal of the United States to receive destitute foreigners made the pressure upon British shores all the heavier, and that if it was once known that Great Britain had the same powers as the United States in this matter the stream would lessen.

Ate Dogberries.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Two children of Richard Marsh, a girl 9 and boy 5 years old, were sent to Summit to spend the Fourth. While out berrying they picked dogberries and ate them. They were taken sick yesterday; their mother was sent for and attempted to bring them to the city, but both died on the train.

Gave Himself Up.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Richard A. Canfield of Providence surrendered himself to the district attorney yesterday to answer the charge of misdemeanor. Canfield had ignored a summons to appear before the Lexow committee.

"KING OF PERFUMERS."

He is Introduced to the Ladies of Lowell by an Enterprising firm.

The atmosphere in O'Donnell & Gilbride's store is redolent with sweet perfume today. There is a fragrance in the air which reminds one of an orange grove, an apple orchard in bloom or a spice grove in Arabia. The reason is evident when entering the store, for there at the main entrance is a cologne stand presided over by Prof. Leon H. Meyers, "the king of perfumers" as he styles himself. The enterprising firm is always on the lookout for novelties for advertising their goods, and the attraction today and Monday is not of the ordinary sort. Prof. Leon is recommended to Lowell ladies as the finest perfumer in the country. He introduces his own perfumes in a charming style which not only gives information but fragrance. Besides giving to the ladies' samples of his goods—which include every known fragrance in perfumery—he also disposes at a sale, quantities of the cologne at surprisingly low prices. It is a long time since Lowell had a more attractive sale than that commenced today.

Runaway This Afternoon.

There was a lively runaway on Central street this afternoon. A horse attached to a democratic wagon came dashing down Central street and when near the Boston & Maine depot, struck the side of J. P. Dugdale's vehicle. Mr. Dugdale and his son George were on the seat at the time and were thrown violently to the ground.

Mr. Dugdale was badly shaken up and was injured about the left side and leg. The animal continued its mad run until it was captured near Middle street, by "Benny" Maguire.

The License Commission.

The license commission will have a room on the third floor at city hall, adjoining the press club room. The commission will go to Worcester on Monday morning and Mayor Pickman will probably accompany it. Sometime next week the new office will be fitted up.

Who does your printing? THE SUN job print would do it well and save you money.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.

If you care just a little bit abo style and goodness in clothes you'll probably come here for them.

There has to be one place in town where you can get the best, and with becoming modesty we admit that h —and here only—the best in clothing is to be had.

And there's so little difference in cost between the fashionable clothes we sell and the ordinary hackneyed ready-made that we are surprised at it ourselves.

Perhaps we ought to ask more—we've been told so—but on the whole, the "best" at fair prices has been satisfactory to our customers and ourselves.

We'll stick to it.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

BRITANNIA WON.

AMERICAN YACHT VIGILANT LOST BY TIME ALLOWANCE.

Magnificent Race on the Clyde for the Queen's Cup—Details for the Big Race.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

HUNTERS QUAY, Firth of Clyde, July 7.—The Vigilant and Britannia started this morning in the race of the Clyde regatta for the queen's cup.

The weather was superb. The wind was southerly and somewhat softer than on Thursday. There was a mild sea and a slight swell.

The conditions of the race, the course, the rules for rounding the various marks, etc., were the same as on Thursday.

Thousands of spectators line the shores and hundreds of excursion boats filled with sightseers from all parts of the united kingdom were early on the scene.

The starting gun was fired at 10.30.

The Britannia had the better position, and had the weather berth in crossing the line.

The Britannia crossed the line at 10.30.17, and the Vigilant at 10.31.20.

Both yachts bore off to the starboard and lay well inshore prior to putting about. The Britainna headed better than the Vigilant, and fully maintained her lead.

Both boats bore up the channel with every stitch of canvass drawing. The Britannia was closer hauled than the Vigilant, owing to her greater draft.

The Vigilant, off Clock lighthouse, spurted, but the Britannia, lost very little, if any, of her advantage.

The position of the boats favored the Britannia, being a dead beat to windward. The Britannia continued to lead, and at 10 57 broke her tack. The Vigilant followed her example, and exactly a minute later both luffed.

The Britannia, determined to keep the weather berth, put about. Both boats shot into Inverskip bay, and emerging therefrom, the Vigilant had gained slightly.

When three miles from the finish the Vigilant took the lead. She also crossed the line to all appearances the winner, but the time allowance for the Britannio made her the winner by 1 minute 55 seconds over the Vigilant.

FOUR LOWELL CRICKETERS

To Play on the State Team Against the New Yorks.

At the big interstate cricket match between the Massachusetts and New Yorks, four Lowell men will play on the Massachusetts team.

They will be Comber, Jack Smith, Fred and Robert Fairburn.

Lowell sends four splendid all-round players, all being excellent batters and bowlers, and three having records as wicket keepers.

Fred Fairburn started the season with some phenomenal batting, having among his earlier scores, 30, 100 and 109, all not outs. He has a total of 276 runs for seven completed innings, giving him the splendid average of 39.42.

John Smith is another Lowell man, and his record this season is: 11 innings, 2 not out, 215 runs, 23 88 average. His best scores were 56 and 50, both not out. Smith is a brilliant batter and a hard man to displace if allowed to get set.

J. H. Comber of the same club is a player always worthy of a place on a state eleven, as his batting average is generally a good one, and in line with his 39 50 of this season, while his bowling is of the puzzling sort, that has always obtained many wickets for him in great matches.

"Bob" Fairburn, also of Lowell, is a brilliant and all-round man, who last year had a great batting average. He has not begun yet to pile up runs this season, having only 13.70, but he is a player like [illegible] 50 in any match. He and his brother F[illegible] should prove one of the strongest [illegible] tions on the team."

Quality, Not Quantity

THE SIZE Of a newspaper no guarantee of excellence. The public wants quality, not quantity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the padded sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only paper in Lowell receiving The Associated Press, cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

NOW OR NEVER

Time for Labor's Greatest Fight Says Debs.

ORDERS MEN OUT "UNTIL THE VICTORY IS WON."

Success Only a Question of a Few Days.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PITTSBURG, July 7.—The following telegram was received from Pres. Eugene V. Debs last night by Charles Naylor, an organizer of the American railway union, now in this city:

"We have assurance that within 48 hours every labor organization in the country will come to our rescue. The fight is on, and our men are acquitting themselves like heroes. Here and there one weakens, but our case is strengthened by a dozen going out in his place.

"Every true man must quit now and remain out until the fight is won. There can be no halfway ground. Men must be for us or against us.

"Our cause is gaining ground daily, and our success is only a question of a few days.

"Do not falter in this hour; stand erect, proclaim your manhood.

"Labor must win now or never. Our victory will be positive and complete. Whatever happens do not give any credence to rumors and newspaper reports."

FIRE IN PROVIDENCE.

IT CLEANED OUT A BIG BUSINESS BLOCK.

Men Hurt by Falling Walls and Great Loss Result—Fire Broke Out This Forenoon.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

PROVIDENCE, July 7. — The Phenix block, a five-story business structure on lower Westminister street, in the heart of the city, was burned out this morning.

Two alarms brough the reserve department to the scene, and the fire lower doubtless prevented a conflagration. The flames were first seen in the fifth story where there are store rooms for the various tenants.

Wm. Elisbree, a wholesale milliner, and Watchman Benjamin Peck, the latter aged 72, rushed to the top of the building and an explosion of some material unknown, burned Peck so badly that he was at once taken to the hospital. His injuries are of a fatal character.

The entire building was smoked, soaked and all but gutted. The east wall fell and crushed in the roof of the next building, occupied by John McManus, clothing and men's furnishings.

On the Exchange pl. front were A. P. Possner, groceries and varieties; A. J. Sanborn's Son, leather and findings, and the storerooms for the wholesale milliners concerns. Companies B. F. and H. of the 2d regiment, state militia, occupied the fourth floor with its armory. The camp equipment, including tents and some uniforms, were taken out yesterday, preparatory to encampment next week.

The state, however, will lose considerable, as 200 rifles and 100 uniforms are burned.

The personal loss to the soldiery is $2000, with no insurance. The building is owned by Jesse Howard, with loss of $40,000, fully insured. The loss to occupants is upwards of $60,000 about all being well covered by insurance. John McManus, in the adjoining building, was damaged $10,000, fully insured.

Refused to Concur.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

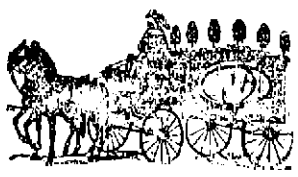
WASHINGTON, July 7.—The ways and means committee refused to concur in the senate amendments on the tariff bill.

Clearance Sale!!!

Now is the time to get your vacation or business suit or trouser, at greatly reduced prices. Best values in the city at Alexander's, importer and tailor, 65 Central street.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,



Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD

FAY'S SCENE

It is Still Agitating the City of Manchester.

WHAT THE BROTHER HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Some Explanations in Regard to the Affair.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 7.—The abduction of Miss Mary Fay, a novice at Mt. St. Mary's convent, by her brother, Hon. Peter A. Fay, of Lowell, in this city, Thursday, occasioned a tremendous sensation which has today reached large proportions and overshadows all other subjects of discussion in public places.

Taking place as it did, on the main street of the city, in front of the largest business block in town, and in the face and eyes of hundreds of people, it could not fail to attract attention and to elicit most extravagant and sensational reports.

The young woman is now 23 years old, and first came to Manchester four years ago, at which time she entered the celebrated academy connected with Mt. St. Mary's convent.

Her people are among the wealthiest Catholic residents of Lowell, and as she is the youngest daughter she is the "baby," the pet of the family.

Naturally nothing was too good for her, and knowing by reputation of the fine school kept by the Sisters of Mercy in this city, it was decided that she should enter the institution and fit herself to occupy any position in life that might come to her.

The full term of school life in Mt. St. Mary's is seven years, but advanced pupils frequently graduate on less time, and in fact very few young ladies, unless they enter at the age of 13 or 15, ever take the full seven years' course.

Miss Fay was a remarkably bright and talented scholar, and she was only in the school two years, graduating with honor.

She oftentimes expressed herself as desirous of becoming a nun, but finding her family a unit in opposition to her desires, and receiving no encouragement from the sisters, she made application for admission to the Manchester training school, and having finished a course of a year and a half graduated from there last month, and then on Monday took at Mt. St. Mary's convent the white veil, the first step in the path of the professed.

Her brother Peter was particularly bitter against her desire to become a nun, and finally obtained from her a promise not to enter the sisterhood.

This promise it is understood Miss Fay claims, was given under duress, and therefore not binding upon her.

When Mr Fay learned of what his sister had done in joining the order, he at once sent a note to the reverend mother superior, demanding that she not only not admit his sister to the order, but that she turn her out of the convent.

To this the latter sent back word that no nun would ever be turned away from the convent, but that any sister who desired to leave could do so at any time.

This was received by Mr. Fay yesterday morning, and he at once came to this city and with the sensational results already rendered.

George D. Fay, a brother of the girl and of the Hon. Peter Fay, is employed by the Granite State Provident association in this city, and in an interview today said:

"My sister Mary has not been well for some time, and what she did last Monday was done when she could not have been in her right mind.

"The young woman has an aged mother and father, four brothers and one sister.

"Our family may appear to be a large one, but not long ago three or four members died.

"My mother felt very much afflicted, and relied for comfort on her children.

"Mary was the pet of the family, and action in taking the veil in the convent in this city was a great blow to mother.

"The entire family was unanimous in its desire that Mary should not go into the convent.

"We heard about six weeks ago that Mary was talking about taking holy orders, and my brother Peter at that time came up here and had a long talk with my sister.

"She finally agreed that she would not enter the convent, and gave us her word of honor.

"Then suddenly we learned that she had taken the first veil, and I so notified the family.

"Peter at once notified the mother superior to release his sister.

"The mother wrote back that Mary was of age and could stay or leave the convent at her will, and that they never turned a nun away from the convent without that nun giving cause for such action.

"When my brother came to Manchester yesterday he was as sober as a judge.

"He is not a drinking man in the common acceptance of the term, and he surely was all right yesterday.

"It was more by advice that he did what took place yesterday. I told him to go up to the convent and try to gain admittance.

"If he failed to get in we to Varick's get a good axe and force his way in.

"If he was arrested I told him I would go on his bail immediately.

"My mother's idea was to take a carriage, take Mary from the convent and drive directly to Lowell.

"That plan was of no avail, from the fact that one of the sisters came down with my sister.

"We have never believed that Mary wanted to go into the convent, anyway, but that she was influenced to do so.

"Only a few months ago she spoke disparagingly of a friend of ours who had taken holy orders in another place, so you can see she did not know her own mind.

"Mary could have gone to Europe this summer if she desired.

"She graduated from the Lowell public high school, and we had heard so much of the excellent instruction at the convent that we concluded that it would do Mary no harm to take a two years' course.

"So we sent her to Manchester and she took the two years' course and afterwards entered the public training school to further fit herself for teaching.

"The first thing we know there were rumors that she was going to enter the convent as a nun, and such a story proved of great concern to the family.

"Of course, we deprecate using force in the matter, but it was necessary that we should do so.

"I was in Lowell last night and saw my sister.

"She appeared very composed and cheerful, although I had not much to say to her.

"She is being closely watched, and I assure you that if she finds her way back to the convent again the same scene that was enacted yesterday will be repeated, and perhaps there will be still more trouble.

"We are very well convinced that if the authorities had had more warning at the convent that my brother was to have done what he did do, there would have been two or three men there to oppose him.

"Fortunately, circumstances helped my brother."

At the convent the affair is greatly regretted, but those in charge do not see how they are in any way to blame for what has happened.

POLITICAL CAUCUSES.

New Law the Most Important One Passed by the Legislature This Year.

The enactment of the caucus reform bill is considered to be the most important law adopted by the present legislature. There are some measures affecting corporate interests which have attracted more public attention, but the immediate and future effect of the caucus bill will be to make radical and improving changes in our election methods. A prominent politician speaking of the law says:

"Curiously enough, although the first caucus was held in Massachusetts, it has never had legal standing. Any methods acceptable to party managers were adopted in them, and it is not strange that abuses have crept in. People not especially interested in the personal fortunes of political candidates have shown their disapproval of the caucus by staying away from them. This was exactly what those who had selfish interests to serve desired. But public attention has been called to the failures and dangers of the caucus system, or rather lack of system, of late, and this new law has received the support of the public and press in a way that shows a demand for it, and indicates a public sentiment that will insist on its enforcement.

"It will take some time for the people to understand that primary political meetings are hereafter to be dignified and fair gatherings of voters, where they can have their voice and vote tell as much as on election day, but the adoption of this law marks the beginning of a great change in Massachusetts politics. There will be no backward steps taken. The history of all such movements shows that an improving election law, once adopted, it is impossible to rescind it.

"This law will require perfecting changes, as all laws do, but caucus reform has come to stay. The days of the snap caucus are numbered, and the time gone by when a committee of five chosen by the chairman, of peculiar, but convenient hearing faculties, will bring in a list of delegates. Primary meetings will, in the near future, be as much an expression of public opinion within a party as the vote on an election day in a test of it between parties.

"The caucus bill, when considered section by section, seems complicated, as all laws relating to elections do. But the provisions which are mandatory, and which affect the voters, are very simple indeed.

"Caucuses for state, congressional and county conventions must be held throughout the state on one of two consecutive days. So must caucuses to chose delegates to representative, senatorial and county conventions to be held on one of two consecutive days. Such caucuses are to be called by the state central committee at least three weeks before being held. Town and city committees must give public notice of the caucus of at least seven days, designating which of the two days the caucus shall be held, and stating time and place.

"Cities and towns must furnish polling places at the expense of the municipalities and provision is made for keeping the polls open at least 30 minutes. The remaining compulsory provisions of the bill are mainly directions to political committees. The permissive part of the bill relates mainly to the use of the Australian system of voting in caucuses as it is now used at elections.

"This portion of the bill is substantially an adaptation of the Boston caucus rules which have been found to work very satisfactorily. Of course there are some things in this measure that I would have different, but I am surprised that so good a bill has become a law. There is no more difficult legislative work than to reach an agreement on a caucus law.

"The results of a fair open political fight are decisive, because their results are accepted. But tricks and frauds in the caucuses that have been possible under the old caucus system, or rather the lack of system, invariably breed disastrous dissensions and promote party factions.

"A fair trial of this law will so change the conduct and management of primary meetings that we shall all wonder that we ever submitted to the haphazard and unfair methods which have so long prevailed in nominating candidates for public offices."

STABBING AFFRAY

Which Occurred on the South Common on the Fourth.

Henry Desmarais, Philip Dumond and Leon Dumond, lives with their wives on Davidson street, in Belvidere. On the Fourth of July the South common was the center of interest for many people, and among the throng gathered there were the above named parties.

They sought a shady spot and sat there watching the sights. Desmarais and Leon Dumond grew weary of sitting, and in order to shake off monotony started for a walk. They had proceeded but a short way when a man coming in the opposite direction bumped up against Desmarais. The latter pushed away the intruder, and pushed him away again when he returned. Desmarais then turned to go toward his wife when the stranger stabbed him with a knife, the weapon entering between the eighth and ninth ribs and making a two inch wound.

Desmarais turned around just in time to see his assailant preparing to make a second thrust. When he saw the danger of his position, he kicked the man and then went over and sat down by his wife. Pretty soon the assailant came along with another man, and pulling off his coat shouted, "There they are the ——." A crowd gathered and further trouble was avoided by the appearance of the police.

Charged With Assault.

Yesterday afternoon, Inspectors Laflamme and Allen arrested John J. Riley, who is accused by Desmarais of having committed the assault. Riley lives on Fulton street and is employed in the Massachusetts mills.

He denies all knowledge of the stabbing, and says that on the Fourth, he was on the South common with his three children.

Desmarais says that the man who assaulted him was drunk, while Riley claims he never drinks.

Hosiery Business Brisk.

Business is booming at the Lowell and Lawrence companies hosieries to all appearances.

In the former employes are working noons and overtime. The Lawrence hosiery was never putting out a larger amount of hosiery and underwear than at present. Surely the black clouds are breaking and the silver lining is being seen.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Get all your printing done at THE SUN office

LATEST

USE FORCE

Imperative Orders Issued by War Department.

GENS. MERRITT AND OTIS MUST OPEN ROADS.

No More Delay of United States Mails.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The war department has its "dander" up. Gen. Schofield today telegraphed Gen. Merritt at St. Paul and Gen. Otis at Vancouver barracks to use force to open the roads for the passage of mails and to send their troops out to do it. If there are not enough troops more will be sent. The war department will fight to open roads.

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD.

PRES. GOMPERS MAY ORDER OUT LABOR UNIONS.

More Serious Aspect of Strike in Chicago —Crisis Expected by Tomorrow.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—President Gompers will be here tomorrow to confer with the strike managers. It is thought he will call out all organized labor in the city.

Injunction Against Debs.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The government has served an injunction on Pres. Debs this noon, restraining him from inciting a strike or taking part in the present trouble.

100,000 OUT OF WORK.

Effect of the Strike on Chicago's Establishments.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—An exhaustive canvass of the industrial concerns of the city reveals an appalling state of affairs and warrants the statement that today 75 per cent. of them will stop their machinery and keep it so until the embargo on traffic is raised.

The effect will be to throw into idleness upward of 100,000 workers.

Deputies Are Powerless.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SPOKANE, Wash., July 7.—Strikers here have commenced tearing up the Northern Pacific tracks east of the city. Nearly 1000 men are removing the rails and scattering the ties. The deputies seem powerless to act. The sympathy of the community is with the strikers and the city is in perfect turmoil. Troops have been ordered from Fort Sherman.

Firemen Hard Pushed.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—For the 24 hours ending at midnight 62 fire alarm calls from burning railroad property, nearly all being on the South side.

Several times railroad shops were on fire.

The strain was great on the fire department, and at the headquarters in the city hall a double force of operators was at work.

Chief Sweenie said last night it was a question whether the firemen on the South side could hold out if such wholesale incendiaries continued.

Will Not Strike.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

COLD SPRINGS, Col., July 7—The railway men on the Colorado division of the A. R. U., decided 27 to 07 in committee not to strike. This is important action as the division represents the tributaries of railroads between the west and Chicago.

No Western Mails.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, July 7.—The big strike is interfering with western mails. The Chicago mail was four hours late and no mails west of Chicago have come in for seven days.

Another Riot Today.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Shortly after 11 o'clock today a mob of 500 men tore up the Panhandle road tracks at 53 I street. The police charged and were met with a volley from revolvers. They were repulsed but charged again and dispersed the crowd.

Strike Still On.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CLEVELAND, July 7.—Not a striker went to work today on any of the roads.

Lawrence's Tax Rate Goes Up.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LAWRENCE, July 7.—The assessors announced today, their tax rate for the year. It is an increase of 80 cents, the rate being $16 per thousand. The valuation is placed at $33,370,600.

Comment on Pres. Debs.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 7.—The Morning Post expresses approval of the attitude of the United States authorities toward the railway troubles in the west.

"The arrest of Debs," it says, "would be a drastic measure, but better calculated than almost any other to end the struggle."

A Successful Firm.

These are not times when a merchant likes to spread out in his business. On the contrary merchants are given to concentrating their plants, yet the enterprising firm of A. E. O'Heir has been constantly increasing their business. He has opened a branch store in Little Canada for furniture and housefurnishings, in new and second hand goods. He will attend to customers just as promptly at the main store, 8 and 10 Merrimack street.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

ON A VACATION.

Judge Frye Takes Judge Hadley's Place on the Police Court Bench.

Judge Hadley started on his vacation today and Judge Frye dispensed justice to those who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the law.

There were fourteen "drunks."

Michael Dillon was given a term of six months in the workhouse; Mary Duffy was sent to jail for two months.

A fine of $5 was imposed upon Della Kennedy and Daniel Collins.

Two were allowed to go on probation and the others were fined $3 each.

John J. Riley who was charged with stabbing Henry Desmarais on the South common July 4, was held in $600 till next Tuesday.

Fred Whitney for non-support of his wife was placed under Officer Tuttle's care on his promise to contribute $2 each week toward the support of his family.

The case of Joseph Kelly and Edward Deneault, who were concerned in the fight on the Lakeview car at 8.30 last evening, was called. The other contestants Louis Mongeau and Nelson Dupuy were also up for trial. Dupuy's eye was fearfully blackened as a result of the "scrap."

Several conductors were called to testify. From their version of the affair it appeared that Dupuy and Mungeau provoked the assault, so they were fined $5 each and Kelly and Deneault were discharged.

UP GO PRICES.

Beef is Taking a Jump Nowadays and the Poor People Will Have to Turn Vegetarians.

A week ago a roast of beef bought by a SUN man cost 20 cents a [illegible] today a similar cut was quoted at 32 [illegible] Sirloin which sold at 22 cents is worth 28; and 25 cent steak 35 cents. Restaurants have begun to put up prices on meat. Pork has increased from three to six cents and even corn beef has risen three cents a pound.

It looks very much as if Lowell people in common with people in other places will turn vegetarians for a while.

No orders for fresh pork will be received by Boston wholesalers after today. Hams have gone up to 13¾ and 14 cents per pound at wholesale in Boston, which would mean about 17 cents at retail in Lowell. Beef at noon was reported at 40 cents for good cuts.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of C. Fred Varnum occurred from the residence of his parents, 75 Smith street, yesterday afternoon and the large attendance of relatives and friends of the deceased, testified to the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him. Rev. Dr. J. M. Greene of the Eliot church conducted the services. The bearers were six members of D Company, Second Corps Cadets, of which deceased was a member; they were Privates Edward A. Barnes, Herbert E. Nichols, Fred W. Howard, J. F. Honey, Sergt. George E. Worthen and Harry K. Noyes. There were a large number of floral tributes, the gifts of loving friends, noticeable among which were a scroll from the members of D Company and a wreath from the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Eliot church. The interment was in the Lowell cemetery.

LOCAL NOTES.

David P. Marlin, the well known and popular letter carrier, has started on his vacation.

The Utopia Tennis club took supper at Lakeview, last evening and afterwards listened to "Said Pasha."

On the North common this afternoon, two teams from the Mathew Temperance Institute will play a game of ball.

The Locks & Canals company are building a wooden span bridge over the canal to connect Ford street with Cheever.

This morning the Tremont & Suffolk employes were paid off for the work they did up to Tuesday night last when the mills were shut down.

The two-tenement house on Walker street sold this morning by Simon B. Harris, at auction, was bought by Thomas J. Sanborn of the police force. Price $3625.

Welcome Assembly, Pythian Sisterhood of this city, has been presented with an elegant morocco-bound bible as a gift from Pythian Assembly of Lynn, Mass.

Mayor Pickman, Editor Bayles and William P. Atwood, chemist in the Hamilton, are on a canoe trip down the Ipswich river. Dr. Jennison joined them today, and the trip was continued across Ipswich bay.

The police learned yesterday afternoon that Joseph Ormond, the man who was before the court yesterday, and who refused to say a word when questioned had escaped from the insane department at Tewksbury, last Wednesday. He was sent back to that institution.

DEATHS.

Mary A. Berry, aged 40 years, daughter of Daniel A. Berry, died yesterday at her home in Tyngsboro.

Charles, son of Charles and Monique Belleville, is dead at 7 Hanover street.

Jennie C. Wilton, daughter of John H. and Flora Wilton, died at 64 Lunberg street this morning, aged 3 months and 24 days.

Alfred Foxall, aged 42 years, died this morning at his home, 7 Kennedy street. He leaves a wife and three daughters, one a resident of England. Deceased was a member of Manchester Unity, I. O. O. F.

Mary, wife of James McManus, residing at 110 Lakeview avenue, died yesterday at Fitchburg where she had been visiting. Deceased was 62 years of age and a resident of Lowell for the past 46 years. Her remains will be brought to Lowell this evening and the funeral will take place at 2 p. m. tomorrow.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Row on an Electric.

There was a lively scrimmage on the 8.30 electric car from Lakeview last evening. Among those who boarded the train were four individuals who were considerably under the influence of liquor. They created some loud talk and when near the Navy Yard began to rain blows upon each other.

It was two against two, and the pair who carried the greatest "jag" came out at the small end.

Much blood was spilled and when the car stopped at the Navy Yard the vanquished couple were removed from and taken to the house of a friend, where their wounds were dressed.

The victors continued on to Lakeview only to meet defeat. Here Frank Scott, the Dracut officer and George Dunlap were awaiting them with open arms and returned with them to the police station where they were booked for disturbing the peace and assault and battery. Their names are Joseph Kelley and Edward Deneault.

Carpet Strike Nearly Over.

There is a belief among many of the Carpet mill strikers that the company will soon come to terms and reach some agreement with the operatives. The strikers also claim that the stock of goods on hand when they left work is about run out.

TEXTILE TRADE

Still Fails to Show Much Improvement.

THE BLOCKADE OF RAILROADS IS INJURIOUS

To the Business Interests of the Country.

The interruption of business by the railroad strike has been such that signs, whether bright or gloomy, have little value.

Speculation in products has turned largely upon temporary uncertainties, but meat products have been higher, with a threatened famine here, and the probability that large quantities will be spoiled at Chicago, while improved crop prospects have depressed wheat 1 3-4 cents.

The crop year ends with narrow exports. Though a little larger than of late, the aggregate for the year has been not far from 165,000,000 bushels, flour included, though at the lowest average price ever known. The year's receipts at western ports were about 168,000,000 bushels, against 294,000,000 the previous year.

Cotton promises so well and the stocks in sight here and abroad are so large that speculation for an advance is difficult. With two months of the crop year yet remaining, over 7,850,000 bales have already come in sight, and there is strong promise of a much larger yield this year.

The Industrial World.

The iron industry had not yet recovered from the coal miners' strike when it was seriously interrupted by the blockade of the railroads at the west. A large and somewhat lasting reduction in the demand for iron is the natural consequence of disturbances affecting railway earnings.

The demands for boots and shoes are slightly better as to cheaper grades, particularly of women's goods, and the shipments from the east are at present about equal to last year's.

Textile manufactures do not show improvement, two important cotton mills manufacturing colored goods having stopped indefinitely, while the unsold stock of print cloths at Fall River, Mass., and Providence has reached 1,064,000 pieces, and a downward revision in prices of bleached sheetings is expected. Quite a large number of woolen mills have filled all orders in hand and closed for the present, and in most branches orders fall far below expectations.

Interruption of traffic is felt in these industries, but much more uncertainty exists as to how far foreign goods may be delivered at lower prices than domestic when the new duties take effect, and behind these causes of hesitation lies the fact that with many hands out of work and wages reduced for others and prices of farm products exceedingly low, the buying power of the people is greatly restricted. Minor industries are also affected much in the same way, especially where important changes of duty are expected.

Failures during the week have been 181 in the United States, against 134 last year, and 34 in Canada, against 23 last year, with no important disaster as yet since the new half year began.

England and Immigrants.

LONDON, July 7.—The Marquis of Salisbury, in the house of lords, introduced a bill increasing the powers of existing laws respecting immigrants. He said that the refusal of the United States to receive destitute foreigners made the pressure upon British shores all the heavier, and that if it was once known that Great Britain had the same powers as the United States in this matter the stream would lessen.

Ate Dogberries.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Two children of Richard Marsh, a girl 9 and boy 5 years old, were sent to Summit to spend the Fourth. While out berrying they picked dogberries and ate them. They were taken sick yesterday; their mother was sent for and attempted to bring them to the city, but both died on the train.

Gave Himself Up.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Richard A. Canfield of Providence surrendered himself to the district attorney yesterday to answer the charge of misdemeanor. Canfield had ignored a summons to appear before the Lexow committee.

"KING OF PERFUMERS."

He Is Introduced to the Ladies of Lowell by an Enterprising Firm.

The atmosphere in O'Donnell & Gilbride's store is redolent with sweet perfume today. There is a fragrance in the air which reminds one of an orange grove, an apple orchard in bloom or a spice grove in Arabia. The reason is evident when entering the store, for there at the main entrance is a cologne stand presided over by Prof. Leon H. Moyers, "the king of perfumers" as he styles himself. The enterprising firm is always on the lookout for novelties for advertising their goods, and the attraction today and Monday is not of the ordinary sort. Prof. Leon is recommended to Lowell ladies as the finest perfumer in the country. He introduces his own perfumes in a charming style which not only gives information but fragrance. Besides giving to the ladies' samples of his goods—which include every known fragrance in perfumery—he also disposes at a sale, quantities of the cologne at surprisingly low prices. It is a long time since Lowell had a more attractive sale than that commenced today.

Runaway This Afternoon.

There was a lively runaway on Central street this afternoon. A horse attached to a democratic wagon came dashing down Central street and when near the Boston & Maine depot, struck the side of J. P. Dugdale's vehicle. Mr. Dugdale and his son George were on the seat at the time and were thrown violently to the ground.

Mr. Dugdale was badly shaken up and was injured about the left side and leg. The animal continued its mad run until it was captured near Middle street, by "Benny" Magnire.

The License Commission.

The license commission will have a room on the third floor at city hall, adjoining the press club room. The commission will go to Worcester on Monday morning and Mayor Pickman will probably accompany it. Sometime next week the new office will be fitted up.

Who does your printing? THE SUN job print would do it well and save you money.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.

If you care just a little bit abo style and goodness in clothes you'll probably come here for them.

There has to be one place in town where you can get the best, and with becoming modesty we admit that h —and here only—the best in clothing is to be had.

And there's so little difference in cost between the fashionable clothes we sell and the ordinary hackneyed ready-made that we are surprised at it ourselves.

Perhaps we ought to ask more—we've been told so—but on the whole, the "best" at fair prices has been satisfactory to our customers and ourselves.

We'll stick to it.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

BRITANNIA WON.

AMERICAN YACHT VIGILANT LOST BY TIME ALLOWANCE.

Magnificent Race on the Clyde for the Queen's Cup—Details for the Big Race.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

HUNTERS QUAY, Firth of Clyde, July 7.—The Vigilant and Britannia started this morning in the race of the Clyde regatta for the queen's cup.

The weather was superb. The wind was southerly and somewhat softer than on Thursday. There was a mild sea and a slight swell.

The conditions of the race, the course, the rules for rounding the various marks, etc., were the same as on Thursday.

Thousands of spectators line the shores and hundreds of excursion boats filled with sightseers from all parts of the united kingdom were early on the scene.

The starting gun was fired at 10.30.

The Britannia had the better position, and had the weather berth in crossing the line.

The Britannia crossed the line at 10.30.-17, and the Vigilant at 10.31.20.

Both yachts bore off to the starboard and lay well inshore prior to putting about. The Britannia headed better than the Vigilant, and fully maintained her lead.

Both boats bore up the channel with every stitch of canvass drawing. The Britannia was closer hauled than the Vigilant, owing to her greater draft.

The Vigilant, off Clock lighthouse, spurted, but the Britannia, lost very little, if any, of her advantage.

The position of the boats favored the Britannia, being a dead beat to windward. The Britannia continued to lead, and at 10.57 broke her tack. The Vigilant followed her example, and exactly a minute later both luffed.

The Britannia, determined to keep the weather berth, put about. Both boats shot into Inverskip bay, and emerging therefrom, the Vigilant had gained slightly.

When three miles from the finish the Vigilant took the lead. She also crossed the line to all appearances the winner, but the time allowance for the Britannia made her the winner by 1 minute 55 seconds over the Vigilant.

FOUR LOWELL CRICKETERS

To Play on the State Team Against the New Yorks.

At the big interstate cricket match between the Massachusetts and New Yorks, four Lowell men will play on the Massachusetts team.

They will be Comber, Jack Smith, Fred and Robert Fairburn.

Lowell sends four splendid all-round players, all being excellent batters and bowlers, and three having records as wicket keepers.

Fred Fairburn started the season with some phenomenal batting, having among his earlier scores, 30, 100 and 109, all not outs. He has a total of 270 runs for seven completed innings, giving him the splendid average of 39.42.

John Smith is another Lowell man, and his record this season is: 11 innings, 2 not out, 215 runs, 23.88 average. His best scores were 56 and 50, both not out. Smith is a brilliant batter and a hard man to dislodge if allowed to get set.

J. H. Comber of the same club is a player always worthy of a place on a state eleven, as his batting average is generally a good one, and in line with his 19.50 of this season, while his bowling is of the puzzling sort, that has always obtained many wickets for him in great matches.

"Bob" Fairburn, also of Lowell, is a brilliant and all-round man, who last year had a great batting average. He has not begun yet to pile up runs this season, being only 13.70, but he is a player likely to [illegible] 50 in any match. He and his brother [illegible] should prove one of the strongest combinations on the team."

Quality, Not Quantity

THE SIZE Of a newspaper is no guarantee of excellence. The public wants quality, not quantity, in a newspaper. News that is old is not improved by spreading it over a large number of pages, where the reader must hunt to find it. You can read in the paid sheets tomorrow much of what you see in THE SUN today.

A SHAM UNMASKED.

A Model Town and Exemplary Lord Found to be Frauds.

The Feudal System Transplanted to Illinois and Nutured Under the Cloak of Philanthropy—A Man Who Buys Titles and Starves His Employees.

In the Anthropological building at Jackson park last summer there was on exhibition a model of a model town. There were, in miniature, white streets, convenient market buildings, graceful theaters, neat churches, exemplary schoolhouses, rows of green trees, plots of soft grass, straight lines of cottages "containing all the modern improvements" of a town which is more or less known in all parts of the world. It attracted the attention of thousands of visitors as illustrating the possibilities in the way of a perfect workingman's town.

At various periods also the leading magazines of the country have printed elaborate articles on the same town, with excellent illustrations and full description of the plans and workings of the enterprise. Many people entering Chicago from that direction, riding through the well laid out village, have admired its beauty and applauded its founder. This great man, who has been heralded throughout the world as a philanthropist and a benefactor of his race, is George M. Pullman, and the town, named after him, is Pullman.

A few people have always understood the true inwardness of this apparent philanthropic scheme. But today the roof is being removed from the pretty eleemosynary enterprise and an inclosed bit of old feudalist slavery opened to the gaze of the world, as despotic and oppressive as any that ever existed. Pullman is a wise man. He did not pose as a philanthropist, but simply disdained to refuse the soft mantle when others threw it around him. He knew how to roll up money faster, to get greater results out of working men in less time and for less expenditure, than any other man that ever tried it. That was all.

The town of Pullman is very pretty to look at. The streets are smooth and clean, the public buildings are of the best architectural order and placed where they are most convenient to the resident streets around them, the cottages are neat and conveniently arranged, and there is plenty of good light and air. The citizens have every appearance of actually enjoying the benefits of civilization as well as their employers. If people could live, toil and keep well on light, air and architectural beauty, this might be a happy village. But, alas! its actual condition is far from happy.

The Pullman company owns every inch of the place, streets, parks, halls, theater, churches, homes and all. Not a spot of land is for sale or could be bought at any price. When it was first laid out, workingmen from all parts of the country were induced to come to it by promise of high wages and homes in as beautiful a place as common laborers should expect to enjoy. The first thing each man had to do on entering the employ of the company was to sign a paper called an "application sheet," but which was in reality a "cutthroat" lease—a bond of slavery secured by a threat of starvation and homelessness. He was then given the choice of houses at rates that would startle him even in the center of Chicago—for instance, three small rooms for $14, besides 60 cents a month for the use of a faucet which three other families used and paid for, and gas at the same exorbitant rate.

The wages out of which these expenses must be paid have never amounted to $5 a day to any actual laborer, as was in the first place promised. A fine steel toolmaker used to receive $3.50 a day. His wages have been slashed little by little until during the past year he has received no more than $1.85 a day—$42 a month. Less than $27 had to feed, clothe and educate a family for a month. Hardworking men require an abundance of nourishing food, but one can imagine whether these had it, with families of five and six on their hands. It is an actual fact that for the last two years the dinner pails of these skilled, hardworking men have not contained sufficient food to keep the pangs of hunger from tormenting them all day long as they toiled. Their children have not been able to remain in school for want of books and clothing. Their cottages are bare of furniture. Many and many a stove in the sitting rooms of these homes remained black and cold all last winter, while never a light glowed from the front windows to brighten the streets of the "model town." Many and many a child and feeble old father or mother shivered through the dreary winter months for want of sufficient warm clothing and fires at the very time the head of the household was toiling with all his wonderful skill and strength for their support. This is true of the better paid workmen—those who aspired to live respectably and scorned the idea of ever receiving charity. What must have been the conditions of the cheaper laborers—those who at first received $1.50 per day, then $1.25, then $1.10 and finally were compelled to work and subsist on 90 cents a day? It is too harrowing to try to picture. The workingman who by any misfortune or sickness failed to earn his monthly pittance and deliver over the periodical price levied on him for existing has been mercilessly set out in the street with his family and belongings to die there, to lose his little property or to live as best he could.

Just outside the property of the Pullman company good cottages and flats rent from $8 to $12 a month. Had one of the employees rented one of these he would have been discharged the next day. "It was not a threat; it was simply understood," said one workingman. The company carefully evaded the state laws against the truck system. The employee actually held in his hand for the period of about two minutes checks to the full amount of his wages. There were two—one had to be indorsed and passed in at another window for rent, water and light before the holder went out of the office; the other must settle accounts at the store or not another item would be credited. Many a time there would not be a cent remaining out of a month's hard toil. Ostensibly the stores were not owned by the company. In reality they were and are completely under its control.

At last, under such a condition of affairs, the men came to a point where it was a question whether it were better to work and starve or lie idle and run the risk of starving. They have chosen the latter. The works at Pullman are silent and black, the men wander sadly about the streets, and palefaced women and children wait sorrowfully but patiently at home. Great, strong men go meekly up to the relief quarters and receive a few pounds of flour and bits of meat from the charitable white hands of women who never did anything useful before. They are peaceable and patient. They say they will protect Pullman's property at the risk of their lives; that they will be the first and fiercest to avenge a violent act against him or his possessions, and so they await the time that he, with his limitless wealth and unchecked arrogance, will be subdued and yield to their respectful demands.

Meanwhile Mr. Pullman, calmly secure in his faith in the fealty of his subjects, scarcely bothers himself about the strike. He has become, through the labor of his men, so rich that he cannot count his wealth. He loves the country that protects him in his methods of accumulating property so little that he went abroad and bought a bauble of a title from a corrupt old monarchy and proverbially seeks luxurious ways of spending his money in foreign lands. Yet, so sure is he of the meek respectfulness of the American workingman, so disdainful is he of their interests, that he will not even confer with them and pushes temptation in their way by running his property under their very noses with no other protection but what he expects from them. And the men remain quiet and firm, saying, "We will stand out until charity and health desert us or the company comes to terms, even if Pullman is made a pauper."

It may be that men really expect to reduce such a man to pauperism by such means. It may be considered more "American" for strong, skillful men to receive charity humbly from relief quarters than to bravely fight for their own by any means in their power. But when one considers what our forefathers, who laid the foundations of all that is "American," would have done under such conditions a reasonable doubt cannot but creep in.

There is an almost unexpressed acknowledgment of a terrible, a dangerous state of affairs all over the industrial world in the attitude of the plutocratic classes; almost an appeal for mercy in the wise sounding advice given to striking workmen to refrain from violence; a guilty, terror stricken undertone in all recent discussions on economics. There is no stability in existing systems. Working people may for some time yet be kept quiet under injustice by the cry of law and order. But it depends on the wisdom and farsightedness of the wealthy employing classes; the possibilities of a peaceful solution lie with them.

The giant labor will not always sleep.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Slavery of Two Kinds.

Yes, there is a difference between the great American freeman who works for wages and the chattel slave of long ago.

The master had to feed, clothe and care for the slave whether he had work or not. They don't have to do that with the wage slave.

The master had to hunt up slaves and buy them. The wage slaves hunt up a master and offer themselves for a bare existence.

The black slave was put up to the highest bidder. The wage slave puts himself up and underbids his fellows for the privilege of work.

The black slave never had any fear of want. The wage slave lives in continued dread of it.

The slave had a permanent job at a certain price. The wage slave never has a permanent job and at an ever decreasing pay.

The black slave was seldom overworked to his injury. The wage slave is habitually worked to the uttermost, regardless of health.

The black slave was never forced to imperil his life in battle—the master did the fighting. The wage slave is hired to go out and get shot when the employers have a difficulty.

Yes, there is a difference, but altogether in the favor of chattel slavery.

Great, free Americans! Well, just a few.—Coming Nation.

Where the Real Danger Is.

Now that Coxey and Browne and Christopher Columbus Jones have been made the victims of every indignity to which the law subjects felons and persons guilty of infamous crimes, now that they have been dragged through the streets of the nation's capital in irons, hauled to jail in the black maria and put to work on the governmental stone pile, it is likely that the timorous legislators and officials at Washington, who have been in a blue funk ever since the commonweal got east of the Ohio river, may regain courage, unbar their doors and come out into the light again. But persons of clearer vision will see in this cavalier treatment of the commonweal leaders on the part of the government much more of real danger to republican institutions and to the country than was threatened in Coxey's army or Coxey's desire to make a speech within the sacred precincts of the capitol grounds.—Chicago Times.

Calls For Special Notice.

The spectacle of a rich corporation voluntarily and unexpectedly advancing the wages of its employees is so rare that it calls for special notice. The company operating the Third avenue traction railway is credited with such generosity. The reported advance of wages to conductors and motormen is a little more than 11 per cent, and it will benefit about 500 men.

Other corporations employing large numbers of workers might profitably study the effect of this experiment. It is said that the employees of the road are not only highly pleased by the considerateness of the company, but that they are profuse in expressions of fealty to its interests. This feeling is a natural result of fair and generous treatment. Let employees understand that their work is appreciated, and that their employers are willing to live up to the profession that "labor and capital are one," and the era of strikes will end.

As a rule, however, there is proof of the fitness of the saying that "corporations have no souls." The cardinal principle usually is, "The most work for the least wages." A depression in value is seized upon as an excuse for reducing wages, but an advance brings no voluntary offer of higher pay for labor. Workingmen rarely get advances without fighting for them.—New York News.

Conspiring Against the Law.

The Ellis island authorities have discovered what they believe to be a well planned and systematic conspiracy on the part of one of the large transatlantic steamship companies to evade the immigration laws and assist alien steerage passengers who would not be allowed to land into this country.

The company alleged to have offended is the Netherlands-American Steamship Navigation company, whose vessels carry the United States mail and sail from Amsterdam and Rotterdam, touching at Boulogne, France. This company, the Ellis island officials assert, has, through its employees on the steamship Amsterdam, instructed immigrants who were not properly qualified to pass the examination of the immigration inspector how to answer the questions put to them and mislead the officials.

This instruction, it is alleged, consists of a set of questions and answers formulated more particularly to evade the provisions of the contract labor law. A class of ineligible immigrants is alleged to have been formed, and its members required to learn these questions and answers both in English and German.

What Is a Sweater?

The word "sweater" derives its origin from the Anglo-Saxon word swat and means the separation or extraction of toil from others for one's own benefit. Any person who employs others to extract from them surplus labor without compensation is a sweater. A middleman sweater is a person who acts as contractor of such labor for another man. The position becomes aggravated when the middleman sweater, as is usually the case in the modern sweatshop, employs the labor himself at his own house for the purpose of extracting a double amount of labor either by lowering wages or working longer hours.

An English writer gives this definition of the sweating system: "One whereby the middleman tries to get the largest profit with the least labor and outlay out of the maximum labor of his workers." Another gives three definitions: "First, one who grinds the face of the poor; second, a man who contributes neither capital, skill nor speculation and yet gets a profit; third, a middleman." Still another describes it as a systematized payment of unfair wages.—Rev. Louis A. Banks.

Their Interests Are the Same.

It is absurd to talk of any large body of American or Irish-American citizens hating the English or any other people. Whatever governments may have done in the past, the interests of "the people" in every country are the same. They all desire to live out their span of life as comfortably as may be. The American workman who lives by his brain or his hands is not gratified to know that his fellow laborer in Great Britain is suffering from hard times. The mechanic in Leeds or Sheffield is not the happier because the mechanic in New York or Pittsburg is enduring the miseries of a strike or a lockout.

The interest of one workman is the interest of all workmen the world over, and as labor is the lot of 90 per cent of the world's population it is an impudent falsehood to proclaim that the people of any one country entertain bad or bitter feeling toward the people of any other country.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Principles of the "Labor Church."

Lynn, Mass., has a "labor church," founded by the Rev. Herbert N. Casson. Its principles are these.

First—God is the cause and strength of the labor movement, and whatever institution or individual opposes the labor movement opposes him.

Second—All who are working for the abolition of wage slavery are, consciously or unconsciously, working together with him, and are therefore members of the real church.

Third—The improvement of personal character and of social conditions are both necessary to secure freedom from moral and social bondage.

Fourth—All that is good in the present Christian church and in the history of our country is on the side of the workingman in his struggle for justice and brotherhood.

The Pressing Problem.

In a speech in London recently Lord Salisbury said that among the many problems which were pressing for solution the labor problem was perhaps the most conspicuous. It was causing general uneasiness and anxiety. While the population of the country grew constantly, the means of employment did not increase with equal rapidity.

A Short Creed.

A young man said to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then," said the doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."—A. Helps.

A Negative Victory.

Bates—Do you try to break your boy's will?

Rates—No; it's all I can do to break his won't!—Kate Field's Washington.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR AN APPETIZING DISH.

Various Recipes for Domestic Use—How to Restore Faded Writing—Cleaning Oil Paintings.

Select tomatoes of a full, firm texture. Remove the seeds, cutting a little cap off the top of the tomato to get to the inside. A little vegetable scoop, such as is used to cut potatoes in balls, is just as good as anything to remove the seeds of the tomatoes with.

When the tomatoes are emptied, prepare a chicken forcemeat by pounding to a paste any bits of chicken you may have in the house. Either cooked or raw meat may be used for the purpose.

Add as much bread crumbs soaked in milk as there is meat, and to every cup of this mixture an egg yolk and a saltspoonful of fresh butter, with salt and pepper to the taste. A little nutmeg may be added, and if the forcemeat is not moist enough a little white stock may be used. To every cup of forcemeat also add half a teaspoonful of onion juice, 6 chopped mushrooms and the juice and pulp of the tomatoes which have been scooped out, rejecting the seeds. Lay over them the covers or caps which have been removed from the tomatoes and set the tomatoes in a deep porcelain lined baking dish and cook them for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

How to Keep Icing From the Sides of Cakes.

To prevent icing running down the sides of a cake, cut a strip of stiff cream laid writing paper about 1½ inches wide and pin it tightly and evenly round the sides of the cake, so that the top edge is a quarter of an inch—or more, if you wish thicker icing—above the top of the cake all round. Fill in with icing, which should be fairly stiff, smooth over the top, stand in a cool oven, and when set carefully remove the paper.

How to Prevent Dust In Carpets.

When putting down carpets in rooms that are much used, it is a good plan to spread newspapers over the floors, then take clean straw and scatter it evenly over the papers, and then put your carpet down. It will let the dust through on the paper, and clouds of dust will not follow the broom on sweeping day. The carpets will last longer with this lining than with any other, and when you take them up again you will find the dust lodged on the papers, and if carefully removed to the rubbish pile you will avoid filling your lungs with poisonous dust, as but little will be found on sweeping the floors. In putting down carpets in spare rooms, where they are not likely to be taken up very often, it is an excellent plan to scatter smoking tobacco over the paper to guard against moths and the buffalo bug. This is a sure preventive against the attacks of moths, and carpets may be safely left down in spare rooms for a number of years.

How to Make Paper Hangers' Paste.

To make a bucket of paste, take about 4 pounds of sifted wheat flour and stir in enough lukewarm water to make a stiff batter. Keep on stirring until all lumps disappear and the batter is smooth; then pour in boiling hot water briskly until the batter swells and has a cooked appearance. When ready to use, thin down with cold water until it can be spread on the paper easily. Some paper hangers add about 2 ounces of powdered alum, but do not use alum in paste when made for felts or solid gold grounds. To make rye flour paste, mix enough sifted rye flour with cold water to get the consistency of cream. Stir until all lumps disappear; then place on fire to boil. Keep stirring until it thickens and becomes yellowish in color. When cool, add enough cold water until quite thin. Do not use until cold.

How to Clean Oil Paintings.

First rub the painting well with good whisky, which will make the varnish come off in froth; then wash well with cold water, and when dry varnish again. This process will restore the picture to its original color unless it is very old. Keep the picture covered from dust until the varnish is dry. This work should never be attempted by an amateur.

How to Restore Faded Writing.

Faded ink on old documents, papers, parchments, etc., may be restored to be perfectly legible. Moisten the paper with water and then pass over the lines a brush which has been wet with a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The restored writing will remain on parchment, but on paper it will again fade away. A fresh application of the mixture will restore it. Writing in ordinary ink which has been rendered illegible by age may be restored by carefully moistening it with an infusion of gall or a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid. Apply the liquid carefully, so as not to spread the ink.

How to Utilize Cold Joints.

If there are any remains of cold game or fowl of any kind in the house, cut them into neat pieces or joints, make small incisions in the flesh and rub them over with melted butter, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Lay them on a gridiron that has been rubbed with a piece of a fat and broil over a clear fire for eight minutes. Put on a hot dish and rub each piece over with butter, into which has been worked a small quantity of dry mustard.

Riding Down Butterflies.

I say while riding to Muzart pass some fine exhibitions of horsemanship. One of my escort was a Mantchu, who one day stood at his horse's shoulder, and without putting his hand thereon leaped from the ground clean into his saddle. On another occasion I lent them butterfly nets to catch specimens of lepidoptera.

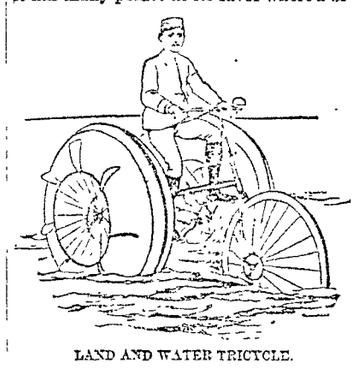
The novelty of the occupation quite took their fancy, and in Chinese top boots and quaerly cut trousers they rushed hither and thither, with hats blown off and pigtails flying, now toppling over and next lying down to pant for breath. Subsequently they took to butterfly catching on horseback over ground not only rough with rocky debris fallen from the mountains, but covered with bushes, among which they spurred here and there in a style compared to which polo on a level sward is child's play.—Good Words.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THREE WHEELED MACHINE FOR LOCOMOTION AT SEA.

A Tricycle for Use on the Ocean Invented by a German—Destined to Become Popular.

The tricycle to ride on water was the natural outcome of the tricycle for road riding, which machine made a strong bid for public favor in England when the bicycle came into general use in 1876. The rather cumbersome three wheeled machine, however, had to give way to the bicycle, and it is today practically out of date, so far as road traveling is concerned, although there has been quite a splurge made with it on the water as a means of locomotion and pleasure. For this purpose it has many points in its favor where a bicycle would have none unless linked to a cumbersome system of boat. One of the latest novelties in this direction is the land and water tricycle of Mr. George Pinkert of Germany.



LAND AND WATER TRICYCLE.

The machine consists of a front steering wheel, which is made of thin steel plates and is 16 inches wide at the axle, forming a lens shaped, airtight vessel of great buoyancy. The edge of this is fitted with a concave metal rim and a rubber tire for running on land, the keel, so to speak, becoming the tire. The two large propelling wheels are composed of a circular tube of steel plate, forming an airtight ring about 4 feet in diameter, connected with the nave of the axle by means of steel spokes and fitted with paddles on either side of the outer circumference. It is like the paddle wheel of a steamboat, having a solid core running through the center of the wheel, to which the paddles are attached, instead of to the two side rims as in the steamboat. Outside of the airtight core, and attached to it by steel rods, is an ordinary concave metal bicycle rim fitted with a hard rubber tire.

In all other respects the tricycle is an ordinary one, having the seat over the axle, between the two wheels, which are rather wide apart for the purpose of giving more stability by the greater beam. At a recent trial in the Munich baths the speed of over six miles an hour was obtained.

As far back as 1882 a man named Kunan of Brussels invented a machine which was well tested in the smooth water of a bath, and was, on the 28th of July, ridden across the English channel by an Englishman named Terry. Dover was left at 9 a. m., and Calais was reached in less than eight hours, the rider being almost exhausted by the leeway made by his machine. The total distance traveled by Terry was estimated to be nearly 30 miles. The machine he rode was a high standing one, the wheels being 50 inch, this being before the day of the low wheeled "safety," and so the wind had a considerable effect on it and carried the rider far out of his course. The New York Sun, authority for the foregoing, says that Uncle Sam has not been behindhand in the matter of water tricycles, and no less than 10 of various designs have been patented and tried with more or less success in America. Some are for smooth water and some for rough water at sea, the latter being fitted with boats on the catamaran style.

How to Make a Cellar Waterproof.

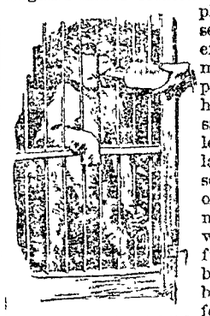
To construct a cellar so as to be waterproof a writer in an exchange advises that the floor be first covered with cement, the walls built thereon laid in cement and the exterior of the walls covered with cement. This makes practically a water tight basin. The cement used must be the best portland cement, one part; clean sharp sand, one part. After a cellar is built it is not so easy to make it waterproof. Still it can be done. Cover the exterior of the wall with the above cement, ditto the bottom, and work the cement in under the bottom of the wall. If these directions are followed, you will succeed. But if cheap materials are used and the work badly done you will be sure to fail. The drain put around the outside of the wall, or even inside, below the cellar floor, may be efficient in carrying off the water if you can give it a good delivery.

The Weight of the Brain.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces, of a female is two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.—Popular Science News.

A White Baboon.

A white baboon has recently arrived in England and is located at Bedford. His photograph was secured after the expenditure of much time and patience, owing to his particularly savage and restless nature, but at last, under the soothing influence of a bottle of milk, a negative was obtained. This full grown male baboon, standing between three and four feet high, was captured from his mother after an exciting chase by some Trek Boers in the Murchisa range, district of Johannesberg, South Africa, some two years ago, and after being reared in that country has been brought to England by his present owner. During the voyage he suffered severely from seasickness, but since his arrival he has quite regained his activity and health. His skin and hair are perfectly white, and it is claimed that he is the only white baboon of which there is any authentic record.



THE WHITE BABOON ENJOYING HIS MILK.

An officer in the British service in India has invented an apparatus for reducing the vibrations of railway carriages so that invalids may be transported with less discomfort than hitherto.

Another Business Entirely.

"Couldn't you give me an engagement after I have studied some more?" said the young man who sings.

"Possibly," replied the manager.

"And could you—could you let me have $10 on account?"

"I'd like to, but it's out of my line. I am not prepared to discount promissory notes."—Washington Star.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NEW NOTIONS IN COTTON FABRICS AND DRAPERIES.

Convenient Method of Making Jelly—Chester Cotton and Cretonne Lead in Draperies.

The one peculiar characteristic of summer hangings is lightness of weight. Whether one has hundreds of dollars to expend or tens makes only the difference between choosing silk or cotton stuffs. The colors, the variety, the beauty of pattern are the same in all. Material at 25 cents a yard, if well selected, will give as good color effect as that at $2.50, according to The Decorator and Furnisher, in which occur the following notes: Cotton and jute are most in use for low priced goods; silk and silk and cotton for those of greater value. Wool is not found at all, even as a filling or woof. The old notion that cotton could not be permanently dyed has been proved false again and again. Manufacturers now claim that it makes a better filling for fine class goods than either wool or linen, and that quite alone it is capable of doing excellent service. Certainly it is cooler by far than any fabric which contains even a minimum of wool and is eminently desirable for summer use.

Chester cotton and cretonne take and deserve the highest place among cottage and bedroom draperies and can be found in all colors and all designs. The former deserves a much more general recognition than it has obtained. It costs only 15 or 20 cents a yard, yet is thoroughly good in color and artistic in design and will launder without a vestige of change. For pillows and cushions it is perfect and for bedroom curtains can be made as charming as can be by lining either with itself or with fine silesia of a flat tone.

Thin silks or Japanese and Chinese silks can be found in all grades and all prices. They are delightful, as all such soft, clinging things must always be, and they make ideal pillow covers, but are hardly suitable for hangings unless they serve as lining for some more stable stuff. Many firms in filling orders, where economy is no object, use cretonne or other cotton stuffs for the curtain proper and one of these silks for the lining. The effect is, of course, charming, and the hanging takes folds such as nothing less pliable would yield.

In Canning Time.

It may be news to some young housewife that boiling fruit may be poured into a jar without the slightest danger to the glass if only it be set on a folded cloth which has been wet with cold water, says Harper's Bazar.

The old custom of using a silver spoon as a conductor for the heat prevails in many households still, but the wet cloth is simpler. The filling of jars may be greatly expedited by the use of a grocer's funnel, and a small milk dipper is the best thing for ladling out the hot fruit or sirup. The use of such little conveniences renders canning much less fatiguing, and indeed it is a process not without interest where success usually results.

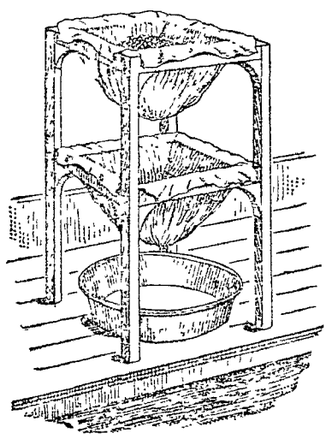
The best and easiest way to cover jellies is to pour melted paraffin over them when they are quite cold. This hardens at once, when a piece of brown paper may be tied over the glass to keep out the dust.

The cake of paraffin may be easily lifted off when the jelly is used, and if washed and put away can be melted over again to serve the same purpose another year.

Paraffin is a clear white wax which is absolutely tasteless. Its use was first suggested by a chemist, who once saw his wife laboriously cutting little rounds of white paper and dipping them in brandy for the tops of her jellies. One trial was sufficient to prove its value as a time saver.

Convenient In Jelly Making.

Those who make jelly and use the ordinary jelly bags are familiar with the inconvenience, the staining of hands and the spilling of juice that result from such use. To make the clearest jelly the crushed fruit must not be pressed at all in the bag, but allowed to drip through it, and this calls for the suspension of the bag from some point where it will not hit against the wall or any object. Again, the fruit juice should pass through the cloth a second time to gain added clearness, and this calls for a second bag and added inconvenience. American Gardening figures an arrangement which is an easy way out of the difficulty. A light frame is made in the manner indicated, and over the cross supports are loosely suspended two squares of cheesecloth or similar material. Small brads at the sides hold these in place. The crushed fruit is poured into the upper cloth and allowed to drip through both cloths into a dish below.



SUBSTITUTE FOR A JELLY BAG.

Roast Chicken.

Select two plump young fowls and draw them without unjointing. Wash the inside of the fowls, rub dry with a cloth which will not deposit lint and rub them with salt. Tie thin slices of salt pork over the legs and breasts and put them into a roaster with a little water. Baste them from time to time with nice sweet butter melted in a little water. Serve on a platter, with a border of nice mashed potatoes.

Cherry Pudding.

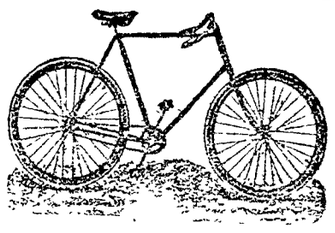
One pint milk, a pint flour, half cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pint of stoned cherries. Rub together butter and sugar; add the beaten yolks of the eggs, the milk, the whipped whites, the flour and baking powder. Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with the cherries, sprinkle with sugar, pour in the batter and bake quickly. Eat with a liquid sauce.

The Moral Tone.

One lady had just told the other that her husband played poker nearly every night.

"Well," was the exclamation, "wouldn't let my husband do that."

"Neither would I," was the quiet response; "if he couldn't play any better than yours can."—Detroit Free Press.



CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

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We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A SHAM UNMASKED.

A Model Town and Exemplary Lord Found to be Frauds.

The Feudal System Transplanted to Illinois and Nutured Under the Cloak of Philanthropy—A Man Who Buys Titles and Starves His Employees.

In the Anthropological building at Jackson park last summer there was on exhibition a model of a model town. There were, in miniature, white streets, convenient market buildings, graceful theaters, neat churches, exemplary schoolhouses, rows of green trees, plots of soft grass, straight lines of cottages "containing all the modern improvements" of a town which is more or less known in all parts of the world. It attracted the attention of thousands of visitors as illustrating the possibilities in the way of a perfect workingman's town.

At various periods also the leading magazines of the country have printed elaborate articles on the same town, with excellent illustrations and full description of the plans and workings of the enterprise. Many people entering Chicago from that direction, riding through the well laid out village, have admired its beauty and applauded its founder. This great man, who has been heralded throughout the world as a philanthropist and a benefactor of his race, is George M. Pullman, and the town, named after him, is Pullman.

A few people have always understood the true inwardness of this apparent philanthropic scheme. But today the roof is being removed from the pretty eleemosynary enterprise and an inclosed bit of old feudalist slavery opened to the gaze of the world, as despotic and oppressive as any that ever existed. Pullman is a wise man. He did not pose as a philanthropist, but simply disdained to refuse the soft mantle when others threw it around him. He knew how to roll up money faster, to get greater results out of working men in less time and for less expenditure, than any other man that ever tried it. That was all.

The town of Pullman is very pretty to look at. The streets are smooth and clean, the public buildings are of the best architectural order and placed where they are most convenient to the resident streets around them, the cottages are neat and conveniently arranged, and there is plenty of good light and air. The citizens have every appearance of actually enjoying the benefits of civilization as well as their employers. If people could live, toil and keep well on light, air and architectural beauty, this might be a happy village. But, alas! its actual condition is far from happy.

The Pullman company owns every inch of the place, streets, parks, halls, theater, churches, homes and all. Not a spot of land is for sale or could be bought at any price. When it was first laid out, workingmen from all parts of the country were induced to come to it by promise of high wages and homes in as beautiful a place as common laborers should expect to enjoy. The first thing each man had to do on entering the employ of the company was to sign a paper called an "application sheet," but which was in reality a "cutthroat" lease—a bond of slavery secured by a threat of starvation and homelessness. He was then given the choice of houses at rates that would startle him even in the center of Chicago—for instance, three small rooms for $14, besides 60 cents a month for the use of a faucet which three other families used and paid for, and gas at the same exorbitant rate.

The wages out of which these expenses must be paid have never amounted to $5 a day to any actual laborer, as was in the first place promised. A fine steel toolmaker used to receive $3.50 a day. His wages have been slashed little by little until during the past year he has received no more than $1.85 a day—$42 a month. Less than $27 had to feed, clothe and educate a family for a month. Hardworking men require an abundance of nourishing food, but one can imagine whether these had it, with families of five and six on their hands. It is an actual fact that for the last two years the dinner pails of these skilled, hardworking men have not contained sufficient food to keep the pangs of hunger from tormenting them all day long as they toiled. Their children have not been able to remain in school for want of books and clothing. Their cottages are bare of furniture. Many and many a stove in the sitting rooms of these homes remained black and cold all last winter, while never a light glowed from the front windows to brighten the streets of the "model town." Many and many a child and feeble old father or mother shivered through the dreary winter months for want of sufficient warm clothing and fires at the very time the head of the household was toiling with all his wonderful skill and strength for their support. This is true of the better paid workmen—those who aspired to live respectably and scorned the idea of ever receiving charity. What must have been the conditions of the cheaper laborers—those who at first received $1.50 per day, then $1.25, then $1.10 and finally were compelled to work and subsist on 90 cents a day? It is too harrowing to try to picture. The workingman who by any misfortune or sickness failed to earn his monthly pittance and deliver over the periodical price levied on him for existing has been mercilessly set out in the street with his family and belongings to die there, to lose his little property or to live as best he could.

Just outside the property of the Pullman company good cottages and flats rent from $8 to $12 a month. Had one of the employees rented one of these he would have been discharged the next day. "It was not a threat; it was simply understood," said one workingman. The company carefully evaded the state laws against the truck system. The employee actually held in his hand for the period of about two minutes checks to the full amount of his wages. There were two—one had to be indorsed and passed in at another window for rent, water and light before the holder went out of the office; the other must settle accounts at the store or not another item would be credited. Many a time there would not be a cent remaining out of a month's hard toil. Ostensibly the stores were not owned by the company. In reality they were and are completely under its control.

At last, under such a condition of affairs, the men came to a point where it was a question whether it were better to work and starve or lie idle and run the risk of starving. They have chosen the latter. The works at Pullman are silent and black, the men wander sadly about the streets, and palefaced women and children wait sorrowfully but patiently at home. Great, strong men go meekly up to the relief quarters and receive a few pounds of flour and bits of meat from the charitable white hands of women who never did anything useful before. They are peaceable and patient. They say they will protect Pullman's property at the risk of their lives; that they will be the first and fiercest to avenge a violent act against him or his possessions, and so they await the time that he, with his limitless wealth and unchecked arrogance, will be subdued and yield to their respectful demands.

Meanwhile Mr. Pullman, calmly secure in his faith in the fealty of his subjects, scarcely bothers himself about the strike. He has become, through the labor of his men, so rich that he cannot count his wealth. He loves the country that protects him in his methods of accumulating property so little that he went abroad and bought a bauble of a title from a corrupt old monarchy and proverbially seeks luxurious ways of spending his money in foreign lands. Yet, so sure is he of the meek respectfulness of the American workingman, so disdainful is he of their interests, that he will not even confer with them and pushes temptation in their way by running his property under their very noses with no other protection but what he expects from them. And the men remain quiet and firm, saying, "We will stand out until charity and health desert us or the company comes to terms, even if Pullman is made a pauper."

It may be that men really expect to reduce such a man to pauperism by such means. It may be considered more "American" for strong, skillful men to receive charity humbly from relief quarters than to bravely fight for their own by any means in their power. But when one considers what our forefathers, who laid the foundations of all that is "American," would have done under such conditions a reasonable doubt cannot but creep in.

There is an almost unexpressed acknowledgment of a terrible, a dangerous state of affairs all over the industrial world in the attitude of the plutocratic classes; almost an appeal for mercy in the wise sounding advice given to striking workmen to refrain from violence; a guilty, terror stricken undertone in all recent discussions on economics. There is no stability in existing systems. Working people may for some time yet be kept quiet under injustice by the cry of law and order. But it depends on the wisdom and farsightedness of the wealthy employing classes; the possibilities of a peaceful solution lie with them.

The giant labor will not always sleep.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Slavery of Two Kinds.

Yes, there is a difference between the great American freeman who works for wages and the chattel slave of long ago.

The master had to feed, clothe and care for the slave whether he had work or not. They don't have to do that with the wage slave.

The master had to hunt up slaves and buy them. The wage slaves hunt up a master and offer themselves for a bare existence.

The black slave was put up to the highest bidder. The wage slave puts himself up and underbids his fellows for the privilege of work.

The black slave never had any fear of want. The wage slave lives in continued dread of it.

The slave had a permanent job at a certain price. The wage slave never has a permanent job and at an ever decreasing pay.

The black slave was seldom overworked to his injury. The wage slave is habitually worked to the uttermost, regardless of health.

The black slave was never forced to imperil his life in battle—the master did the fighting. The wage slave is hired to go out and get shot when the employers have a difficulty.

Yes, there is a difference, but altogether in the favor of chattel slavery.

Great, free Americans! Well, just a few.—*Coming Nation.*

Where the Real Danger Is.

Now that Coxey and Browne and Christopher Columbus Jones have been made the victims of every indignity to which the law subjects felons and persons guilty of infamous crimes, now that they have been dragged through the streets of the nation's capital in irons, hauled to jail in the black maria and put to work on the governmental stone pile, it is likely that the timorous legislators and officials at Washington, who have been in a blue funk ever since Commonweal got east of the Ohio river, may regain courage, unbar their doors and come out into the light again. But persons of clearer vision will see in this cavalier treatment of the commonweal leaders on the part of the government much more of real danger to republican institutions and to the country than was threatened in Coxey's army or Coxey's desire to make a speech within the sacred precincts of the capitol grounds.—Chicago Times.

Calls For Special Notice.

The spectacle of a rich corporation voluntarily and unexpectedly advancing the wages of its employees is so rare that it calls for special notice. The company operating the Third avenue traction railway is credited with such generosity. The reported advance of wages to conductors and motormen is a little more than 11 per cent, and it will benefit about 500 men.

Other corporations employing large numbers of workers might profitably study the effect of this experiment. It is said that the employees of the road are not only highly pleased by the considerateness of the company, but that they are profuse in expressions of fealty to its interests. This feeling is a natural result of fair and generous treatment. Let employees understand that their work is appreciated, and that their employers are willing to live up to the profession that "labor and capital are one," and the era of strikes will end.

As a rule, however, there is proof of the fitness of the saying that "corporations have no souls." The cardinal principle usually is, "The most work for the least wages." A depression in value is seized upon as an excuse for reducing wages, but an advance brings no voluntary offer of higher pay for labor. Workingmen rarely get advances without fighting for them.—New York News.

Conspiring Against the Law.

The Ellis island authorities have discovered what they believe to be a well planned and systematic conspiracy on the part of one of the large transatlantic steamship companies to evade the immigration laws and assist alien steerage passengers who would not be allowed to land into this country.

The company alleged to have offended is the Netherlands-American Steamship Navigation company, whose vessels carry the United States mail and sail from Amsterdam and Rotterdam, touching at Boulogne, France. This company, the Ellis island officials assert, has, through its employees on the steamship Amsterdam, instructed immigrants who were not properly qualified to pass the examination of the immigration inspector how to answer the questions put to them and mislead the officials.

This instruction, it is alleged, consists of a set of questions and answers formulated more particularly to evade the provisions of the contract labor law. A class of ineligible immigrants is alleged to have been formed, and its members required to learn these questions and answers both in English and German.

What Is a Sweater?

The word "sweater" derives its origin from the Anglo-Saxon word swat and means the separation or extraction of toil from others for one's own benefit. Any person who employs others to extract from them surplus labor without compensation is a sweater. A middleman sweater is a person who acts as contractor of such labor for another man. The position becomes aggravated when the middleman sweater, as is usually the case in the modern sweatshop, employs the labor himself at his own house for the purpose of extracting a double amount of labor either by lowering wages or working longer hours.

An English writer gives this definition of the sweating system: "One whereby the middleman tries to get the largest profit with the least labor and outlay out of the maximum labor of his workers." Another gives three definitions: "First, one who grinds the face of the poor; second, a man who contributes neither capital, skill nor speculation and yet gets a profit; third, a middleman." Still another describes it as a systematized payment of unfair wages.—Rev. Louis A. Banks.

Their Interests Are the Same.

It is absurd to talk of any large body of American or Irish-American citizens hating the English or any other people. Whatever governments may have done in the past, the interests of "the people" in every country are the same. They all desire to live out their span of life as comfortably as may be. The American workman who lives by his brain or his hands is not gratified to know that his fellow laborer in Great Britain is suffering from hard times. The mechanic in Leeds or Sheffield is not the happier because the mechanic in New York or Pittsburg is enduring the miseries of a strike or a lockout.

The interest of one workman is the interest of all workmen the world over, and as labor is the lot of 90 per cent of the world's population it is an impudent falsehood to proclaim that the people of any one country entertain bad or bitter feeling toward the people of any other country.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Principles of the "Labor Church."

Lynn, Mass., has a "labor church," founded by the Rev. Herbert N. Casson. Its principles are these:

First—God is the cause and strength of the labor movement, and whatever institution or individual opposes the labor movement opposes him.

Second—All who are working for the abolition of wage slavery are, consciously or unconsciously, working together with him, and are therefore members of the real church.

Third—The improvement of personal character and of social conditions are both necessary to secure freedom from moral and social bondage.

Fourth—All that is good in the present Christian church and in the history of our country is on the side of the workingman in his struggle for justice and brotherhood.

The Pressing Problem.

In a speech in London recently Lord Salisbury said that among the many problems which were pressing for solution the labor problem was perhaps the most conspicuous. It was causing general uneasiness and anxiety. While the population of the country grew constantly, the means of employment did not increase with equal rapidity.

A Short Creed.

A young man said to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then," said the doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."—A. Helps.

A Negative Victory.

Bates—Do you try to break your boy's will?

Bates—No; it's all I can do to break his won't.—Kate Field's Washington.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR AN APPETIZING DISH.

Various Recipes for Domestic Use—How to Restore Faded Writing—Cleaning Oil Paintings.

Select tomatoes of a full, firm texture. Remove the seeds, cutting a little cap off the top of the tomato to get to the inside. A little vegetable scoop, such as is used to cut potatoes in balls, is just as good as anything to remove the seeds of the tomatoes with.

When the tomatoes are emptied, prepare a chicken forcemeat by pounding to a paste any bits of chicken you may have in the house. Either cooked or raw meat may be used for the purpose.

Add as much bread crumbs soaked in milk as there is meat, and to every cup of this mixture an egg yolk and a saltspoonful of fresh butter, with salt and pepper to the taste. A little nutmeg may be added, and if the forcemeat is not moist enough a little white stock may be used. To every cup of forcemeat also add half a teaspoonful of onion juice, 6 chopped mushrooms and the juice and pulp of the tomatoes which have been scooped out, rejecting the seeds. Lay over them the covers or caps which have been removed from the tomatoes and set the tomatoes in a deep porcelain lined baking dish and cook them for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

How to Keep Icing From the Sides of Cakes.

To prevent icing running down the sides of a cake, cut a strip of stiff cream laid writing paper about 1½ inches wide and pin it tightly and evenly round the sides of the cake, so that the top edge is a quarter of an inch—or more, if you wish thicker icing—above the top of the cake all round. Fill in with icing, which should be fairly stiff, smooth over the top, stand in a cool oven, and when set carefully remove the paper.

How to Prevent Dust In Carpets.

When putting down carpets in rooms that are much used, it is a good plan to spread newspapers over the floors, then take clean straw and scatter it evenly over the papers, and then put your carpet down. It will let the dust through on the paper, and clouds of dust will not follow the broom on sweeping day. The carpets will last longer with this lining than with any other, and when you take them up again you will find the dust lodged on the papers, and if carefully removed to the rubbish pile you will avoid filling your lungs with poisonous dust, as but little will be found on sweeping the floors. In putting down carpets in spare rooms, where they are not likely to be taken up very often, it is an excellent plan to scatter smoking tobacco over the paper to guard against moths and the buffalo bug. This is a sure preventive against the attacks of moths, and carpets may be safely left down in spare rooms for a number of years.

How to Make Paper Hangers' Paste.

To make a bucket of paste, take about 4 pounds of sifted wheat flour and stir in enough lukewarm water to make a stiff batter. Keep on stirring until all lumps disappear and the batter is smooth; then pour in boiling hot water briskly until the batter swells and has a cooked appearance. When ready to use, thin down with cold water until it can be spread on the paper easily. Some paper hangers add about 2 ounces of powdered alum, but do not use alum in paste when made for felts or solid gold grounds. To make rye flour paste, mix enough sifted rye flour with cold water to get the consistency of cream. Stir until all lumps disappear; then place on fire to boil. Keep stirring until it thickens and becomes yellowish in color. When cool, add enough cold water until quite thin. Do not use until cold.

How to Clean Oil Paintings.

First rub the painting well with good whisky, which will make the varnish come off in froth; then wash well with cold water, and when dry varnish again. This process will restore the picture to its original color unless it is very old. Keep the picture covered from dust until the varnish is dry. This work should never be attempted by an amateur.

How to Restore Faded Writing.

Faded ink on old documents, papers, parchments, etc., may be restored to be perfectly legible. Moisten the paper with water and then pass over the lines a brush which has been wet with a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The restored writing will remain on parchment, but on paper it will again fade away. A fresh application of the mixture will restore it. Writing in ordinary ink which has been rendered illegible by age may be restored by carefully moistening it with an infusion of gall or a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid. Apply the liquid carefully, so as not to spread the ink.

How to Utilize Cold Joints.

If there are any remains of cold game or fowl of any kind in the house, cut them into neat pieces or joints, make small incisions in the flesh and rub them over with melted butter, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Lay them on a gridiron that has been rubbed with a piece of a fat and broil over a clear fire for eight minutes. Put on a hot dish and rub each piece over with butter, into which has been worked a small quantity of dry mustard.

Riding Down Butterflies.

I saw while riding to Mozart pass some fine exhibitions of horsemanship. One of my escort was a Mantchu, who one day stood on his horse's shoulder, and without putting his hand thereon leaped from the ground clean into his saddle. On another occasion I lent them butterfly nets to catch specimens of lepidoptera.

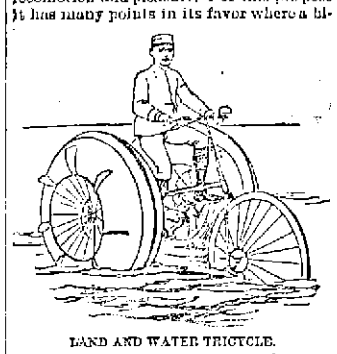
The novelty of the occupation quite took their fancy, and in Chinese top boots and queerly cut trousers they rushed hither and thither, with hats blown off and pigtails flying, now tumbling over and next lying down to pant for breath. Subsequently they took to butterfly catching on horseback over ground not only rough with rocky debris fallen from the mountains, but covered with bushes, among which they spurred here and there in a style compared to which polo on a level sward is child's play.—Good Words.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THREE WHEELED MACHINE FOR LOCOMOTION AT SEA.

A Tricycle for Use on the Ocean Invented by a German—Destined to Become Popular.

The tricycle to ride on water was the natural outcome of the tricycle for road riding, which machine made a strong bid for public favor in England when the bicycle came into general use in 1870. The rather cumbersome three wheled machine, however, had to give way to the bicycle, and it is today practically out of date, so far as road traveling is concerned, although there has been quite a splurge made with it on the water as a means of locomotion and pleasure. For this purpose it has many points in its favor where a bicycle would have none unless linked to a cumbersome system of boat. One of the latest novelties in this direction is the land and water tricycle of Mr. George Pinkert of Germany.



LAND AND WATER TRICYCLE.

The machine consists of a front steering wheel, which is made of thin steel plates and is 16 inches wide at the axle, forming a lens shaped, airtight vessel of great buoyancy. The edge of this is fitted with a concave metal rim and a rubber tire for running on land, the keel, so to speak, becoming the tire. The two large propelling wheels are composed of a circular tube of steel plate, forming an airtight ring about 4 feet in diameter, connected with the nave of the axle by means of steel spokes and fitted with paddles on either side of the outer circumference. It is like the paddle wheel of a steamboat, having a solid core running through the center of the wheel, to which the paddles are attached, instead of to the two side rims as in the steamboat. Outside of the airtight core, and attached to it by steel rods, is an ordinary concave metal bicycle rim fitted with a hard rubber tire.

In all other respects the tricycle is an ordinary one, having the seat over the axle, between the two wheels, which are rather wide apart for the purpose of giving more stability by the greater beam. At a recent trial in the Munich baths the speed of over six miles an hour was obtained.

As far back as 1888 a man named Kunau of Brussels invented a machine which was well tested in the smooth water of a bath, and was, on the 28th of July, ridden across the English channel by an Englishman named Terry. Dover was left at 9 a. m., and Calais was reached in less than eight hours, the rider being almost exhausted by the leeway made by his machine. The total distance traveled by Terry was estimated to be nearly 30 miles. The machine he rode was a high standing one, the wheels being 60 inch, this being before the day of the low wheeled "safety," and so the wind had a considerable effect on it and carried the rider far out of his course. The New York Sun, authority for the foregoing, says that Uncle Sam has not been behindhand in the matter of water tricycles, and no less than 10 of various designs have been patented and tried with more or less success in America. Some are for smooth water and some for rough water at sea, the latter being fitted with boats on the catamaran style.

How to Make a Cellar Waterproof.

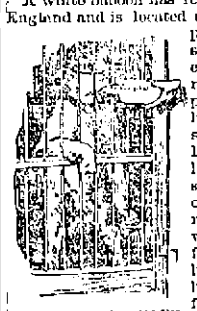
To construct a cellar so as to be waterproof a writer in an exchange advises that the floor be first covered with cement, the walls built thereon laid in cement and the exterior of the walls covered with cement. This makes practically a water tight basin. The cement used must be the best portland cement, one part; clean sharp sand, one part. After a cellar is built it is not so easy to make it waterproof. Still it can be done. Cover the exterior of the wall with the above cement, ditto the bottom, and work the cement in under the bottom of the wall. If these directions are followed, you will succeed. But if cheap materials are used and the work badly done you will be sure to fail. The drain put around the outside of the wall, or even inside, below the cellar floor, may be efficient in carrying off the water if you can give it a good delivery.

The Weight of the Brain.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces, of a female is two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.—Popular Science News.

A White Baboon.

A white baboon has recently arrived in England and is located at Bedford. His photograph was secured after the expenditure of much time and patience, owing to his particularly savage and restless nature, but at last, under the soothing influence of a bottle of milk, a negative was obtained. This full grown male baboon, standing between three and four feet high, was captured from his mother after an exciting chase by some Trek Boers in the Murchisa range, district of Johannesberg, South Africa, some two years ago, and after being reared in that country has been brought to England by his present owner. During the voyage he suffered severely from seasickness, but since his arrival he has quite regained his activity and health. His skin and hair are perfectly white, and it is claimed that he is the only white baboon of which there is any authentic record.



THE WHITE BABOON ENJOYING HIS MILK.

An officer in the British service in India has invented an apparatus for reducing the vibrations of railway carriages so that invalids may be transported with less discomfort than hitherto.

Another Business Entirely.

"Couldn't you give me an engagement after I have studied some more?" said the young man who sings.

"Possibly," replied the manager.

"And could you—could you let me have $10 on account?"

"I'd like to, but it's out of my line. I am not prepared to discount promissory notes."—Washington Star.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NEW NOTIONS IN COTTON FABRICS AND DRAPERIES.

Convenient Method of Making Jelly—Chester Cotton and Cretonne Lead in Draperies.

The one peculiar characteristic of summer hangings is lightness of weight. Whether one has hundreds of dollars to expend or tens makes only the difference between choosing silk or cotton stuffs. The colors, the variety, the beauty of pattern are the same in all. Material at 25 cents a yard, if well selected, will give as good color effect as that at $2.50, according to The Decorator and Furnisher, in which occur the following notes: Cotton and jute are most in use for low priced goods; silk and silk and cotton for those of greater value. Wool is not found at all, even as a filling or woof. The old notion that cotton could not be permanently dyed has been proved false again and again. Manufacturers now claim that it makes a better filling for fine class goods than either wool or linen, and that quite alone it is capable of doing excellent service. Certainly it is cooler by far than any fabric which contains even a minimum of wool and is eminently desirable for summer use.

Chester cotton and cretonne take and deserve the highest place among cottage and bedroom draperies and can be found in all colors and all designs. The former deserves a much more general recognition than it has obtained. It costs only 15 or 20 cents a yard, yet is thoroughly good in color and artistic in design and will launder without a vestige of change. For pillows and cushions it is perfect and for bedroom curtains can be made as charming as can be by lining either with itself or with fine silesia of a flat tone.

Thin silks or Japanese and Chinese silks can be found in all grades and all prices. They are delightful, as all such soft, clinging things must always be, and they make ideal pillow covers, but are hardly suitable for hangings unless they serve as lining for some more stable stuff. Many firms in filling orders, where economy is no object, use cretonne or other cotton stuffs for the curtain proper and one of these silks for the lining. The effect is, of course, charming, and the hanging takes folds such as nothing less pliable would yield.

In Canning Time.

It may be news to some young housewife that boiling fruit may be poured into a jar without the slightest danger to the glass if only it be set on a folded cloth which has been wet with cold water, says Harper's Bazar.

The old custom of using a silver spoon as a conductor for the heat prevails in many households still, but the wet cloth is simpler. The filling of jars may be greatly expedited by the use of a grocer's funnel, and a small milk dipper is the best thing for ladling out the hot fruit or sirup. The use of such little conveniences renders canning much less fatiguing, and indeed it is a process not without interest where success usually results.

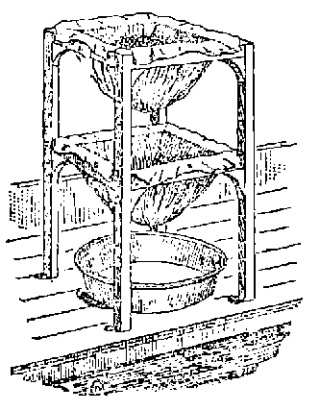
The best and easiest way to cover jellies is to pour melted paraffin over them when they are quite cold. This hardens at once, when a piece of brown paper may be tied over the glass to keep out the dust.

The cake of paraffin may be easily lifted off when the jelly is used, and if washed and put away can be melted over again to serve the same purpose another year.

Paraffin is a clear white wax which is absolutely tasteless. Its use was first suggested by a chemist, who once saw his wife laboriously cutting little rounds of white paper and dipping them in brandy for the tops of her jellies. One trial was sufficient to prove its value as a time saver.

Convenient In Jelly Making.

Those who make jelly and use the ordinary jelly bags are familiar with the inconvenience, the staining of hands and the spilling of juice that result from such use. To make the clearest jelly the crushed fruit must not be pressed at all in the bag, but allowed to drip through it, and this calls for the suspension of the bag from some point where it will not hit against the wall or any object. Again, the fruit juice should pass through the cloth a second time to gain added clearness, and this calls for a second bag and added inconvenience. American Gardening figures an arrangement which is an easy way out of the difficulty. A light frame is made in the manner indicated, and over the cross supports are loosely suspended two squares of cheesecloth or similar material. Small brads at the sides hold these in place. The crushed fruit is poured into the upper cloth and allowed to drip through both cloths into a dish below.



SUBSTITUTE FOR A JELLY BAG.

Roast Chicken.

Select two plump young fowls and draw them without unjointing. Wash the inside of the fowls, rub dry with a cloth which will not deposit lint and rub them with salt. Tie thin slices of salt pork over the legs and breasts and put them into a roaster with a little water. Baste them from time to time with nice sweet butter melted in a little water. Serve on a platter, with a border of nice mashed potatoes.

Cherry Pudding.

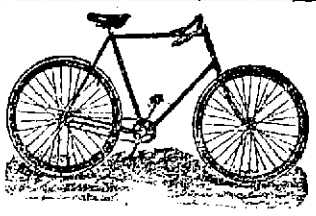
One pint milk, a pint flour, half cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pint of stoned cherries. Rub together butter and sugar, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, the milk, the whipped whites, the flour and baking powder. Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with the cherries, sprinkle with sugar, pour in the batter and bake quickly. Eat with a liquid sauce.

The Moral Tone.

One lady had just told the other that her husband played poker nearly every night.

"Well," was the exclamation, "wouldn't let my husband do that."

"Neither would I," was the quiet response; "if he couldn't play any better than yours can."—Detroit Free Press.



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Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

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MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

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Teacher of Music.

Miss Ethel O'Heir is now forming classes for Piano and Organ. For further particulars call at

COR. LANE AND HORN STS. (No. 68.)

N. B.—Would accept position as organist at reasonable terms.

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Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

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Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. --- CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

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Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

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FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

24 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dress Suits to Let.

Great Removal Sale.

We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827.

J. C. DONOVAN,

57 Market street.

PETER J. BRADY,

GROCER.

448 Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

JAMES MEEK,

HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD

Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.

LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

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NEW LUMBER YARD,

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Best Quality. Lowest Prices. Cedar Posts a Specialty.

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WATSON BAKERY

Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry, only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at Nos. 24 to 30 CHARLES STREET.

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Coal, Wood, Lime,

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Straw, Hay Grain, Flour

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NO. 15 THORNDIKE STREET,

Branch office, 40 Merrimack street,—Cutler wood's cigar store.

THE TARIFF

The Sugar Schedule Still Under Discussion.

THE PRESIDENT IS OPPOSED TO LONGER CONTENTION.

His Attitude Has Much to Do With Final Settlement.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Conversatio with members of the ways and mea: committee leads to the opinion th the members will be reconciled withou much d fficulty to the senate amendments to the income tax, as most of them are calculated to remove offensive feat ures.

The main contest will be on the sugar schedule, to which the opposition in the house is very decided and strong numerically. That some change will be made in the schedule is certain, but the belief is general that the duty will be retained. The senate conferrees will make an effort to include bounty allowances on the coming crop. That allowance was inclu led in the senate cau us agreement and was abandoned at the last hour for the reason that it was desired to dispose of the bill on Tu sday last.

There seems to be an understanding among Democratic senators that the bounty allowance will be arranged in conference in a manner that will be acceptable to the sugar growers. The question has been raised whether the growers of domestic sugar are not entitled to a bounty under the existing law. It is provided that producers of such sugar, to be entitled to bounty, shall file, prior to July of each year, with the commissioner of internal revenue, application for a license, together with notice of the place of production and an estimate of the quantity of sugar to be produced in the current year. These provisions of law, which are held to be in the nature of a contract, have been complied with, and the coming sugar crop will be made under the conditions thus agreed upon.

The President's Attitude.

In conversation with a friend recently the president alluded to the question of tariff legislation. He remarked that he has abstained from interfering with the bill while it was pending in the senate. The measure was not altogether satisfactory and not such a one as he would have framed. He did not think there was sufficient time at the present session to make any serious contention over it. But under the circumstances he thought the house would be justified in accepting the measure with some modifications in order that speedy action may be had regarding this most important measure.

The attitude of the president and the administration concerning this matter will have, it is believed, much influence, not only with the members of the ways and means committee, but with the friends of the administration in both houses in settling and adjusting this important question.

A Tax on Greenbacks.

The bill for the state taxation of greenbacks occupied the attention of the house all day, and it was passed by a vote of 173 to 41. The only point of interest in the day's proceedings was the taking of the tariff bill from the speaker's table and its reference to the committee on ways and means, but this was unattended by any excitement or remarks.

Several unimportant bills were passed. The special order setting aside today for eulogies on the late Representative Houck of Ohio was postponed for a week.

A Short Session.

An air of quiet and serenity prevailed in the chamber when the senate met at noon yesterday, after its holiday. The struggle of the past three months had severely taxed the endurance of the senators and it was immediately decided that the senate adjourn to meet on Monday. This was to give the senators two more days of rest before beginning work on the appropriation bills. The house joint resolution to enable the secretary of the navy to carry out the work of increasing the navy was adopted. One resolution and two bills, the direct outgrowth of the existing Pullman strike, were introduced.

Bonnell Is President.

ASBURY PARK, July 7.—The National Editorial association has elected the following officers: President, A. H. Bonnell, Dansville, N. Y.; first vice president, James H. Duke, Sciobo, Miss.; second vice president, N. A. Arnold, Greencastle, Ind.; third vice president, J. R. Buxton, Washington; recording secretary, A. E. Pierce, Denver; corresponding secretary, J. M. Paige, Jerseyville, Ills.; treasurer, James G. Gibbs, Norwalk, O.

Wanted For Murder.

WINSTED, Conn., July 7.—Waterbury police have identified the Italian captured here as Domenico Manfreta, the Waterbury murderer. Manfreta has been at large since the night of May 13, when a murder was committed in a Canal street saloon at Waterbury. A stiletto and ticket for Albany were found on the murderer.

Another Victim.

GREENVILLE, Me., July 7.—Charles Grant, the fifth victim of the West Outlet wreck on the Canadian Pacific railway, died yesterday from fracture of the skull. Fireman McDonald remains unconscious. A body is supposed to be still under the wrecked cars.

Without Light.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The firemen employed at the Armour establishment have gone out, and the big plant was left in total darkness, as the electric light machinery was obliged to shut down.

To Test the Law.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Providence police raided pool rooms yesterday afternoon, and arrested all attendants. It is proposed to test the new anti-gambling law.

Bank Swindler Captured.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 7.—Richard Lenox, who defrauded two Milwaukee banks of $35,000 on June 24, was arrested near Absecom yesterday.

Lightning's Victims.

READING, Pa., July 7.—Mrs. Jacob Boggs was killed by being struck by lightning. Mrs. Amanda Shaw was probably fatally burned.

Clearing Them Out.

MARSEILLES, July 7.—Forty suspected anarchists, including many Italians, have been arrested in this city.

Browne's Latest Move.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Carl Browne started on foot with 70 picked men for New York city last night. He will probably give particular attention to Wall street and capitalists, with whose manner of doing business the marshal is not pleased. Oklahoma Sam will attempt to keep the Coxey camp.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Cholera has appeared at Liege, Belgium.

Sheffield's cutlery exports to America have fallen off.

Sugar men may receive a bounty on this year's crop.

The Conant pulp factory at Watertown, Mass., was damaged by fire.

Lord Rosebery celebrated Ladas' Derby victory by feasting Epsom paupers.

Joseph Catnoir of Providence, 13 years old, fell into a reservoir and was drowned.

Ernest, son of Nat Sheels of Swanton, Vt., was struck by lightning and killed.

The price of pork has advanced 1 cent a pound, but beef remains stationary at Boston.

Miss Daggett of New Haven died at Canandaigua, N. Y., from an overdose of chloral.

Cambridge (Mass.) drug stores are to be allowed to sell nothing but drugs on Sundays.

Mrs. Zephah Botham of Monteville, Conn., celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth.

Lloyd Seaman, a colored boy, was drowned in the Connecticut river at Old Lyme, Conn.

An Italian answering the description of a Waterbury murderer was arrested at Winsted, Conn.

Mme. Carnot states that her husband's life was threatened constantly for the past seven years.

A Beverly (Mass.) child was injured, probably fatally, by an explosion of percussion paper caps.

The fishing schooner Sea Fox of Provincetown, Mass, arrived at Boston, with six of her crew missing.

An 80-foot span of the highway bridge across the bay at Bath, Me., fell, and travel will be stopped for a month.

Professor Edward R. Ruggles of Dartmouth college sailed from New York for Rotterdam, and will spend the summer in Berlin.

Rev. R. A. Beard of Fargo, N. D., has accepted a call to the pastorage of the Pilgrim Congregational church at Nashua, N. H.

President Bothfield of the Newton (Mass.) aldermen barely escaped being mobbed because he did not want the Fourth of July celebration to begin before 3 a. m.

L. C. Whitney, superintendent of the New Britain (Conn.) Electric Light company, has been appointed receiver of the Norwalk and South Norwalk Electric Light company.

The address of condolence upon the death of President Carnot which was adopted by the British parliament has been suitably acknowledged by the French chambers.

The national banks of Haverhill, Mass., are paying July semi-annual dividends as follows: Merrimack, 4 per cent; First National, 3 per cent; Haverhill, 3 per cent; Second National, 4 per cent.

WARRANTS ARE OUT

For the Arrest of a Crowd Who Wrecked "The Bedbug" With Stones.

DOVER, N. H., July 7.—The proprietor of the house known as "The Bedbug," in Barrington, has secured warrants for several parties for destroying his home.

His story is that after he and the rest had retired for the night, he was awakened by a blast from a fishhorn, and almost instantly rocks of all sizes came through his windows, striking and injuring both him and others.

They fled to the cellar, while the din and bombardment were kept up. When morning came and he ventured out of his cellar, he found every bit of glass in the windows broken out, the two doors knocked in, things inside the house ruined, and several tons of stones in the house.

His shed was overturned and his home ruined. He found that the assaulting party had brought two cartloads of stones, which they had hurled at his house. He found several face masks and evidence which leads him to believe that he knows who the perpetrators are.

The Lynn Press Bonds.

LYNN, Mass., July 7.—The bonds of the Lynn Press, that were originally issued for $15,000, were sold at public auction yesterday. George N. Nichols bought them for $500. Mr. Nichols was one of the assignees of the paper, and it is his intention to run the paper in the future.

Murdered and Mutilated.

BUENOS AYRES, July 7.—Advices from Bolivia report that ex-President Arce has been assassinated. His body was horribly mutilated by his murderers.

Believed to Be Taylor's Body.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—The body of an unknown man was found floating in the river here. Although badly decomposed, it is believed to be that of William Taylor, who fell from an oyster dredge last February.

Strikers Escorted Knobsticks.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., July 7.—About 100 of the Wamsutta strikers assembled at the mill gates last night and escorted some of the ex-strikers who are knobsticking home. There was no disturbance.

Freight Sheds and Cars Burned.

CAIRO, Ills., July 7.—Two freight sheds 850 feet wide and 600 feet long, respectively, and 23 freight cars were burned in the Mobile and Ohio yards in this city. It is believed the fire was incendiary.

Robbers Got Away.

FAIRFIELD, Me., July 7.—At 3 o'clock in the morning the safe in the postoffice was blown open and its contents taken. All the glass in the building was broken. No trace of the burglars.

Railroad Loses by Fire.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., July 7.—The coal sheds and trestle work on Mystic wharf, together with a quantity of coal, all owned by the Boston and Maine road, were burned last night. Loss, $4000.

Rope Parted.

BOSTON, July 7.—John Healey, 40 years old, was instantly killed by a bucket falling on his head, while digging a trench, by the breaking of a guy rope.

A Philosophic View.

LONDON, July 7.—In an interview, Lord Dunraven exonerated his crew from all blame for the disaster to the Valkyrie. It was purely accidental, he said.

INCENDIARISM

The Desperate Resort of Misguided Strikers.

The Leaders Lose Control of Men and Lawlessness Reigns Supreme.

Deputy Marshals Use Their Revolvers With Fatal Effect in Opposing the Furious Mobs.

Mayor Hopkins Calls For More Troops and Enlarges the Police Force—Strike May Extend From Ocean to Ocean. Hordes of Firebugs Destroy Thousands of Cars and Untold Quantities of Merchandise Furnish Food For Flames. Locomotives Wrecked and Tracks Ruined—Awful Work of Mobs.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Six dead and an indefinite number of injured is the record of casualties in the strike conflicts in Chicago yesterday.

The developments of Thursday went far to convince all thinking people that the gravity of the situation had not been appreciated by the authorities or the people at large, for after 12 hours of as patient and persistent coolness and bravery under trying circumstances military officers were forced to admit that it was still a long march to peace and the resumption of unimpeded traffic on any of the railroads running out of Chicago.

The developments of Thursday night and those of yesterday have but confirmed the conviction that nothing short of an overwhelming armed force with instructions to shoot to kill can settle the trouble; or, as Colonel Crofton put it: "It has ceased to be a mere movement of troops and has become a campaign."

The local and state authorities have awakened to the critical and grave nature of the strike malady and are taking measures to apply adequate remedies. The city police force has already been recruited up to over 3000 men, and by request of Mayor Hopkins and by order of Governor Altgeld two brigades of state militia have been ordered here to aid in quelling the disturbances.

At the nation's capital, also, the fact is recognized that the prevailing conditions are entirely out of the ordinary, and that provision must be made for such a massing of fighing men as has never before been seen together in the history of this nation in time of peace, if the authority and dignity of the federation and the processes of its courts are not to be laughed to scorn for an ind finite time.

The strike infection has become so widespread and so menacing at many points that the president and his advisers believe it would be unwise to withdraw any more regular troops from the country west of Chicago. It is, therefore, in contemplation, should the forces, federal, state and government, already gathered here, be unequal to the task of restoring order, to send here the 10 companies stationed on the Canadian border in the state of New York, with the reserved intention, if circumstances demand it, of exercising the right to call for 20,000 men from the crack militia regiments of New York and Pennsylvania.

An Eventful Day.

The day in Chicago has been one of constant alarms and calling for police, deputy marshals and soldiers, here, there and everywhere, throughout that wide stretch of territory in the southern part of the city. Riot has been running rampant throughout the day; cars have been overturned, switches broken and tracks obstructed in numerous way; the torch has been applied in numerous instances to cars.

Switchtowers and the like, not to mention an attempt to fire a part of the great Armour packing places—in fact at one time the incendiary blazes followed each other with such quick succession that the fire department was put to straits to care for all of them. To add to the gravity of the situation it was found that the strikers were interfering with the police railroad and fire alarm telegraph system, and in one or two instances policemen who were using telephone calls were stoned.

On two occasions at least three attacks were met with accurately aimed lead. During a riot in the forenoon over an incoming milk train at Kensington, a deputy United States marshal shot and killed two strikers, and during the afternoon the deputies guarding an incoming Baltimore and Ohio passenger train replied to the volley of shots and stones which the strikers showered upon them by turning their revolvers loose, killing four of their assailants and wounding a number of others.

A new feature was added to the situation when a meeting of representatives of all of the bodies of organized labor in the city favored a general sympathy strike, and appointed a committee of three with full power to act, and at the same time called a meeting of all organized labor tomorrow to ratify their action.

Late in the afternoon the Second regiment state militia was ordered to the stock yards.

May Reach the Atlantic.

Of the situation in general the most significant feature of it is the carrying out of the strike east to Cleveland, tying up all the connections of the seaboard trunk lines there, with the promise that by tonight it will reach the trunk lines themselves, and so practically reach the Atlantic seaboard by tying up the railroads at Buffalo. Thus the strike would be extended from ocean to ocean.

There is no notable relief at the points placed under embargo, and the situation at Kansas City is complicated by the tying-up of the Fort Scott road, thereby involving another southwestern line.

The Pacific coast remains in paralysis, from which there are no indications of relief, and a significant note comes from ...lled out by the ... of the Knights of Labor to prevent the unloading of a steamer from San Francisco, indicating that Sovereign's promise to Debs to help him in every way possible was no boast.

Flames Rampant.

With flaming torch lawless hordes of firebugs went to work at a score of points in the south half of Chicago.

Fires raged in every direction among the numerous railroad yards, hundreds of cars and tens of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise have already gone up in smoke or been carried off by the now frenzied mobs of rioters.

Incendiarism is rampant, alarm after alarm followed in quick succession all day, and at midnight the glare reflected from the heavens showed that the dastardly pastime continued unabated. From early morning until midnight reports of fresh outrages and fires followed each other with startling rapidity, being confined, however, principally to railroad rolling stock and the buildings against which thus far the greater part of the mob's fury has been directed.

Early yesterday morning a blaze started among some overturned cars at Kensington, quickly communicated to other tracks filled with long lines of cars, many containing valuable merchandise, all of which were soon blazing furiously. Fanned by strong winds, there was at this point a total of 80 cars wiped out. At the stock yards one blaze after another was reported, and from the outlying districts came urgent calls for police protection, increasing in frequency.

A Terrible Night.

But with the falling shades of night came the climax of the fiery festival. The Pan Handle yards, from Fifty-fifth to Sixty-third streets, were a mass of fire. Ten tracks containing from 1000 to 2000 cars, half of them loaded, will be a total loss. No water being at hand, the fire must burn itself out. The Pan Handle station at Sixty-third street was also fired and destroyed.

The Grand Trunk yards at Elston was a sea of flames, 500 box cars were burned, and efforts to check the flames were futile. The flag shanties and other railroad property were also burned.

While directing the movement of the Eleventh battalion at this point, Marshal Fitzpatrick was seized by the thoroughly frenzied mob of firebugs and thrown into a pond, from which he was rescued by the police, more dead than alive.

Everything at this point will probably be a total loss. At Hyde Park, near the fair grounds, the ashes of 40 cars are now smoldering, and word has just come in that after numerous efforts the mob has succeeded in firing the Illinois Central shop at Burnside.

Fury of the Mobs.

Only one residence has been burned thus far as a direct result of the incendiaries' work, and that in one of the stock yards districts, and business buildings have escaped altogether, but the wanton destruction of railway property continues unchecked and with increasing destructiveness.

The maddened mobs, worked up to the highest pitch of fury, paralleled the scenes of the commune, and it appears as though nothing short of the miraculous can prevent an armed demonstration against them and the sacrifice of many lives.

To illustrate the tactics resorted to by the incendiaries to hamper the work of the fire department, empty cartridges were forced into the keyholes of the fire alarm boxes, firemen were knocked down with stones and bricks, and while working at the fires the horses of the department were stolen.

At midnight all the cars in the yards had been destroyed. The mob showed much method in its incendiarism and hundreds of cars were rifled and their contents carried away before the torch was applied. The loss in the Pan Handle yard is estimated at $1,200,000.

Military on Duty.

The First regiment, 750 strong, went to Hyde Park and Kensington last evening. The Second regiment, with about the same number of men, followed shortly after, being assigned to the stock yards district, under direction of Police Inspector Hunt. The Third regiment, 600 men, were placed on duty in the district north of Thirty-ninth street. The Seventh regiment, 700 men is held in reserve, together with Battery D, at the Michigan avenue armory.

Troops are hurrying south; company after company, in heavy marching order, hurrying to the turbulent district from the center of the city.

The aggregate of the losses to the railroads will be enormous. Miles of their tracks have been ruined by the fierce heat; hundreds of switch and signal towers, with their expensive mechanism, utterly ruined; thousands of cars and untold quantities of merchandise have fed the flames and gorged the larders of thieves; valuable locomotives have been wrecked and disabled; miles of tangled wires and private poles litter the ground.

Telephone, telegraph, electric light and fire alarm wires are now the especial object of attack, the plugging of fire alarm boxes constituting a new and doubly dangerous element in the tremendous wave of incendiarism now sweeping over the southwest section of the city, preventing, as it does, notice being received of the state of affairs until a fire has attained such headway that it cannot be stopped except through lack of further material on which to feed.

Cold-Blooded Assassination.

S. R. Ritchie, a special policeman, employed by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, was stoned to death by a mob at the Fifty-seventh street crossing of that road.

Ritchie, who was also a deputy sheriff, caught some boys overturning a switch shanty and compelled them to set it upright again. While he was talking to the boys a mob approached and attempted to burn the shanty.

Ritchie drew his revolver and threatened to kill the first man who approached the shanty. The mob surged around him, but he held it off until his revolver was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking him in the foot.

He was easy prey for the mob then, and they quickly had him down. They stood around his body and literally stoned him to death. His head was pounded almost to pieces. The mob finally went away leaving him for dead, but he was still alive when the police arrived. He was taken to the hospital, but died within a short time. No arrests were made.

Callaway's Coup d'Etat.

TOLEDO, July 7.—Receiver Callaway of the Clover Leaf road received a telegram signed "Committee" containing the information that the American Railway union at that place had decided to tie up his road. Mr. Callaway acted promptly and emphatically, wiring General Superintendent Mills at St. Louis to lay off every employe whose services are not actually required to run passenger trains. He also issued orders to close up every shop on the line from end to end. In explaining his action, Mr. Callaway said: "We cannot afford to spend $10 a day to earn $1 in revenue."

Loss Will Be Enormous.

At the stock yards last night about 50 toughs skulked from point to point and set a large number of fires. Fires sprung up on every hand, and no organized effort ... seemed to be under way to intercept them. This is the banner district of the city, if not of the entire country, for all-round toughs, and it is as much as a man's life is worth to interfere with them.

These Men Are Satisfied.

DENVER, July 7.—The Order of Railway Conductors have begun war upon E. V. Debs, his order and the strike. The first step will be to expel from the order all members who have gone out on strike on the order of Debs. By their acts the striking members have weakened the influence of the order, which has always been so strong that it has never been called upon to strike in order to gain a desired point.

DENVER, July 7.—Following the example of the engineers of the Denver and Gulf system, the conductors of the Santa Fe have requested to be sworn in as deputy marshals and armed. Their desire will be complied with.

DE SOTO, Mo., July 7.—The American Railway union lodge here has surrendered its charter and will stick to work, although they are ordered out.

COLORADO CITY, Colo., July 7.—The local branch of the American Railway union has voted not to go on strike.

CLEVELAND, July 7.—Six hundred strikers on the Erie road voted to resume work today.

Cleveland to Altgeld.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Governor Altgeld of Illinois sent an extremely long dispatch to the president last night, protesting against the presence of federal troops and demanding their withdrawal. He argued that the president was going beyond his power, and intimated that in the previous reply to him (Altgeld) the points at issue were evaded.

The president wired the following reply: "While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority nor duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all in authority to restore obedience to law and to protect life and property."

Strikes In Packing Houses.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The firemen employed in the packing houses of Nelson Morris & Co., Swift & Co. and Armour & Co. struck yesterday, and were soon followed by the steamfitters in all three houses. About the same time, Armour & Co.'s teamsters refused to work longer, saying that they had been assaulted and threatened so much that they feared to take their teams.

On the Way East.

DETROIT, July 7.—Every railroad in Detroit is tied up in accordance with the action of the joint meeting of representatives of all the local brotherhoods. While there are a few dissenters among the engineers, it is believed the strike will be practically universal.

Extending South.

NASHVILLE, July 7.—It is publicly announced that all the American Railway union men at this point will go on strike. The number involved is estimated at from 1200 to 5000.

Had the Jimjams.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Otto Gudart, 36 years old, sprang from a window of a tenement while suffering from an attack of delirium tremens, and fell four stories to the sidewalk. He may recover.

Held For the Grand Jury.

BOSTON, July 7.—Henry Kane, charged with causing the death of Daniel Connelly, was held without bail for the August grand jury.

At the Head of the W. P. I.

WORCESTER, July 7.—The trustees of the Worcester Polytechnic institute make the announcement of the engagement of Dr. Thomas C. Mendenhall, superintendent of the United States and geodetic survey, to be president of the institute.

MORE FINE BATTING.

The Bostons Rolled Up Eight Runs In the First Inning.

CLEVELAND, July 6.—The Clevelands were defeated because the Bostons batted the ball better. In the first inning the Bostons scored eight runs, when the side should have been out. Burkett let two easy flies drop by his side, claiming that he could not see the ball, and then muffed another.

Boston	8	0	7	0	1	3	0	0		—19
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	0	0	— 6

Earned runs—Boston, 4; Cleveland, 4. Base hits—Boston, 22; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Boston, 1; Cleveland, 4. Batteries—Stivetts and Ryan; Cuppy and Zimmer.

At Pittsburg:

Philadelphia	0	2	1	0	0	2	0	6	2	—13
Pittsburg	2	0	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	— 7

Base hits—Philadelphia, 15; Pittsburg, 7. Errors—Philadelphia, 2; Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Haddock and Buckley; Gumbert Killen and Mack.

At Louisville:

New York	1	0	0	2	1	1	4	0	1	—10
Louisville	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	2	0	— 6

Base hits—New York, 12; Louisville, 17. Errors—New York, 3; Louisville, 1. Batteries—Rusie and Farrell; Hemming, Peffer and Weaver.

At Pawtucket—Fall River, 5; Pawtucket, 4.

At Brockton—Worcester, 9; Brockton, 8.

At Haverhill—Portland, 6; Haverhill, 4.

At Bangor—Lewiston, 11; Bangor, 4.

LIST OF LETTERS

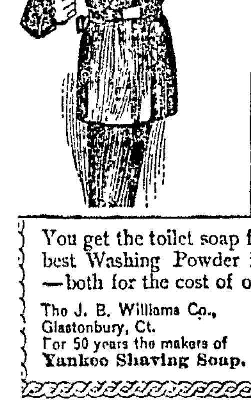
Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 7th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department

Gentlemen's List.

Allman, J
American Injector Co
Andrews Orchestra
Abell, Sereno E
Arnold, E V
Blais, Adam
Bano, Manoil F
Beaman, C H
Bishop, J
Boilly, Eugene
Brown, Harry
Brown, Augustus M
Blodgett, E A
Brunelle, A B
Burrows, P F
Burnham, Fred
Brush, John R
Chamberland, W E
Clark, C S
Currier, Geo W
Dyke, Elzar 6
Dubord, Jake
Duerden, Harry
Duffy, Michael
Deaden, Thomas
Descatuare, Arthur
Desilets, Theode
Emery, Ralph E
Emory, John E
Foye, Fred X 2
Fiske, Harry N
Gateley, H
Genghin, Philip
Guilfoy, M J
Galligan, Patrick
Hamblett, Clement A
Hill, Will H
Holmes, Wesley
Howe, Chas L
Kelleher, D J
Kelleher, W M
"Kootzman," Christian
Knowles, John
Lachapelle, J A
Letendre, Alfred
Lebleu, Octave
Linnehan, John W
Moore, J A
McJenny, Michael
McDonald, Patrick J
McGuire, Mr
McLean, J H Dr
McMorrow, F A
Maynard, Israel
Martin, Manoel
Mansfield, W T
O'Brien, James
O'Brien, Hugh
O'Hara, Thomas
Penneton, Arthur
Proux, Nachette
Quirk, Thomas
Rogers, A D
Richardson, Thos P
Rivet, Napoleon
Rebalis, James
Reagan, John H
Stevens, L R
Swette, John
Smith, A E
Sullivan, M
Tarbell, H C
Tromblay, Joseph
Tebbetts & Soule
Tucker, J G
Union, American P
Williams, J P

Ladies' List.

Ball, MrsM C
Bailey, Mrs B
Baird, Miss Alice M
Bancroft, Mrs L P
Boden, Miss Sarah
Bouzey, Miss Cate
Brunell, Mrs Delia
Buchanan, Miss Belle
Burke, Miss Katie
Byrne, Mrs Nellie
Crane, Miss Nellie
Champagne, Mrs Edmond
Calkins, Miss Addie T
Cote, Mme Nelida
Conway, Miss Grace
Cummings, Mrs May Ella
Davis, Florence
Desmond, Mrs Etta
Deharnais, Miss Emelia
Flaherty, Miss Nettie
Finley, Margaret
Forbes, Mrs Hattie
Gernle, Susie
Gilbert, Miss Delia
Griffin, Mrs Lila V
Gibson, Mrs Elmer A
Goodwin, Mrs J M
Hall, Mrs A F
Hansberry, Miss Katie
Hill, Miss Susie
Hillman, Miss Louisa
Howes, Mrs L E
Hoole, Miss M W
Hough, Miss Kate
Knowles, Mrs W S
Market, Mrs Aline V
McGill, Mrs Jane
Meacham, Mrs Lottie
Moore, Mrs Hannah
Morrison, Miss Delia
Morrison, Miss M H
Nichols, Miss Lottie
Pengally, Miss Belle
Prescott, Mrs S M
Perkins, Mrs Wm
Pinkham, Mrs L E
Pottere, Helen
Richard, Miss Adeline
Rice, Mrs H H
Rogers, Mrs Lou
Roney, Lola
Sullivan, Mary
Simonds, Miss Laura
Silk, Miss Bridget
Singleton, Mrs Janette L
Thomas Miss Gertrude
Wallace, Rose
Washburn, Mrs Chas
Wheeler, Miss S J
Welch, Mrs Geo
Wilder, Miss Maude
Woodman, Mrs Agnes B



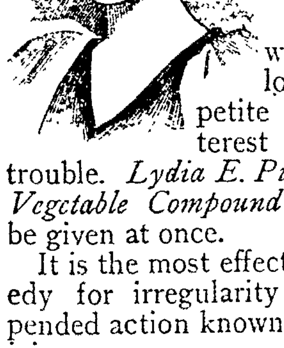
Stop buying toilet soap. You can get a cake of Olive Oil Toilet Soap in every package of **Ivorine** Washing Powder.

You get the toilet soap free, and the best Washing Powder in the world—both for the cost of one.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap. Ask your Grocer for the 1½ lb. package of Ivorine.

HIRES' Rootbeer makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada. Send 2c stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.

Young Girls Suffer



From the same causes which make so many women miserable. This being the case, what is your duty, most loving mother? You know that irregularity, suspension, or retention, severe headaches, waxy complexion, depression, weakness, loss of appetite and interest means trouble. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* should be given at once.

It is the most effective remedy for irregularity or suspended action known to medicine.

Twenty years of unparalleled success and 20 thousand women confirm its power over all those dreaded diseases peculiar to women. All druggists have it for you.

Accept the truth and be well.

Get Get Get Get Get **KNAPP'S** only only only only **KNAPP'S** for for for for for for **KNAPP'S** is the Best Rootbeer Extract.

Cuts, Scratches, Sprains, and all pains, external or internal, are instantly relieved by PERRY DAVIS' **Pain Killer.** This old remedy is known, used and sold everywhere. Get it and keep it by you.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street. Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch epairing.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block. Attorney at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 97 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT. MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL. Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc. PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE, Sold at Moors' Pharmacy, Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

WANTED—First class dressmakers, and no others need apply, at the Dressmakers League, Associate Building, cor. Worthen and Merrimack streets, where they make dresses out of the finest material at $1.00 per week instalments.

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Stayner & Co., Providence, R. I.

YOUNG GIRL (clean, respectable), 12 to 14 years of age, wanted during vacation to help look after small child. Apply 49 Hampshire street, piazza door.

TENEMENTS TO LET

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Lew, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK, Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU Surgeon Dentists Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

Bettina, the Mascot.........Miss Jennie Corea
Fiametta.........Miss Kate Powers
Frederic.........Mrs. Carrie Carvel Lloyd
Lorenzo XVII.........Raymond Hitchcock
Pippo.........John Lloyd
Rocco.........Tom Callahan
Doctor.........George Ireland
Matteo.........Peter Depew
Parafonte.........Frank Emerson
Carlo.........Miss Madeline Sandford
Macco.........Miss Edith Cinq Mars

Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.

Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

Simple ailments neglected may grow deadly. A handy remedy is **Beecham's Pills** (Tasteless) in all cases where Liver and Stomach trouble is suspected. ...s a box.

P. H. HEELON, ... 558 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE TARIFF

The Sugar Schedule Still Under Discussion.

THE PRESIDENT IS OPPOSED TO LONGER CONTENTION.

His Attitude Has Much to Do With Final Settlement.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Conversation with members of the ways and means committee leads to the opinion that the members will be reconciled without much difficulty to the senate amendments to the income tax, as most of them are calculated to remove offensive features.

The main contest will be on the sugar schedule, to which the opposition in the house is very decided and strong numerically. That some change will be made in the schedule is certain, but the belief is general that the duty will be retained. The senate conferrees will make an effort to include bounty allowances on the coming crop. That allowance was included in the senate caucus agreement and was abandoned at the last hour for the reason that it was desired to dispose of the bill on Tuesday last.

There seems to be an understanding among Democratic senators that the bounty allowance will be arranged in conference in a manner that will be acceptable to the sugar growers. The question has been raised whether the growers of domestic sugar are not entitled to a bounty under the existing law. It is provided that producers of such sugar, to be entitled to bounty, shall file, prior to July of each year, with the commissioner of internal revenue, application for a license, together with notice of the place of production and an estimate of the quantity of sugar to be produced in the current year. These provisions of law, which are held to be in the nature of a contract, have been complied with, and the coming sugar crop will be made under the conditions thus agreed upon.

The President's Attitude.

In conversation with a friend recently the president alluded to the question of tariff legislation. He remarked that he has abstained from interfering with the bill while it was pending in the senate. The measure was not altogether satisfactory and not such a one as he would have framed. He did not think there was sufficient time at the present session to make any serious contention over it. But under the circumstances he thought the house would be justified in accepting the measure with some modifications in order that speedy action may be had regarding this most important measure.

The attitude of the president and the administration concerning this matter will have, it is believed, much influence, not only with the members of the ways and means committee, but with the friends of the administration in both houses in settling and adjusting this important question.

A Tax on Greenbacks.

The bill for the state taxation of greenbacks occupied the attention of the house all day, and it was passed by a vote of 173 to 41. The only point of interest in the day's proceedings was the taking of the tariff bill from the speaker's table and its reference to the committee on ways and means, but this was unattended by any excitement or remarks.

Several unimportant bills were passed. The special order setting aside today for eulogies on the late Representative Houck of Ohio was postponed for a week.

A Short Session.

An air of quiet and serenity prevailed in the chamber when the senate met at noon yesterday, after its holiday. The struggle of the past three months had severely taxed the endurance of the senators and it was immediately decided that the senate adjourn to meet on Monday. This was to give the senators two more days of rest before beginning work on the appropriation bills. The house joint resolution to enable the secretary of the navy to carry out the work of increasing the navy was adopted. One resolution and two bills, the direct outgrowth of the existing Pullman strike, were introduced.

Bonnell Is President.

ASBURY PARK, July 7.—The National Editorial association has elected the following officers: President, A. H. Bonnell, Dansville, N. Y.; first vice president, James H. Duke, Sciola, Miss.; second vice president, N. A. Arnold, Greencastle, Ind.; third vice president, J. R. Buxton, Washington; recording secretary, A. E. Pierce, Denver; corresponding secretary, J. M. Paige, Jerseyville, Ills.; treasurer, James G. Gibbs, Norwalk, O.

Wanted For Murder.

WINSTED, Conn., July 7.—Waterbury police have identified the Italian captured here as Domenico Manfreta, the Waterbury murderer. Manfreta has been at large since the night of May 13, when a murder was committed in a Canal street saloon at Waterbury. A stiletto and ticket for Albany were found on the murderer.

Another Victim.

GREENVILLE, Me., July 7.—Charles Grant, the fifth victim of the West Outlet wreck on the Canadian Pacific railway, died yesterday from fracture of the skull. Fireman McDonald remains unconscious. A body is supposed to be still under the wrecked cars.

Without Light.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The firemen employed at the Armour establishment have gone out, and the big plant was left in total darkness, as the electric light machinery was obliged to shut down.

To Test the Law.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Providence police raided pool rooms yesterday afternoon, and arrested all attendants. It is proposed to test the new anti-gambling law.

Bank Swindler Captured.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 7.—Richard Lenox, who defrauded two Milwaukee banks of $35,000 on June 24, was arrested near Absecom yesterday.

Lightning's Victims.

READING, Pa., July 7.—Mrs. Jacob Boggs was killed by being struck by lightning. Mrs. Amanda Shaw was probably fatally burned.

Clearing Them Out.

MARSEILLES, July 7.—Forty suspected anarchists, including many Italians, have been arrested in this city.

Browne's Latest Move.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Carl Browne started on foot with 70 picked men for New York city last night. He will probably give particular attention to Wall street and capitalists, with whose manner of doing business the marshal is not pleased. Oklahoma Sam will attempt to keep the Coxey camp.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Cholera has appeared at Liege, Belgium.

Sheffield's cutlery exports to America have fallen off.

Sugar men may receive a bounty on this year's crop.

The Conant pulp factory at Watertown, Mass., was damaged by fire.

Lord Rosebery celebrated Ladas' Derby victory by feasting Epsom paupers.

Joseph Catnoir of Providence, 13 years old, fell into a reservoir and was drowned.

Ernest, son of Nat Sheels of Swanton, Vt., was struck by lightning and killed.

The price of pork has advanced 1 cent a pound, but beef remains stationary at Boston.

Miss Daggett of New Haven died at Canandaigua, N. Y., from an overdose of chloral.

Cambridge (Mass.) drug stores are to be allowed to sell nothing but drugs on Sundays.

Mrs. Zephah Botham of Montevillo, Conn., celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth.

Lloyd Seaman, a colored boy, was drowned in the Connecticut river at Old Lyme, Conn.

An Italian answering the description of a Waterbury murderer was arrested at Winsted, Conn.

Mme. Carnot states that her husband's life was threatened constantly for the past seven years.

A Beverly (Mass.) child was injured, probably fatally, by an explosion of percussion paper caps.

The fishing schooner Sea Fox of Provincetown, Mass., arrived at Boston, with six of her crew missing.

An 80-foot span of the highway bridge across the bay at Bath, Me., fell, and travel will be stopped for a month.

Professor Edward R. Ruggles of Dartmouth college sailed from New York for Rotterdam, and will spend the summer in Berlin.

Rev. R. A. Beard of Fargo, N. D., has accepted a call to the pastorage of the Pilgrim Congregational church at Nashua, N. H.

President Bothfield of the Newton (Mass.) aldermen barely escaped being mobbed because he did not want the Fourth of July celebration to begin before 3 a. m.

L. C. Whitney, superintendent of the New Britain (Conn.) Electric Light company, has been appointed receiver of the Norwalk and South Norwalk Electric Light company.

The address of condolence upon the death of President Carnot which was adopted by the British parliament has been suitably acknowledged by the French chambers.

The national banks of Haverhill, Mass., are paying July semi-annual dividends as follows: Merrimack, 4 per cent; First National, 3 per cent; Haverhill, 3 per cent; Second National, 4 per cent.

WARRANTS ARE OUT

For the Arrest of a Crowd Who Wrecked "The Bedbug" With Stones.

DOVER, N. H., July 7.—The proprietor of the house known as "The Bedbug," in Barrington, has secured warrants for several parties for destroying his home.

His story is that after he and the rest had retired for the night, he was awakened by a blast from a fishhorn, and almost instantly rocks of all sizes came through his windows, striking and injuring both him and others.

They fled to the cellar, while the din and bombardment were kept up. When morning came and he ventured out of his cellar, he found every bit of glass in the windows broken out, the two doors knocked in, things inside the house ruined, and several tons of stones in the house.

His shed was overturned and his home ruined. He found that the assaulting party had brought two cartloads of stones, which they had hurled at his house. He found several face masks and evidence which leads him to believe that he knows who the perpetrators are.

The Lynn Press Bonds.

LYNN, Mass., July 7.—The bonds of the Lynn Press, that were originally issued for $15,000, were sold at public auction yesterday. George N. Nichols bought them for $500. Mr. Nichols was one of the assignees of the paper, and it is his intention to run the paper in the future.

Murdered and Mutilated.

BUENOS AYRES, July 7.—Advices from Bolivia report that ex-President Arce has been assassinated. His body was horribly mutilated by his murderers.

Believed to Be Taylor's Body.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—The body of an unknown man was found floating in the river here. Although badly decomposed, it is believed to be that of William Taylor, who fell from an oyster dredge last February.

Strikers Escorted Knobsticks.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., July 7.—About 100 of the Wamsutta strikers assembled at the mill gates last night and escorted some of the ex-strikers who are knobsticking home. There was no disturbance.

Freight Sheds and Cars Burned.

CAIRO, Ills., July 7.—Two freight sheds 850 feet wide and 600 feet long, respectively, and 23 freight cars were burned in the Mobile and Ohio yards in this city. It is believed the fire was incendiary.

Robbers Got Away.

FAIRFIELD, Me., July 7.—At 3 o'clock in the morning the safe in the postoffice was blown open and its contents taken. All the glass in the building was broken. No trace of the burglars.

Railroad Loses by Fire.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., July 7.—The coal sheds and trestle work on Mystic wharf, together with a quantity of coal, all owned by the Boston and Maine road, were burned last night. Loss, $4000.

Rope Parted.

BOSTON, July 7.—John Healey, 40 years old, was instantly killed by a bucket falling on his head, while digging a trench, by the breaking of a guy rope.

A Philosophic View.

LONDON, July 7.—In an interview, Lord Dunraven exonerated his crew from all blame for the disaster to the Valkyrie. It was purely accidental, he said.

INCENDIARISM

The Desperate Resort of Misguided Strikers.

The Leaders Lose Control of Men and Lawlessness Reigns Supreme.

Deputy Marshals Use Their Revolvers With Fatal Effect in Opposing the Furious Mobs.

Mayor Hopkins Calls For More Troops and Enlarges the Police Force—Strike May Extend From Ocean to Ocean. Hordes of Firebugs Destroy Thousands of Cars and Untold Quantities of Merchandise Furnish Food For Flames. Locomotives Wrecked and Tracks Ruined—Awful Work of Mobs.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Six dead and an indefinite number of injured is the record of casualties in the strike conflicts in Chicago yesterday.

The developments of Thursday went far to convince all thinking people that the gravity of the situation had not been appreciated by the authorities or the people at large, for after 12 hours of as patient and persistent coolness and bravery under trying circumstances military officers were forced to admit that it was still a long march to peace and the resumption of unimpeded traffic on any of the railroads running out of Chicago.

The developments of Thursday night and those of yesterday have but confirmed the conviction that nothing short of an overwhelming armed force with instructions to shoot to kill can settle the trouble; or, as Colonel Crofton put it: "It has ceased to be a mere movement of troops and has become a campaign."

The local and state authorities have awakened to the critical and grave nature of the strike malady and are taking measures to apply adequate remedies. The city police force has already been recruited up to over 3000 men, and by request of Mayor Hopkins and by order of Governor Altgeld two brigades of state militia have been ordered here to aid in quelling the disturbances.

At the nation's capital, also, the fact is recognized that the prevailing conditions are entirely out of the ordinary, and that provision must be made for such a massing of fighting men as has never before been seen together in the history of this nation in time of peace, if the authority and dignity of the federation and the processes of its courts are not to be laughed to scorn for an indefinite time.

The strike infection has become so widespread and so menacing at many points that the president and his advisers believe it would be unwise to withdraw any more regular troops from the country west of Chicago. It is, therefore, in contemplation, should the forces, federal, state and government, already gathered here, be unequal to the task of restoring order, to send here the 10 companies stationed on the Canadian border in the state of New York, with the reserved intention, if circumstances demand it, of exercising the right to call for 20,000 men from the crack militia regiments of New York and Pennsylvania.

An Eventful Day.

The day in Chicago has been one of constant alarms and calling for police, deputy marshals and soldiers, here, there and everywhere, throughout that wide stretch of territory in the southern part of the city. Riot has been running rampant throughout the day; cars have been overturned, switches broken and tracks obstructed in numerous ways; the torch has been applied in numerous instances to cars.

Switchtowers and the like, not to mention an attempt to fire a part of the great Armour packing places—in fact at one time the incendiary blazes followed each other with such quick succession that the fire department was put to straits to care for all of them. To add to the gravity of the situation it was found that the strikers were interfering with the police railroad and fire alarm telegraph system, and in one or two instances policemen who were using telephone calls were stoned.

On two occasions at least three attacks were met with accurately aimed lead. During a riot in the forenoon over an incoming milk train at Kensington, a deputy United States marshal shot and killed two strikers, and during the afternoon the deputies guarding an incoming Baltimore and Ohio passenger train replied to the volley of shots and stones which the strikers showered upon them by turning their revolvers loose, killing four of their assailants and wounding a number of others.

A new feature was added to the situation when a meeting of representatives of all of the bodies of organized labor in the city favored a general sympathy strike, and appointed a committee of three with full power to act, and at the same time called a meeting of all organized labor tomorrow to ratify their action.

Late in the afternoon the Second regiment state militia was ordered to the stock yards.

May Reach the Atlantic.

Of the situation in general the most significant feature of it is the carrying out of the strike east to Cleveland, tying up all the connections of the seaboard trunk lines there, with the promise that by tonight it will reach the trunk lines themselves, and so practically reach the Atlantic seaboard by tying up the railroads at Buffalo. Thus the strike would be extended from ocean to ocean.

There is no notable relief at the points placed under embargo, and the situation at Kansas City is complicated by the tying-up of the Fort Scott road, thereby involving another southwestern line.

The Pacific coast remains in paralysis, from which there are no indications of relief, and a significant note comes from called out by the chief of the Knights of Labor to prevent the unloading of a steamer from San Francisco, indicating that Sovereign's promise to Debs to help him in every way possible was no boast.

Flames Rampant.

With flaming torch lawless hordes of firebugs went to work at a score of points in the south half of Chicago.

Fires raged in every direction among the numerous railroad yards, hundreds of cars and tens of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise have already gone up in smoke or been carried off by the now frenzied mobs of rioters.

Incendiarism is rampant, alarm after alarm followed in quick succession all day, and at midnight the glare reflected from the heavens showed that the dastardly pastime continued unabated. From early morning until midnight reports of fresh outrages and fires followed each other with startling rapidity, being confined, however, principally to railroad rolling stock and the buildings against which thus far the greater part of the mob's fury has been directed.

Early yesterday morning a blaze started among some overturned cars at Kensington, quickly communicated to other tracks filled with long lines of cars, many containing valuable merchandise, all of which were soon blazing furiously. Fanned by strong winds, there was at this point a total of 80 cars wiped out. At the stock yards one blaze after another was reported, and from the outlying districts came urgent calls for police protection, increasing in frequency.

A Terrible Night.

But with the falling shades of night came the climax of the fiery festival. The Pan Handle yards, from Fifty-fifth to Sixty-third streets, were a mass of fire. Ten tracks containing from 1000 to 2000 cars, half of them loaded, will be a total loss. No water being at hand, the fire must burn itself out. The Pan Handle station at Sixty-third street was also fired and destroyed.

The Grand Trunk yards at Elston was a sea of flames, 500 box cars were burned, and efforts to check the flames were futile. The flag shanties and other railroad property were also burned.

While directing the movement of the Eleventh battalion at this point, Marshal Fitzpatrick was seized by the thoroughly frenzied mob of firebugs and thrown into a pond, from which he was rescued by the police, more dead than alive.

Everything at this point will probably be a total loss. At Hyde Park, near the fair grounds, the ashes of 40 cars are now smoldering, and word has just come in that after numerous efforts the mob has succeeded in firing the Illinois Central shop at Burnside.

Fury of the Mobs.

Only one residence has been burned thus far as a direct result of the incendiaries' work, and that in one of the stock yards districts, and business buildings have escaped altogether, but the wanton destruction of railway property continues unchecked and with increasing destructiveness.

The maddened mobs, worked up to the highest pitch of fury, paralleled the scenes of the commune, and it appears as though nothing short of the miraculous can prevent an armed demonstration against them and the sacrifice of many lives.

To illustrate the tactics resorted to by the incendiaries to hamper the work of the fire department, empty cartridges were forced into the keyholes of the fire alarm boxes, firemen were knocked down with stones and bricks, and while working at the fires the horses of the department were stolen.

At midnight all the cars in the yards had been destroyed. The mob showed much method in its incendiarism and hundreds of cars were rifled and their contents carried away before the torch was applied. The loss in the Pan Handle yard is estimated at $1,200,000.

Military on Duty.

The First regiment, 750 strong, went to Hyde Park and Kensington last evening. The Second regiment, with about the same number of men, followed shortly after, being assigned to the stock yards district, under direction of Police Inspector Hunt. The Third regiment, 600 men, were placed on duty in the district north of Thirty-ninth street. The Seventh regiment, 700 men, is held in reserve, together with Battery D, at the Michigan avenue armory.

Troops are hurrying south; company after company, in heavy marching order, hurrying to the turbulent district from the center of the city.

The aggregate of the losses to the railroads will be enormous. Miles of their tracks have been ruined by the fierce heat; hundreds of switch and signal towers, with their expensive mechanism, utterly ruined; thousands of cars and untold quantities of merchandise have fed the flames and gorged the larders of thieves; valuable locomotives have been wrecked and disabled; miles of tangled wires and private poles litter the ground.

Telephone, telegraph, electric light and fire alarm wires are now the especial object of attack, the plugging of fire alarm boxes constituting a new and doubly dangerous element in the tremendous wave of incendiarism now sweeping over the southwest section of the city, preventing, as it does, notice being received of the state of affairs until a fire has attained such headway that it cannot be stopped except through lack of further material on which to feed.

Cold-Blooded Assassination.

S. R. Ritchie, a special policeman, employed by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, was stoned to death by a mob at the Fifty-seventh street crossing of that road.

Ritchie, who was also a deputy sheriff, caught some boys overturning a switch shanty and compelled them to set it upright again. While he was talking to the boys a mob approached and attempted to burn the shanty.

Ritchie drew his revolver and threatened to kill the first man who approached the shanty. The mob surged around him, but he held it off until his revolver was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking him in the foot.

He was easy prey for the mob then, and they quickly had him down. They stood around his body and literally stoned him to death. His head was pounded almost to pieces. The mob finally went away leaving him for dead, but he was still alive when the police arrived. He was taken to the hospital, but died within a short time. No arrests were made.

Callaway's Coup d'Etat.

TOLEDO, July 7.—Receiver Callaway of the Clover Leaf road received a telegram signed "Committee" containing the information that the American Railway union at that place had decided to tie up his road. Mr. Callaway acted promptly and emphatically, wiring General Superintendent Mills at St. Louis to lay off every employe whose services are not actually required to run passenger trains. He also issued orders to close up every shop on the line from end to end. In explaining his action, Mr. Callaway said: "We cannot afford to spend $10 a day to earn $1 in revenue."

Loss Will Be Enormous.

At the stock yards last night about 50 toughs skulked from point to point and set a large number of fires. Fires sprung up on every hand, and no organized effort on the part of the police seemed to be under way to intercept them. This is the banner district of the city, if not of the entire country, for all-round toughs, and it is as much as a man's life is worth to interfere with them.

These Men Are Satisfied.

DENVER, July 7.—The Order of Railway Conductors have begun war upon E. V. Debs, his order and the strike. The first step will be to expel from the order all members who have gone out on strike on the order of Debs. By their acts the striking members have weakened the influence of the order, which has always been so strong that it has never been called upon to strike in order to gain a desired point.

DENVER, July 7.—Following the example of the engineers of the Denver and Gulf system, the conductors of the Santa Fe have requested to be sworn in as deputy marshals and armed. Their desire will be complied with.

DE SOTO, Mo., July 7.—The American Railway union lodge here has surrendered its charter and will stick to work, although they are ordered out.

COLORADO CITY, Colo., July 7.—The local branch of the American Railway union has voted not to go on strike.

CLEVELAND, July 7.—Six hundred strikers on the Erie road voted to resume work today.

Cleveland to Altgeld.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Governor Altgeld of Illinois sent an extremely long dispatch to the president last night, protesting against the presence of federal troops and demanding their withdrawal. He argued that the president was going beyond his power, and intimated that in the previous reply to him (Altgeld) the points at issue were evaded.

The president wired the following reply: "While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority nor duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all in authority to restore obedience to law and to protect life and property."

Strikes In Packing Houses.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The firemen employed in the packing houses of Nelson Morris & Co., Swift & Co. and Armour & Co. struck yesterday, and were soon followed by the steamfitters in all three houses. About the same time, Armour & Co.'s teamsters refused to work longer, saying that they had been assaulted and threatened so much that they feared to take their teams.

On the Way East.

DETROIT, July 7.—Every railroad in Detroit is tied up in accordance with the action of the joint meeting of representatives of all the local brotherhoods. While there are a few dissenters among the engineers, it is believed the strike will be practically universal.

Extending South.

NASHVILLE, July 7.—It is publicly announced that all the American Railway union men at this point will go on strike. The number involved is estimated at from 1200 to 5000.

Had the Jimjams.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Otto Gudart, 36 years old, sprang from a window of a tenement while suffering from an attack of delirium tremens, and fell four stories to the sidewalk. He may recover.

Held For the Grand Jury.

BOSTON, July 7.—Henry Kaus, charged with causing the death of Daniel Connelly, was held without bail for the August grand jury.

At the Head of the W. P. I.

WORCESTER, July 7.—The trustees of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute make the announcement of the engagement of Dr. Thomas C. Mendenhall, superintendent of the United States and geodetic survey, to be president of the institute.

MORE FINE BATTING.

The Bostons Rolled Up Eight Runs In the First Inning.

CLEVELAND, July 6.—The Clevelands were defeated because the Bostons batted the ball better. In the first inning the Bostons scored eight runs, when the side should have been out. Burkett let two easy flies drop by his side, claiming that he could not see the ball, and then muffed another.

Boston	8	0	7	0	1	3	0	0		—19
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	0	0	— 6

Earned runs—Boston, 4; Cleveland, 4. Base hits—Boston, 22; Cleveland, 13. Errors—Boston, 1; Cleveland, 4. Batteries—Stivetts and Ryan; Cuppy and Zimmer.

At Pittsburg:

Philadelphia	0	2	1	6	0	2	0	0	3	—13
Pittsburg	2	0	1	2	0	0	[illegible]	0	0	— 7

Base hits—Philadelphia, 15; Pittsburg, 7. Errors—Philadelphia, 2; Pittsburg, 4. Batteries—Haddock and Buckley; Gumbert Killen and Mack.

At Louisville:

New York	1	0	0	2	1	1	4	0	1	—10
Louisville	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	2	0	— 6

Base hits—New York, 12; Louisville, 17. Errors—New York, 3; Louisville, 1. Batteries—Rusie and Farrell; Hemming, Peffer and Weaver.

At Pawtucket—Fall River, 5; Pawtucket, 4.

At Brockton—Worcester, 9; Brockton, 8.

At Haverhill—Portland, 6; Haverhill, 4.

At Bangor—Lewiston, 11; Bangor, 4.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 7th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Gentlemen's List.

Allman, J
American Injector Co
Andrews Orchestra
Abell, Sereno E
Arnold, E V
Blaus, Adam
Bano, Manoll F
Beaman, C H
Bishop, J
Bailly, Eugene
Brown, Harry
Brown, Augustus M
Blodgett, E A
Brunelle, A B
Burrows, P F
Burnham, Fred
Brush, John R
Chamberland, W E
Clark, C S
Currier, Geo W
Dyke, Elzar G
Dubord, Jake
Duerden, Harry
Duffy, Michael
Dealden, Thomas
Descatnore, Arthur
Deslets, Theodo
Emery, Ralph E
Emory, John E
Foye, Fred X 2
Fiske, Harry N
Gateley, H
Genghin, Philip
Guilloy, M J
Galligan, Patrick
Humblett, Clement A
Hill, Wm H
Holmes, Wesley
Howe, Chas L
Kelleher, D J
Kelleher, W M
"Kootsman," Christian
Knowles, John
Lachapelle, J A
Lesendre, Alfred
Leblen, Octave
Linnehan, John W
Moore, J A
McJenny, Michael
McDonald, Patrick J
McGuire, Mr
McLean, J H Dr
McMorrow, F A
Maynard, Israel
Martin, Manoel
Mansfield, W T
O'Brien, James
O'Brien, Hugh
O'Hara, Thomas
Penneton, Arthur
Proux, Nachette
Quirk, Thomas
Rogers, A D
Richardson, Thos P
Rivet, Napoleon
Rehalls, James
Reagan, John H
Stevens, L R
Sweete, John
Smith, A E
Sullivan, M
Tarbell, H O
Trombley, Joseph
Tebbetts & Soule
Tucker, J G
Union, American P
Williams, J P

Ladies' List.

Ball, Mrs M C
Bailey, Mrs B
Baird, Miss Alice M
Bancroft, Mrs L P
Boden, Miss Sarah
Bouzey, Miss Cato
Brunell, Mrs Della
Buchanan, Miss Belle
Burke, Miss Katie
Byrne, Mrs Nellie
Crane, Miss Nellie
Champagne, Mrs Edmond
Calkins, Miss Addie T
Cote, Miss Nellda
Conway, Miss Grace
Cummings, Mrs May Ella
Davis, Florence
Desmond, Mrs Etta
Deharonis, Miss Emelia
Flaherty, Miss Nettie
Finley, Margaret
Forbes, Mrs Hattie
Germle, Susie
Gilbert, Miss Bella
Griffin, Mrs Etta V
Gibson, Mrs Elmer A
Goodwin, Mrs J M
Hall, Mrs A F
Bansberry, Miss Katie
Hill, Miss Susie
Hillman, Miss Louisa
Howes, Mrs L E
Hoole, Miss M W
Hough, Miss Kate
Knowles, Mrs W S
Market, Mrs Aline V
McGill, Mrs Jane
Meneham, Mrs Lottie
Moore, Mrs Hannah
Morrison, Miss Delia
Morrison, Mrs M H
Nichols, Miss Lottie
Pengally, Miss Bello
Prescott, Mrs S M
Perkins, Mrs Wm
Pinkham, Mrs L E
Pottere, Helen
Richard, Miss Adeline
Rice, Mrs H H
Rogers, Mrs Lou
Roney, Lola
Sullivan, Mary
Simonds, Miss Laura
Silk, Miss Bridget
Singleton, Mrs Janette L
Thomas Miss Gertrude
Wallace, Rose
Washburn, Mrs Chas
Wheeler, Miss S J
Welch, Mrs Geo
Wilder, Miss Maude
Woodman, Mrs Agnes B

Stop buying toilet soap. You can get a cake of Olive Oil Toilet Soap in every package of **Ivorine** Washing Powder.

You get the toilet soap free, and the best Washing Powder in the world—both for the cost of one.

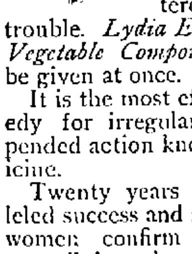
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap. Ask your Grocer for the 1½ lb. package of Ivorine.

HIRES' Rootbeer

makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by **The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada.** Send 2c stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.

Young Girls Suffer

From the same causes which make so many women miserable. This being the case, what is your duty, most loving mother? You know that irregularity, suspension, or retention, severe headaches, waxy complexion, depression, weakness, loss of appetite and interest means trouble. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* should be given at once.



It is the most effective remedy for irregularity or suspended action known to medicine.

Twenty years of unparalleled success and 20 thousand women confirm its power over all those dreaded diseases peculiar to women. All druggists have it for you.

Accept the truth and be well.

Cuts, Scratches, Sprains,

and all pains, external or internal, are instantly relieved by PERRY DAVIS' **Pain Killer.**

This old remedy is known, used and sold everywhere. Get it and keep it by you.

Get Get Get Get Get
KNAPP'S
only only only only
KNAPP'S
for for for for for for
KNAPP'S
is the Best Rootbeer Extract.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street. Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch Repairing.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block. Attorney at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 200 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 97 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.
MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.
Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.
PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.
Sold at Moors' Pharmacy, Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

WANTED—First class dressmakers, and no others need apply, at the Dressmakers League, Associate Building, cor. Worthen and Merrimack streets, where they make dresses out of the finest material at $1.00 per week installments.

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Staynor & Co., Providence, R. I.

YOUNG GIRL (clean, respectable), 13 to 14 years of age, wanted during vacation to help look after small child. Apply 49 Hampshire street, piazza door.

TENEMENTS TO LET

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 177 Merrimack street, F. P. Low, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $3000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $900. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house, would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU
Surgeon Dentists

Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

Bettina, the Mascot..........Miss Jennie Corea
Fiametta..........Miss Kate Powers
Frederic..........Mrs. Carrie Carvel Lloyd
Lorenzo XVII..........Raymond Hitchcock
Pippo..........John Lloyd
Rocco..........Tom Callahan
Doctor..........George Ireland
Matteo..........Peter Depew
Parafanto..........Frank Emerson
Carlo..........Miss Madeline Sandford
Maceo..........Miss Edith Cluq Mart
Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.

Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes

Simple ailments neglected may grow deadly. A handy remedy is

Beecham's Pills

(Tasteless)

in all cases where Liver and Stomach trouble is suspected.

...s a box. ...

P. H. HEELON, ... 585 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month. 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 50	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 06	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 13
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 28	7 15	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 50	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 45	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 30	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 23
3 25	4 32	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 28	5 04	6 16
5 10	6 17	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 50	8 00	9 10
12 05	1 20	11 15	12 56
4 15	5 40	5 00	6 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

NO OTHER WAY.

The only way to get out a good paper with fresh news is to hire good talent and plenty of it, pay for the news while it is hot, and print it so that people can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers issued at the same hour.

THERE IS not much progress apparently in the grade crossing matter.

MOST PEOPLE think congress will spend a month in passing the tariff bill through the final stages. Two weeks might suffice.

THERE WILL be no obstacle to the Lowell, Lawrence & Haverhill railroad coming here. Everybody wants it. Lowell longs to see it opened.

STRANGE THAT the Lexow committee has not hauled up Cooker as yet. If he had remained in Europe the committee would have asked for his extradition.

THERE WILL be a gathering of warships in Boston harbor next week to witness the trial trip of the Minneapolis. It will be a good opportunity to see the strength of our fleet.

IT IS to be regretted that the Valkyrie was sunk before she got an opportunity to show what she could do in home waters. America having lost the race, will have to find a faster yacht.

THE A. P. A. flag episode reported from Gloucester indicates a good deal of asininity in whomsoever put the flag upon the school. Such acts reflect the intelligence and the principles of the society.

WHAT WAS the origin of that fire in the U. S. Cordage company? Was the second fire only a resumption of the first, which was supposed to be put out at 11 o'clock? If so the first was not entirely put out. These are questions for the fire department to answer.

A SYNDICATE to control all the cotton mills of Lowell would be a formidable body. There is no telling what the mills expect at the present juncture; but it is safe to say that any such organization would be a powerful body to cope with in case of labor difficulties.

THE FALL River Herald suggests the necessity of constituting the police a committee to enforce the health laws in relation to noxious vaults. The officers have no liking for bad smells and would undoubtedly report upon any unsanitary odors discovered on their beats.

COMPLAINTS ARE made at THE SUN office that certain unsanitary vaults are tolerated by the board of health although the office has been notified that the noxious odors emanating therefrom are liable to cause sickness. This is a matter which should be closely looked after by the board of health in order to prevent disease.

SALEM CELEBRATED the Fourth in splendid style and at the moderate cost of $1000. The Salem News gives a beautifully illustrated account of the celebration, but the Gazette in a futile attempt to show its patriotism in colors came out in red, white and blue and was painful to look at. What a newspaper cannot do with good black ink it need not expect to do with any daub.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD writes to the Globe outlining what he conceives the issues of the fall campaign should be in this state. He holds that the democratic party should keep to state issues, to the line of policy advocated by ex-Governor Russell in three annual messages. Mr. Bradford recognizes the breadth of Mr. Russell's democracy as well as the confidence placed in him by the people of Massachusetts.

The interposition of the government gives assurance that this condition of things will not continue much longer and will serve to emphasize the argument of those who believe that the railroads should be under the control of the government.—Fitchburg Mail.

If the railroad companies were under control of the government matters would not be quite so bad as at present. The government is in control of the railroad corporations.

CONGRESSMAN EVERETT of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in congress to provide for the naturalization of the Chinese. According to Judge Colt's decision it is the constitution that prevents their naturalization, and if so an act of congress cannot effect a change. If the constitution has no such provision or if Judge Colt's decision is wrong, there is no obstacle to their naturalization and no act of congress is necessary.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

The strike is coming eastward and its effects are already felt all over the country. The trans-Atlantic lines are already crippled from the tie up of western roads, and the prospect is, that the price of meat and some other commodities will take a sudden jump upward.

The strikers are not discouraged by the presence of troops, by the sweeping injunction issued against them or by the claim that the matter is now between them and the U. S. government. The A. R. U. is proving itself a very powerful organization in point of numbers and influence, but its potency will be greatly diminished by acts of lawlessness such as the burning or the overturning of cars, the interference with moving trains or assaults on deputies. The outrages reported this morning call for the most repressive measures by state and federal authorities.

The members of the union have the undisputed right to quit work and remain idle; but they have not the right to prevent their former employers from hiring other men to take their places, nor to interfere with such men when so hired. They have not the right to stop public travel just because they have a grievance against the Pullman company; and every time they attempt anything of this sort they injure their cause immensely.

It is so difficult to supply the places of railroad men that it seems they can win any battle with their employers merely by remaining idle and showing the justice of their cause to the American people.

That the A. R. U. has many grievances against the Pullman company cannot be denied. It is one of those grab-all companies that is not satisfied with reasonable profits. It has a thousand avenues through which it extorts money from its employes and places them completely under its control. It owns the town and it might be said also the people who live in the town, and this strike is practically an uprising of a small colony in which a feudal system of oppression prevails under the light of freedom in this republic. The strikers will be denounced for violations of law and may be fired upon by the troops, but the Pullman company is to blame. Its grasping, greedy, insatiable policy caused the strike and it is hardly right that men who are fighting for justice, if they keep within the bounds of the law, will be confronted with state or federal troops as the defenders of the corporations that oppress labor. It is time that federal authority were exercised in restraining such corporations as the Pullman company from driving the people to desperation by extortion and by oppressive rules that have no justification.

THE NEW license commission should hold a reception for intending applicants, so that the commissioners may get acquainted with their patrons. Where will the office of the license commission be located? The city hall commission made no arrangement for the accommodation of such a body in the new city hall.

PRESIDENT PERIER'S decision to pardon 366 political and other prisoners will not placate the anarchists. They are implacable.

THE MAIL need not fret over Miss Watson's case. There was no religious motive in dropping her.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS.

At Last.

My dear little cousin from Millville
Has spent all this winter in town.
She'd heard many lectures Delsartean
And rustles in Paris made gown

Until she scarce knows her own gestures
From those learned in "Strength Through Repose,"
And her lovable face uplifted
Seems hothouse bloom, not brier rose.

One night when I silently watched her,
With studied grace pull off her gloves,
Came a well known step in the hallway,
'Twas that of the man whom she loves.

Gone, gone, were her graces Delsartean!
Two little hands tight at her heart
Told more of her sweet, loving nature
Than all the tried postures of art.

The cry of a heart full of gladness,
The blush of a sweet brier rose,
She finds in the firm arms about her
The truest, best "Strength Through Repose."

—Brooklyn Life.

Brighter.

"In looking out of doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the windows, and you can see out better," she said.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Simple Enough.

The best puns are unintentional. Thus Mr. Perry was walking about his garden in company with his brother from the city.

"You raise an enormous lot of tomatoes, John," said the city dweller. "What in the world do you do with them?"

"Well," said Mr. Perry, "we eat as many as we can, and what we can't eat we can."—Youth's Companion.

Suffered for Twelve Years.

Oreade, (formerly Enterprise,) Taylor County, W. Va.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.:

Gentlemen—A heart overflowing with gratitude prompts me, to write you. Twelve long weary years I suffered greatly, from Uterine Derangement and at last was given up by my physician to die, besides spending almost all we had. After five months' treatment with your Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I now enjoy most excellent health. I would, to day, have been in my grave, and my little children motherless, had it not been for you and your medicine. I will recommend your medicine as long as I live.

MRS. WILSON AND CHILD.

If any one doubts this, give my name and address.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. MALVINA WILSON.

SUNBEAMS.

Not a Success.

I.

"He would make a good looking pointer if his tail was only straight."

II.

III.

—Life.

An Infallible Indication.

There was an intense silence around Mrs. Hashem's table while the chicken was being served. It was broken by the girl with fluffy white hair, who whispered to the one with dark glasses:

"Billy Bliven has paid his board bill at last."

"How do you know?"

"He got a piece of white meat instead of the wing and neck, as usual."—Washington Star.

An Eccentric Measure.

Mrs. Hale (just married)—Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner.

Maria—How much ought I to get, ma'am?

Mrs. Hale—I think 12 yards will be sufficient.—Vogue.

At the Poultry Show.

"Great snakes! There's 57 little chicks in that box. How could one hen hatch out as many as that?"

"A hen didn't do it. They was hatched in a—in a incubus, you dern fool!"—Chicago Tribune.

Appropriate.

Plankinton (visiting Bingo)—Gracious, old man, what have you got blood red wall paper in this room for?

Bingo—This, old chap, is the room in which I shave myself.—New York World.

A Somewhat Particular Judge Who Drew the Line at Suspenders.

"Some years ago," said ex-Attorney General Miller to a reporter for the Indianapolis Sentinel, "I was trying a case up in Whiteley county, where things are not conducted with the formality that is the rule down here. It was a terribly hot day in August, and the sun was cutting across lots to get at us. We had stood it bravely for three days, and after the testimony had been all given to the jury we began with our arguments. Opposed to me was a man who weighed over 200 pounds, and it got so hot that he began to sizzle. It came his turn to address the jury about the middle of the afternoon, and he began with a great big cabbage leaf sitting upon his head. As he became more and more enthused the cabbage leaf fell off, and then, as he began to warm up to his work, the only relief he could secure was by the removal of his wardrobe. As he started into tell what an unprincipled villain the defendant really was he jerked off his coat and threw it on a bench. As he dived into the 'res gestæ' he shed his vest. The motive for the crime brought his collar off with a jerk, and as he in vivid words began picturing the scene at the final moment one suspender slipped from his shoulder. It really began to get interesting.

"The court as well as all the others in the room had been dividing attention between the oratory and the shedding of apparel, and as that suspender slipped from the shoulder of the aroused orator the judge concluded that it was time that something should be done. He coughed once or twice and then remarked quietly:

"'Counsel in presenting his case to the jury must not interpose anything that was not brought out by the evidence.'

"The animated lawyer's fingers were nervously clutching at the other suspender, and as he heard the interruption he stopped in the midst of a concatenation of adjectives. He hadn't understood exactly.

"'Your honor, I trust I shall be given sufficient liberty to expose'——

"The court interrupted him. 'You will be permitted in argument to expose everything connected with the crime as brought out by the evidence, but the court feels that you have shown a disposition to digress naturally. You will please confine yourself more closely by adjusting your suspenders.'

"And then he understood."

An Awful Symptom.

Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure something serious is the matter with baby.

Mr. New Wed—Why, what makes you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, meas——

Mrs New Wed—Oh, no, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn't cried today.—Brooklyn Life.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

A VETERAN TELLS OF THINGS THAT ARE NOT REPORTED.

Thieves Are Frequently Run Down, While the Public Thinks They Get Away—Stealing From One's Own House—Valuable Tips From Pawnshops.

It will perhaps interest a good many people to know why so little confidence is placed in police detectives by the majority of the residents of Brooklyn who don't know how thy work and why so much confidence is placed in them by a few who do. Having been a detective for the past 20 years, the writer will endeavor to let Citizen readers into some of the secrets of the profession. Many people in this city believe that we are slouches; that we never find out anything unless we fall across it and that we are no better at detecting crime than the policemen who patrol the streets. This condition of affairs is due no doubt to the way in which we have to work.

As soon as a man reports that his house has been robbed we are placed on the case. The report goes to police headquarters, containing an account of the missing articles, which is duly printed in the newspapers. People who read the papers from day to day notice the report and keep their eyes open to see whether we capture the culprit or not. Not seeing the report of the capture, in a few days they give up all hope and say that we are of no earthly use. But there are always two sides to a story.

For instance, while I was stationed in the Thirteenth precinct, at the corner of Willoughby and Vernon avenues, a few years ago, a man who was reputed to be wealthy, doing business in New York, came into the station house and reported that his house had been robbed of a gold watch valued at $300. He gave me the number of the watch, with a full description of it, and answered several questions which I asked him.

After getting the information that I wanted I visited several pawnshops in the vicinity, but couldn't find any trace of the missing watch. The next day I went to ——'s pawnshop on the Bowery, in New York, to see about another matter. I have always made it a point to get into one of the stalls while in this store, so as to hear what is going on around me. I had a long talk with the clerk who was in charge about some jewelry and then went into a stall to make out a report, which I intended to turn over to my captain when I reached the station house. I had been in the stall about three minutes when a female entered the one adjoining mine and pledged something for which she received $75. Then she left. I recognized the woman's voice and was astounded to find her in a pawnshop. Who the woman was I never shall tell; suffice to say she was one of Brooklyn's society ladies, and I asked the clerk to let me see what she had pawned, and he did so. It was a gold badge, studded with diamonds and worth $200. With the clerk's permission I made a diagram of the badge in my notebook for further reference.

But I am getting away from the gold watch. The same day I visited a pawnshop near the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge and recovered the missing watch. I asked the proprietor to give me a description of the man who pledged it. He did so, and much to my surprise the description tallied with that of the one who had made the complaint. I said nothing, but went to the man's home and acquainted his wife with the fact that the watch had been restored. I requested her to accompany me to the shop to identify it, which she did. While we were conversing with the proprietor I asked him to describe the pledger. The answer he gave took away the woman's breath, as she recognized the pledger as her own husband. She called at once on her husband and told him about the recovery and told him also something he didn't relish.

At any rate, I received a visit from him that night. He came into the station house with a large smile on his face and laughingly thanked me for recovering his watch.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I had a visit from my wife today, and she told me that the pawnshop man said I pledged my own watch. Why, that's nonsensical. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

I quietly informed him that the less he said about the matter the better off he would be. He took the tip, thanked me and departed.

A couple of nights later—I believe it was about 11 o'clock, for I had just retired—a man entered the station house. He was out of breath and was almost crying. He told the sergeant at the desk that his house had been robbed of some jewelry. "I wouldn't care," he added, "only the thieves have carried off a badge which I value very highly. It was made a present to me a couple of weeks ago by the members of my shooting society, and now here it has been stolen."

Well, I was called down from my bed and made acquainted with the facts. I promised I would do the best I could to recover it, and he then left the station house, saying that if I did he would never forget me. The next day I went to the pawnshop on the Bowery, took out the badge which had been pledged by the Brooklyn woman and brought it over to the owner. He recognized it immediately as his property and asked me almost 50 questions about how I recovered it. He paid the $75, the amount it was pledged for, and took the badge. He demanded to know how I got it, but I told him not to go into the matter further, as it would not be for his good. That wouldn't do for him. He must know who the thief was, so I consented to inform him. I took him to his home and requested his wife to join us in the parlor, which she did. As she entered and stood in the middle of the room I pointed my finger at her and said, "There is the thief!" The woman in a very dramatic way denied all knowledge of the affair and ordered me to leave the house. I asked her in a very quiet way if she wanted me to go into the matter any further. I had just concluded speaking when she made a spring at a little writing desk which stood in a corner and which I suppose contained a pistol. I told her if she made another step I would arrest her as a thief. This quieted her down a little, and finally she threw herself at her husband's feet and asked his forgiveness which was granted. Then I left the house.

That is one story the newspapers never printed, and there are many others.—Brooklyn Citizen.

No Keeping Him Out.

"What," demanded the captain of the beleaguered, "is all this pounding on the gates?"

"It transpires," answered the subaltern, trembling, "that among our foes is a representative of the gas company who insists upon looking at our meter."

"Lost!" groaned the leader, and buried his face in his hands.—Detroit Tribune.

What's the Use.

If your printer will not come down to hard pan prices what's the use of throwing money away for old acquaintance sake? Call at THE SUN office and see how much we can save you on your printing.

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

COST IS SLIGHT.

Expert Medical Treatment Available to All.

Many Advantages of Dr. Pearson's Light-Fee System for the Care of the Sick—$3 a Month, Including Medicines, the Only Charge.

Have you ever thought how little it costs to accomplish a cure of any chronic disease with Drs. Pearson and Carroll? No drug bill to pay. No $3 to $5 visits to pay for. No expensive examinations to be charged extra. Three dollars a month covers everything. Suppose it takes five months—$15. How long could you take treatment with your family physician for $15, counting your drug bills? Drs. Pearson and Carroll are curing others; they can cure you. Why not go have a talk with them? It will cost you nothing for careful examination and professional advice. Can you afford to neglect your health when the cost of a cure is so slight? Don't abuse the choicest blessing of life. Don't allow disease to run on until it reaches an incurable stage. Don't put off this matter a single day. Start now and get rid of the trouble while the conditions are favorable.

STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Mr. Garrison's Case Proves That the Cures Lifted by Dr. Pearson Are Permanent.

Many will recall the announcement one year ago of the remarkable cure of Mr. Amos Garrison, of Tewksbury, after years of suffering from acute dyspepsia. His friends will be pleased and the public interested to hear that his cure has proved permanent and that he is still in excellent health.

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

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All makes, colors, and sizes.

Ice Cream Freezers.

The celebrated "White Mountain," All sizes, from 1 to 15 quarts.

Lawn Swings and Mowers, Express Wagons, Base Balls and Bats, Bicycles, etc.

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No. 216 Central Street.

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JOHN A. McQUADE, Room 11, Mansur Block, Central St., Constable and Collecting Agency, And Auctioneer.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

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$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL

Trunk Manufactory

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AGENT FOR LOWELL.

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It is the Best and is Warranted.

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Day or Night, will receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

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Every Set warranted to be the same feel as that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Rumels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

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2 pairs Ladies' Hose for 5c.
2 pairs Men's Seamless Hose for 10c.
Ladies' 12½c. Seamless Hose now 10c. pair.
Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Seamless Hose 12 1-2c, regular price 15c. a pair.
50 dozen Ladies' Full Fashioned Hose, Gordon dye, now 20c, worth 39c a pair.
50 dozen Gent's Summer Merino Hose 12 1-2c. a pair, regular price 20c. pair.
Boys' and Girls' Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, all sizes, only 10c. a pair.
24 doz. 12c. Leather Belts, now 5c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 15, now 12 1-2c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c., now 17c. each.
50 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs 3c. each, regular price 5c.
25 doz. Gent's Fancy Embroidered Suspenders, 15c. a pair, regular price 25c.
1 lot of Children's Sun Hats 10c. each, just half price.
Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 37c. a piece, not 45c.
25 doz. Ladies' Summer Corsets 39c. a pair, Merrimack price 49c.
Our line of Shirt Waists at 25, 35, and 49c. have no equal.
Ladies' Jersey Undervests, 25 per cent. under Merrimack street prices.

LACES. LACES. LACES.

All kinds of White, Ecru, and Butter Color Laces reduced 20 per cent.
Black Silk, Spanish, and Border Laces and insertions 33 per cent. under regular prices.

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No Cramps Or Pains

AFTER USING

HAYES' CHOLERA CORDIAL.

This is a certain and speedy cure for Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramps in the Stomach, Painters' Colic and all Internal Pains.

Every bottle warranted to check the disease, relieve the patient and perform a radical cure if used in due season and according to directions. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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Formerly with D. H. Wilson & Co., has started in business at

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Celebrated Anheuser Busch Beer.

The Trade and Families Supplied at Lowest Prices.

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With the Discount Off for Prompt Payment, is

$1.00 ONE THOUSAND FEET.

First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and rented at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron, $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.

No charge made for the use of meters.

No charge made for running supply pipes from street mains to consumer's cellar.

Orders when left at office promptly attended to.

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When in doubt to Maker's go,
His store is filled both high and low:
Of frames he has the latest styles—
Their fame has spread for many miles
The most aesthetic taste he pleases;
Your pocketbook he never squeezes.
He always makes his work look nice,
At just two-thirds the regular price.

PICTURES AND FRAMES.

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John B. Coleman,

Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurence Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

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Southern Division. To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.	Western Division. To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 03	6 50	8 05	7 30	8 33
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39	8 16	9 18	9 30	10 37
6 50	8 08	6 80	7 55	9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11	10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11	12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
§7 27	8 13	9 00	9 42	12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15	3 25	4 39	4 30	5 45
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 18	4 10	6 26	5 00	6 16
§9 10	10 30	10 45	11 58	5 10	6 42	6 00	7 00
9 40	10 50	11 30	12 09	6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
11 00	12 00	1 03	1 55	9 25	10 35		
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 01				
1 45	2 50	3 00	5 46	Sunday Trains.			
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 46				
§4 02	6 45	4 20	5 23	8 15	9 20	8 00	9 19
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 41	12 05	1 20	11 45	12 56
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22	4 15	5 25	5 00	6 26
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05	5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
§6 28	7 15	6 15	7 28	7 30	8 50		
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10				
		8 00	8 40				
		10 15	11 22				
		11 20	12 25				

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station. Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	3 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 55
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

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NO OTHER WAY.

The only way to get out a good paper with fresh news is to hire good talent and plenty of it, pay for the news while it is hot, and print it so that people can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers issued at the same hour.

THERE is not much progress apparently in the grade crossing matter.

MOST PEOPLE think congress will spend a month in passing the tariff bill through the final stages. Two weeks might suffice.

THERE WILL be no obstacle to the Lowell, Lawrence & Haverhill railroad coming here. Everybody wants it. Lowell longs to see it opened.

STRANGE THAT the Lexow committee has not hauled up Croker as yet. If he had remained in Europe the committee would have asked for his extradition.

THERE WILL be a gathering of warships in Boston harbor next week to witness the trial trip of the Minneapolis. It will be a good opportunity to see the strength of our fleet.

IT IS to be regretted that the Valkyrie was sunk before she got an opportunity to show what she could do in home waters. America having lost the race, will have to find a faster yacht.

THE A. P. A. flag episode reported from Gloucester indicates a good deal of asininity in whomsoever put the flag upon the school. Such acts reflect the intelligence and the principles of the society.

WHAT WAS the origin of that fire in the U. S. Cordage company? Was the second fire only a resumption of the first, which was supposed to be put out at 11 o'clock? If so the first was not entirely put out. These are questions for the fire department to answer.

A SYNDICATE to control all the cotton mills of Lowell would be a formidable body. There is no telling what the mills expect at the present juncture; but it is safe to say that any such organization would be a powerful body to cope with in case of labor difficulties.

THE FALL River Herald suggests the necessity of constituting the police a committee to enforce the health laws in relation to noxious vaults. The officers have no liking for bad smells and would undoubtedly report upon any unsanitary odors discovered on their beats.

COMPLAINTS ARE made at THE SUN office that certain unsanitary vaults are tolerated by the board of health although the office has been notified that the noxious odors emanating therefrom are liable to cause sickness. This is a matter which should be closely looked after by the board of health in order to prevent disease.

SALEM CELEBRATED the Fourth in splendid style and at the moderate cost of $1000. The Salem News gives a beautifully illustrated account of the celebration, but the Gazette in a futile attempt to show its patriotism in colors came out in red, white and blue and was painful to look at. What a newspaper cannot do with good black ink it need not expect to do with any daub.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD writes to the Globe outlining what he conceives the issues of the fall campaign should be in this state. He holds that the democratic party should keep to state issues, to the line os policy advocated by ex-Governor Russell in three annual messages. Mr. Bradford recognizes the breadth of Mr. Russell's democracy as well as the confidence placed in him by the people of Massachusetts.

The interposition of the government gives assurance that this condition of things will not continue much longer and will serve to emphasize the argument of those who believe that the railroads should be under the control of the government.—Fitchburg Mail.

It the railroad companies were under control of the government matters would not be quite so bad as at present. The government is in control of the railroad corporations.

CONGRESSMAN EVERETT of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in congress to provide for the naturalization of the Japanese. According to Judge Colt's decision it is the constitution that prevents their naturalization, and if so an act of congress cannot effect a change. If the constitution has no such provision or if Judge Colt's decision is wrong, there is no obstacle to their naturalization and no act of congress is necessary.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

The strike is coming eastward and its effects are already felt all over the country. The trans-Atlantic lines are already crippled from the tie up of western roads, and the prospect is, that the price of meat and some other commodities will take a sudden jump upward.

The strikers are not discouraged by the presence of troops, by the sweeping injunction issued against them or by the claim that the matter is now between them and the U. S. government. The A. R. U. is proving itself a very powerful organization in point of numbers and influence, but its potency will be greatly diminished by acts of lawlessness such as the burning or the overturning of cars, the interference with moving trains or assaults on deputies. The outrages reported this morning call for the most repressive measures by state and federal authorities.

The members of the union have the undisputed right to quit work and remain idle; but they have not the right to prevent their former employers from hiring other men to take their places, nor to interfere with such men when so hired. They have not the right to stop public travel just because they have a grievance against the Pullman company; and every time they attempt anything of this sort they injure their cause immensely.

It is so difficult to supply the places of railroad men that it seems they can win any battle with their employers merely by remaining idle and showing the justice of their cause to the American people.

That the A. R. U. has many grievances against the Pullman company cannot be denied. It is one of those grab-all companies that is not satisfied with reasonable profits. It has a thousand avenues through which it extorts money from its employes and places them completely under its control. It owns the town and it might be said also the people who live in the town, and this strike is practically an uprising of a small colony in which a feudal system of oppression prevails under the light of freedom in this republic. The strikers will be denounced for violations of law and may be fired upon by the troops, but the Pullman company is to blame. Its grasping, greedy, insatiable policy caused the strike and it is hardly right that men who are fighting for justice, if they keep within the bounds of the law, will be confronted with state or federal troops as the defenders of the corporations that oppress labor. It is time that federal authority were exercised in restraining such corporations as the Pullman company from driving the people to desperation by extortion and by oppressive rules that have no justification.

THE NEW license commission should hold a reception for intending applicants, so that the commissioners may get acquainted with their patrons. Where will the office of the license commission be located? The city hall commission made no arrangement for the accommodation of such a body in the new city hall.

PRESIDENT PERIER'S decision to pardon 200 political and other prisoners will not placate the anarchists. They are implacable.

THE MAIL need not fret over Miss Watson's case. There was no religious motive in dropping her.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS.

At Last.

My dear little cousin from Millville
Has spent all this winter in town.
She'd heard many lectures Delsartean
And rustles in Paris made gown

Until she scarce knows her own gestures
From those learned in "Strength Through Repose,"
And her lovable face uplifted
Seems hothouse bloom, not brier rose.

One night when I silently watched her,
With studied grace, pull off her gloves,
Came a well known step in the hallway,
'Twas that of the man whom she loves.

Gone, gone, were her graces Delsartean!
Two little hands tight at her heart
Told more of her sweet, loving nature
Than all the tried postures of art.

The cry of a heart full of gladness,
The blush of a sweet brier rose,
She finds in the firm arms about her
The truest, best "Strength Through Repose."

—Brooklyn Life.

Brighter.

"In looking out of doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the windows, and you can see out better," she said.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Simple Enough.

The best puns are unintentional. Thus Mr. Perry was walking about his garden in company with his brother from the city.

"You raise an enormous lot of tomatoes, John," said the city dweller. "What in the world do you do with them?"

"Well," said Mr. Perry, "we eat as many as we can, and what we can't eat we can."—Youth's Companion.

Suffered for Twelve Years.

Orcide, (formerly Enterprise,) Taylor County, W. Va.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.:

Gentlemen—A heart overflowing with gratitude prompts me, to write you. Twelve long weary years I suffered greatly, from Uterine Derangement and at last was given up by my physician to die, besides spending almost all we had. After five months' treatment with your Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I now enjoy most excellent health. I would, to day, have been in my grave, and my little children motherless, had it not been for you and your medicine. I will recommend your medicine as long as I live.

MRS. WILSON AND CHILD.

If any one doubts this, give my name and address.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. MALVINA WILSON.

SUNBEAMS.

Not a Success.

I.

"He would make a good looking pointer if his tail was only straight."

II.

III.

—Life.

An Infallible Indication.

There was an intense silence around Mrs. Hashem's table while the chicken was being served. It was broken by the girl with fluffy white hair, who whispered to the one with dark glasses:

"Billy Bliven has paid his board bill at last."

"How do you know?"

"He got a piece of white meat instead of the wing and neck, as usual."—Washington Star.

An Eccentric Measure.

Mrs. Hale (just married)—Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner.

Maria—How much ought I to get, ma'am?

Mrs. Hale—I think 12 yards will be sufficient.—Vogue.

At the Poultry Show.

"Great snakes! There's 57 little chicks in that box. How could one hen hatch out as many as that?"

"A hen didn't do it. They was hatched in a—in a incubus, you dern fool!"—Chicago Tribune.

Appropriate.

Plankinton (visiting Bingo)—Gracious, old man, what have you got blood red wall paper in this room for?

Bingo—This, old chap, is the room in which I shave myself.—New York World.

A Somewhat Particular Judge Who Drew the Line at Suspenders.

"Some years ago," said ex-Attorney General Miller to a reporter for the Indianapolis Sentinel, "I was trying a case up in Whiteley county, where things are not conducted with the formality that is the rule down here. It was a terribly hot day in August, and the sun was cutting across lots to get at us. We had stood it bravely for three days, and after the testimony had been all given to the jury we began with our arguments. Opposed to me was a man who weighed over 200 pounds, and it got so hot that he began to sizzle. It came his turn to address the jury about the middle of the afternoon, and he began with a great big cabbage leaf sitting upon his head. As he became more and more enthused the cabbage leaf fell off, and then, as he began to warm up to his work, the only relief he could secure was by the removal of his wardrobe. As he started into tell what an unprincipled villain the defendant really was he jerked off his coat and threw it on a bench. As he dived into the 'res gestæ' he shed his vest. The motive for the crime brought his collar off with a jerk, and as he in vivid words began picturing the scene at the final moment one suspender slipped from his shoulder. It really began to get interesting.

"The court as well as all the others in the room had been dividing attention between the oratory and the shedding of apparel, and as that suspender slipped from the shoulder of the aroused orator the judge concluded that it was time that something should be done. He coughed once or twice and then remarked quietly:

"'Counsel in presenting his case to the jury must not interpose anything that was not brought out by the evidence.'

"The animated lawyer's fingers were nervously clutching at the other suspender, and as he heard the interruption he stopped in the midst of a concatenation of adjectives. He hadn't understood exactly.

"'Your honor, I trust I shall be given sufficient liberty to expose'——

"The court interrupted him. 'You will be permitted in argument to expose everything connected with the crime as brought out by the evidence, but the court feels that you have shown a disposition to digress materially. You will please confine yourself more closely by adjusting your suspenders.'

"And then he understood."

An Awful Symptom.

Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure something serious is the matter with baby.

Mr. New Wed—Why, what makes you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, meas——

Mrs New Wed—Oh, no, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn't cried today.—Brooklyn Life.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

A VETERAN TELLS OF THINGS THAT ARE NOT REPORTED.

Thieves Are Frequently Run Down, While the Public Thinks They Get Away—Stealing From One's Own House—Valuable Tips From Pawnshops.

It will perhaps interest a good many people to know why so little confidence is placed in police detectives by the majority of the residents of Brooklyn who don't know how thy work and why so much confidence is placed in them by a few who do. Having been a detective for the past 20 years, the writer will endeavor to let Citizen readers into some of the secrets of the profession. Many people in this city believe that we are slouches; that we never find out anything unless we fall across it and that we are no better at detecting crime than the policemen who patrol the streets. This condition of affairs is due no doubt to the way in which we have to work.

As soon as a man reports that his house has been robbed we are placed on the case. The report goes to police headquarters, containing an account of the missing articles, which is duly printed in the newspapers. People who read the papers from day to day notice the report and keep their eyes open to see whether we capture the culprit or not. Not seeing the report of the capture, in a few days they give up all hope and say that we are of no earthly use. But there are always two sides to a story.

For instance, while I was stationed in the Thirteenth precinct, at the corner of Willoughby and Vernon avenues, a few years ago, a man who was reputed to be wealthy, doing business in New York, came into the station house and reported that his house had been robbed of a gold watch valued at $300. He gave me the number of the watch, with a full description of it, and answered several questions which I asked him.

After getting the information that I wanted I visited several pawnshops in the vicinity, but couldn't find any trace of the missing watch. The next day I went to ——'s pawnshop on the Bowery, in New York, to see about another matter. I have always made it a point to get into one of the stalls while in this store, so as to hear what is going on around me. I had a long talk with the clerk who was in charge about some jewelry and then went into a stall to make out a report, which I intended to turn over to my captain when I reached the station house. I had been in the stall about three minutes when a female entered the one adjoining mine and pledged something for which she received $75. Then she left. I recognized the woman's voice and was astounded to find her in a pawnshop. Who the woman was I never shall tell; suffice to say she was one of Brooklyn's society ladies, and I asked the clerk to let me see what she had pawned, and he did so. It was a gold badge, studded with diamonds and worth $200. With the clerk's permission I made a diagram of the badge in my notebook for further reference.

But I am getting away from the gold watch. The same day I visited a pawnshop near the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge and recovered the missing watch. I asked the proprietor to give me a description of the man who pledged it. He did so, and much to my surprise the description tallied with that of the one who had made the complaint. I said nothing, but went to the man's home and acquainted his wife with the fact that the watch had been restored. I requested her to accompany me to the shop to identify it, which she did. While we were conversing with the proprietor I asked him to describe the pledger. The answer he gave took away the woman's breath, as she recognized the pledger as her own husband. She called at once on her husband and told him about the recovery and told him also something he didn't relish.

At any rate, I received a visit from him that night. He came into the station house with a large smile on his face and laughingly thanked me for recovering his watch.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I had a visit from my wife today, and she told me that the pawnshop man said I pledged my own watch. Why, that's nonsensical. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

I quietly informed him that the less he said about the matter the better off he would be. He took the tip, thanked me and departed.

A couple of nights later—I believe it was about 11 o'clock, for I had just retired—a man entered the station house. He was out of breath and was almost crying. He told the sergeant at the desk that his house had been robbed of some jewelry. "I wouldn't care," he added, "only the thieves have carried off a badge which I value very highly. It was made a present to me a couple of weeks ago by the members of my shooting society, and now here it has been stolen."

Well, I was called down from my bed and made acquainted with the facts. I promised I would do the best I could to recover it, and he then left the station house, saying that if I did he would never forget me. The next day I went to the pawnshop on the Bowery, took out the badge which had been pledged by the Brooklyn woman and brought it over to the owner. He recognized it immediately as his property and asked me almost 50 questions about how I recovered it. He paid the $75, the amount it was pledged for, and took the badge. He demanded to know how I got it, but I told him not to go into the matter further, as it would not be for his good. That wouldn't do for him. He must know who the thief was, so I consented to inform him. I took him to his home and requested his wife to join us in the parlor, which she did. As she entered and stood in the middle of the room I pointed my finger at her and said, "There is the thief!" The woman in a very dramatic way denied all knowledge of the affair and ordered me to leave the house. I asked her in a very quiet way if she wanted me to go into the matter any further. I had just concluded speaking when she made a spring at a little writing desk which stood in a corner and which I suppose contained a pistol. I told her if she made another step I would arrest her as a thief. This quieted her down a little, and finally she threw herself at her husband's feet and asked his forgiveness, which was granted. Then I left the house.

That is one story the newspapers never printed, and there are many others.—Brooklyn Citizen.

No Keeping Him Out.

"What," demanded the captain of the beleaguered, "is all this pounding on the gates?"

"It transpires," answered the subaltern, trembling, "that among our foes is a representative of the gas company who insists upon looking at our meter."

"Lost!" groaned the leader, and buried his face in his hands.—Detroit Tribune

What's the Use.

If your printer will not come down to hard pan prices what's the use of throwing money away for old acquaintance sake? Call at THE SUN office and see how much we can save you on your printing.

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

COST IS SLIGHT.

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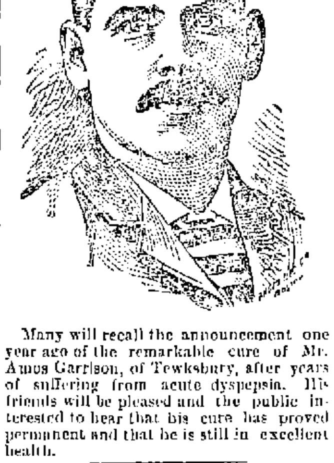
Many Advantages of Dr. Pearson's Light-Fee System for the Care of the Sick—$3 a Month, Including Medicines, the Only Charge.

Have you ever thought how little it costs to accomplish a cure of any chronic disease with Drs. Pearson and Carroll? No drug bill to pay. No $3 to $5 visits to pay for. No expensive examinations to be charged extra. Three dollars a month covers everything. Suppose it takes five months—$15. How long could you take treatment with your family physician for $15, counting your drug bills? Drs. Pearson and Carroll are curing others; they can cure you. Why not go have a talk with them? It will cost you nothing for careful examination and professional advice. Can you afford to neglect your health when the cost of a cure is so slight? Don't abuse the choicest blessing of life. Don't allow disease to run on until it reaches an incurable stage. Don't put off this matter a single day. Start now and get rid of the trouble while the conditions are favorable.

STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Mr. Garrison's Case Proves That the Cures Effected by Dr. Pearson Are Permanent.



Many will recall the announcement one year ago of the remarkable cure of Mr. Amos Garrison, of Tewksbury, after years of suffering from acute dyspepsia. His friends will be pleased and the public interested to hear that his cure has proved permanent and that he is still in excellent health.

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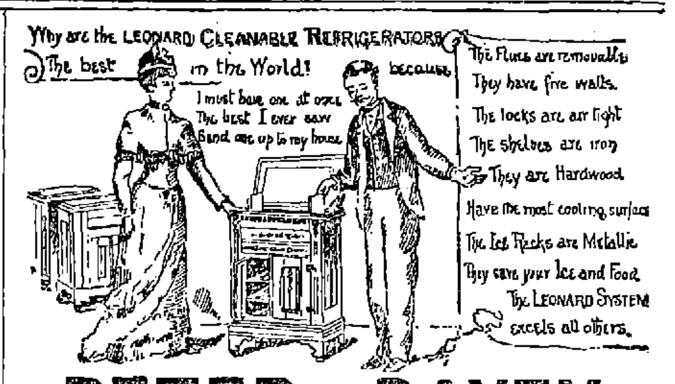

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DON'T FAIL TO VISIT
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And Save from 10 to 33 per cent. on every Dollar. We have no misleading advertisements. Once a customer there always a customer.

Special Bargains for This Week.

2 pairs Ladies' Hose for 5c.
2 pairs Men's Seamless Hose for 10c.
Ladies' 12½c. Seamless Hose now 10c. pair.
Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Seamless Hose 12 1-2c., regular price 15c. a pair.
50 dozen Ladies' Full Fashioned Hose, Gordon dye, now 20c, worth 29c a pair.
50 dozen Gent's Summer Merino Hose 12 1-2c. a pair, regular price 20c. pair.
Boys' and Girls' Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, all sizes, only 10c. a pair.
24 doz. 12c. Leather Belts, now 5c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 15, now 12 1-2c. each.
1 lot All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c., now 17c. each.
50 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs 3c. each, regular price 5c.
25 doz. Gent's Fancy Embroidered Suspenders, 15c. a pair, regular price 25c.
1 lot of Children's Sun Hats 10c. each, just half price.
Mosquito Netting, best quality, full measure, 37c. a piece, not 45c.
25 doz. Ladies' Summer Corsets 39c. a pair, Merrimack price 49c.
Our line of Shirt Waists at 25, 35, and 49c. have no equal.
Ladies' Jersey Undervests, 25 per cent. under Merrimack street prices.

LACES. LACES. LACES.

All kinds of White, Ecru, and Butter Color Laces reduced 20 per cent.
Black Silk, Spanish, and Border Laces and insertions 33 per cent. under regular prices.

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This is a certain and speedy cure for Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramps in the Stomach, Painters' Colic and all Internal Pains.

Every bottle warranted to check the disease, relieve the patient and perform a radical cure if used in due season and according to directions. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and rented at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron, $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.
No charge made for the use of meters.
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His store is filled both high and low;
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The most aesthetic taste he pleases;
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Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.
ROOM 7, POST OFFICE BLOCK.

THE DECK CHAIR.

It Proved an Excuse for a 3000 Mile Neighborly Call.

Story of a Night at Sea on Board a Burning Ship Which Ended Merrily as do all Love Stories.

She was a very proud girl—quite a standoffish sort of girl—and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at things ashore But I noticed this lady at the very first. I was on deck, prepared to go with the steamship Atalanta to New York city, and I saw her alight from the train some hundred yards distant. I lost her until she stepped upon the gangway, and then I was confirmed in my impression that she was a remarkably handsome girl.

She came on board like a princess and for some minutes disappeared. Presently I felt a strange sensation. She was positively standing beside me. There was no reason why she should have preferred any other locality, but the fact that she came and stood by the side of me certainly deepened the extraordinary impression she had made. Without presuming to stare at her, I got a glimpse of her fine profile and dark, haughty eyes.

The usual scenes were going on about us. I ventured a remark—foolish and trifling no doubt, but hardly deserving the contemptuous silence with which it was received.

The last bell sounded. The gangway was withdrawn, and we began to haul out of dock, but still she stood there and made no sign. I plucked up spirit and asked her if she was going to America—an absurd question, seeing that America was the sole destination of the ship. She turned and looked at me, said nothing and walked away.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me and became quite sociable. She was on deck also until 11 o'clock, but sitting alone, and, so far as I could tell, making no comment upon the mystery of shadows sparkling with lights afloat and ashore which the vessel glided past.

I kept at a respectable distance, but I saw the captain speak to her, and I'm sure he got snubbed for his audacity. So I put it down to pride. I think she made an exception of the stewardess—in fact, I'm sure she did, later on. There is a winning charm about the stewardess to which most ladies yield when a ship gets out to sea.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterward, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast. She was there anyway, and fortune seated her at my elbow I made some progress with Miss Bradley in furnishing her plate. Oh, she was all right at that first breakfast. The sea was like glass, and the sweet morning air in the channel was very appetizing.

But the neighborly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs and bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no further than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way. By "this sort of thing" I meant the glorious weather, not her monumental frigidity, but I don't think she took the trouble to analyze my conceptions.

All that day she wandered about the deck, with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panorama of the cliff belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awing which had been rigged up on the "promenade." The splendid lines of her figure showed to advantage in a neat gown of homespun. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to nobody. At dinner I got a trifle forward by the aid of baked potatoes, but nothing to boast about.

There were several jolly women among the passengers. And particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. Our time in the channel was as good as a picnic, and it seemed as if the prevailing merriment must tantalize Miss Bradley out of her proud reserve. But it didn't.

The next morning, when the steward called me at 6:30 for my bath, a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was lifting and rolling in it considerably. The breakfast table was but thinly attended. Miss Bradley, however, came in and took her place beside me. Come, I thought, she's a good sailor. I'll amuse her with some anecdotes about those who are sick at sea.

I supplied her plate and launched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table, likewise the saloon, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I assumed, to prevent the laughter which must unbend her dignity and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her stateroom. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively cross sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business, and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and "sleep it off." And the deck was not only nonsyaritic, but offered indifferent anchorage. Those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the Atalanta wrestled with the waves. It would not do.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return some interleping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep. I stood a good deal of this and in a noble transport of self sacrifice wandered about like a lost dog. But I wouldn't stand it any longer. And I didn't.

I began to evict the intruders at first with great delicacy: "Pray, excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair." Then with less compunction: "I regret that I must disturb you; I'm not feeling very well." And later without ceremony or remorse: "Now, sir; my chair, if you please!"

It came to this, that I got quite "rusty," and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice, "This chair was brought on board for the owner's use. All others keep away." This manifesto brought upon me a great deal of chaff. A petition was got up, requesting me to "take the chair" at a meeting to be held for the purpose of denouncing monopolies. A band of young fools serenaded me with a chorus of "Chair, boys! chair! He'll sleep until tomorrow!" and there were other attempts at fun almost as feeble. They kept this up so persistently that, being out of sorts through the rough weather, and also on account of the prolonged absence of the girl with the dark gray eyes, I became as surly as a bear.

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal, and the saloon banquets were better patronized. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm, and I filled my big pipe as I meandered in the direction of my chair, intending to enjoy myself thoroughly. Imagine my rage when I found the chair absolutely gone! I rushed up and down the deck until I observed that everybody was bursting with laughter. Suddenly under the lee of the captain's cabin I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud gray eyes were dim and lusterless, the full, firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty color. The self reliant mouth sank at the corners and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to press her pallid lips together.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch and murmured in the most die away tone: "Oh, Mr. Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!"

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair forever, to wear it for my sake—not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her up and down the companion stairs, tempted her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about seasickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished, and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she? Oh, it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand. And the captain pestered us, but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the college eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my "wash" all the time.

And so we drew nearer to Sandy Hook. And although I had to sit upon a camp stool while I watched over her in my lawful capacity of landlord of the deck chair I never enjoyed crossing so much in my life, and I've been over the Atlantic about 20 times on business.

But within a day's sail of New York a disaster fell upon the ship, so terrifying, so lurid, so indescribably horrible, that you will think me inconsistent in declaring that it increased my happiness a hundredfold and gave me in one hideous moment all the concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling purple clouds had arisen in the northwest as the night closed in, and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companionway, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, keeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley with all hers to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin reposed against the top of her head, but that ecstasy was vouchsafed to me no longer. As the ship righted, Millicent parted from me, sprang down the few remaining stairs, grabbed at a hand rail and whisked away to her cabin sans adieux.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the Atalanta was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck chair I left strapped to its moorings and took refuge in the smokeroom with half a dozen other white faced fellows

With the greatest difficulty we got to our staterooms, and I clambered into my berth, simply shedding my topcoat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the sides of the bunk, to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, the crash of hat boxes, bags and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air. The steward came and put the lights out, a red tape proceeding which added to the awfulness of things in general. Then I began to get insufferably warm. It was summer time, and with portholes closed the atmosphere below decks was always stuffy; but never before had I felt such an oppression. I concluded that we had got into the gulf stream, or something of that sort, and they had closed all the ventilators for the sake of keeping the ship water tight.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water bottle, and a careless companion's razor case were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst.

Every moment the air became more unbreathable. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud, "I must get out of this or die!" I flung myself down, taking my chance of the razors, and groped out of the door. A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it me. Peering about me with almost blinded eyes, I perceived that from every stateroom abutting on the saloon one or more passengers had crept out like myself and were standing at each opening like spectators, holding on desperately to anything. The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times the floor was almost perpendicular. Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging from the rail that ran round it, as if I were a trapeze performer. All about there was a pandemonium of tumbling things. The sea thundered against the vessel fearfully, and again and again there was that horrible shudder of the screw.

Near me clung an old gentleman in night attire. "A nice thing this!" he bellowed in my ear. To save discussion I agreed with him that it was very nice indeed.

Across the saloon was the cabin dedicated to Miss Bradley. I detected a ghostly figure there and made my way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand. Her dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible expression.

"Thank God, you have come to me!" she cried, with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during those few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers—I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket! "It's all right!" I shouted. "Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous."

She shook her head. "Oh, the storm is nothing!" she replied.

"Nothing at all!" I assented scoffingly, as if I had been used to high seas and howling winds" from infancy. But in my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting, making light of it in panic stricken bravado, else why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear? Her face was set like marble; her eyes glared to right and left; her beautifuly chiseled nostrils sniffed the down draft from the engine room.

As we stood there in the duskiness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other, she asked, "Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship—nothing?"

Her tone was so changed that I stared at her for a moment through the smother before asking the counter question, "What should there be?"

"What is this smoke?" she whispered hoarsely in my ear. Before I could answer there was a concussion above as if the very heavens had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our feet. I fell with my hand upon some metal work which the carpet did not cover. It was so hot it almost blistered me. I quickly scrambled up, and lifting the almost fainting girl in both my arms staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so there came a rush of water into the saloon, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other. And as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter a cloud of steam arose, adding to the denseness of the prevailing gloom.

The last shock had evoked a wail of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapor floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay, "The boilers have burst, the boilers!"

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself. And I let out an unmanly yell as the wave lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England. But you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table and clapped my hand to my injured extremities, but, strange to say, was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all, or perhaps this phenomenon only confirmed a fear, "God help us!" she cried. "The vessel is on fire!"

The word flew like lightning. All rushed pellmell out of the saloon and up the stairs to the deck

"Save me, Horace!" gasped Millicent. In that moment she called me by that name. "Save me, Horace, for the love of heaven!"

I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full grown woman and must have weighed 11 stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unswerving steps to the companionway with that lovely burden soft and supple in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of devils and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me exposed to the full force of it had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was, with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened down hatches and drive us from the vessel!

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day, the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun, the waves cowering into sullenness, the storm wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck chair gone!

They had found the fire and extinguished it, and with the morning light came the cry of "Land ahead!" from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then, and beyond lay—paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise, such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

* * * * * * *

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the Atalanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn bridge, but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the Battery and drew near the company's landing stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangways would be run up, and we should have to go ashore. And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my position and my prospects in life, all unimpeachable, she had not confided to me any of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eye. "You were very kind to me last night, Mr. Franklin," she said in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

"Mister?" I stammered, aghast at her coldness.

"I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear"—she hesitated and shook back a tear that seemed about to sparkle in her eye as she corrected herself—"I should not like you to—to despise me."

"Oh, Miss—Millicent!" I began.

But she went on firmly: "Of course we must not take seriously anything which circumstances so exceptional—so very, very dreadful indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say 'goodby' now, and—and if—if we never meet again"——

"Millicent!" I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, "don't coquet with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me, 'If we never meet again;' I say to you, 'Must we ever, ever part?'"

"Yes, we must part, Horace." The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

"Why? Where are you going?"

"To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call"——

Manitoba is some 3,000 miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is 80 miles from the railway. But I did "call," and it came to pass that I settled there too. —Chambers' Journal.

Russian Women.

The Russians exercise great taste and a lavish expenditure on their entertainments. They have hot sitting down suppers, to any hour in the morning, displaying every luxury from Paris and southern Europe. The toilets of the ladies are mostly from Paris, and are very costly, and the display of jewels is very remarkable, particularly of turquoise, diamonds and sapphires. There is much beauty among the fair sex, and, what is even more attractive, a grace, ease and charm of manner which seeks to please as well as to be pleased. There are a natural heartiness and friendliness and a refinement of courtesy, especially to foreigners, which give a charm to Russian society, and I shall always retain a grateful reminiscence of their kind welcome and hospitality. The Russian ladies experience little of the rigor of their long winter. Their usual life during the wintery months is a singular one. They keep very late hours (I refer to the fashionable world) and appear to wish to exclude the light of day as far as possible. The fashionable lady rises late, and does not appear in her salon before 2 or 3 o'clock. If it is sunny, and the temperature is not too low, she will generally take an hour's drive in her sleigh. On her return she will find her salon lighted and the curtains drawn, and she will then be prepared to receive her visitors, whom she regales with tea. If going to the opera, she dines early and returns at about 10 o'clock. If going to a ball or party afterward, she rests till it is time to dress, so as to appear at the ball or party at 12, from which she does not get home till between 3 or 4. Suppers are the great fashion at St. Petersburg. They continue till an early hour in the morning. The men play at cards, and the ladies indulge in small talk, but in the winter they rarely manage to retire to rest before 3 or 4 in the morning; consequently they rise late and have not more than two or three hours of daylight to contemplate the snowclad earth and the dismal wintry aspect without.—Lord Augustus Loftus.

The Man With a Theory.

"Did you ever notice," asked a young man, calling attention to a passing Celestial, that a Chinaman always carries his hands in his pockets when he is passing along the streets?"

"No," replied his companion, "I never did."

"Then you haven't been very observant," said the first speaker. "It is so much the rule that I'll agree to give you a dollar for every Chinaman who passes while we stand here with his hands out of his pockets if you will give me 5 cents for every one who has his hands in his pockets." The proposition was agreed to, and the two prepared to watch. Presently a Chinaman came in sight around Goodwin's corner, swinging his hands carelessly. The two young men and two others who had joined them laughed as the Chinaman passed by, unconscious that he was knocking out a pet theory.

"Just wait," said the man who proposed the bet, and they waited.

In a few minutes another Chinaman was seen going up State street. He then had both hands in his pockets, but glancing at the city hall clock he immediately took out his watch, proceeded to wind it up and passed by with both hands out. Three of the young men laughed, and the other tried to join in the merriment, but his smile was feint and sickly. He managed to get out feebly, "Just wait," and again they waited.

It wasn't long before the next Mongolian hove in sight. He had a bundle in one hand and a cigar in the other. "Just my luck," said the man with a theory. "I always get beaten when I propose a game." He counted out $3 and paid the amount to the fellow that didn't have a theory, and the four withdrew from the street to celebrate.—Hartford Courant.

Where He Drew the Line.

Judge W. W. Walling, who had been holding court out in the late Judge Marr's old district under a special appointment by the governor, told a characteristic story of Marr. The latter though a sticker for the dignity of the bench, was a great pipe smoker and allowed the attorneys the privilege of smoking in court. On one occasion he was trying a murder case at Carrizo Springs, in which there was much suppressed excitement and so much bad feeling that it was feared trouble might break out at any moment. Late one afternoon, while the opposing counsel were arguing the case and the feelings of the spectators were wrought up to the highest pitch, a solid old citizen sitting just under the judge's stand deliberately filled his pipe, and with a graceful sweep of his arm drew the parlor match across his jeans pants leg in such a fashion as to light it with a loud, sharp crack. The court and jury were started, and everybody looked around in a startled manner, as if expecting a general fusillade to follow, whereupon Marr quickly apprehended the situation and rebuked the pipe smoker about as follows:

"Gentlemen, the court tolerates smoking in the courtroom. In fact, the court smokes itself but it must draw the line at gentlemen lighting their pipes with their six shooters."—Galveston News.

A Mutual Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness, with the joy of an ambition gratified, of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last?

Nevertheless she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face:

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you began to speak, I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that—you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither had I!"—Life.

A Natural Question.

Clara—Mr. Castleton tried to put his arm around my waist last night.

Maude—Couldn't he get it around?—Detroit Free Press.

MONTE CARLO TRICKS.

THEY REDUCE THE SHOW FOR THE PLAYER TO NEARLY NOTHING.

How Things Are Done at the Great Gambling Establishment—A System Which Leaves Little to Chance and Balks Too Much Good Luck.

The police of Monte Carlo are so admirably organized that a few hours after anybody's arrival the name of the visitor is already reported to the administration of the cercle, with of course the address and various details, such as the amount of luggage, the appearance, the price of the room or pension taken, etc. These details are all important to the inspecteur du vatique—a venerable looking old scoundrel whose duty it is to repatriate broken down gamblers. Anybody who has lost every penny he brought with him can on application either recover 10 per cent of his losses or, if the sum is small, his railway fare to the extent of from £1 to £6 is paid. This last is called the viatique and is given against a regular I O U, which has to be refundep before the recipient can be admitted again to the gambling house. We may mention, en passant, that no less than £40,000 is distributed in this guise every year and that no less than £30,000 is actually paid back.

The information of the police in and outside the building is so precise that it is no use for anybody to pretend to have lost £1,000 if he has lost only £50. The statement is accepted with great politeness, only one is asked to walk along the rooms with an inspector and then to wait awhile. Ere long the inspector will return and tell you not only how much, more or less, you have lost, but he will tell you what your game was—single or multiple chances, a "martingale" or at random—and if you protest he will add yet some more information, such as, "You have no luggage, you dine at cheap places," or, "You live at a cheap pension," etc. The above only goes to prove how carefully everything and everybody is watched—the waiters, the hotel proprietors, the railway officials and the croupiers living at boarding houses all send in the results of their observations every day.

Now, as to the precautions against obstinate good luck for punters. The first is in the fact that the gambling house is a cercle, a club, to which admittance is gained on presenting a card issued by the administration for one day only. This card has to be personally renewed every day, and nothing is easier than to refuse this to a too persistent winner. No reason is vouchsafed for the refusal, and the staff of "chuckers out" within easy reach looks too convincing to attempt intrusion or arguments. Should the objectionable punter be too big game for such a summary proceeding there is quite an army of agents provocateurs, both men and women, around each table, and they, according to instructions, pick up a quarrel with the lucky player—generally over a stake—a row ensues, both parties are chucked out, and then the inspector explains that the rule of the cercle is not to admit again those who make a disturbance and spoil the partie. Recriminations are useless, and as whatever law or justice there is at Monte Carlo is in the hands of the "Societe des Bains de Mer" just as is the police, there is neither protection nor appeal.

It must, however, be explained here that these extreme measures apply only to successful "martingalistes"—system players—or to "lightning" punters—gamblers who come every day for a few minutes, stake three times some maximums, win by some remarkable fluke and go away. These are the most hated, if only because of the superstition as to playing sur la tete du ponte—that is, following en masse the stakes of a lucky player. There have been cases where successive banks have been broken thus. A roulette bank starts generally with from £2,000 to £3,000, according to season, and the bank is considered broken when this sum is lost. Very often when the bank has been broken twice in succession the play is stopped at this particular table and the roulette taken away—another proof of the precautions referred to and as a patent instance that the administration does not believe in the possibility of pure chance. It is either the roulette or the croupier that must be out of gear.

As a matter of fact, a croupier does get out of gear because after a certain time, 15 to 30 minutes, he sets the disk moving and the ball rolling with the same swing, so to say, and the result is that the ball will fall time after time into the same section of the disk. The consequences of this phenomenon have been more than once disastrous on the bank in years past; hence croupiers are changed every half hour, or each 30 coups are made by a fresh hand. Some 800 coups are played daily at each table. As a further proof that the hand can acquire a certain dynamic monotony, if one may use the expression, and a high evenness of impulse may be cited the fact that at the croupiers' school at the Condamnine there is a daily practice of "aiming at zero." It is well known that zero is the bank's chance of winning all other stakes except, of course, its own, and the single ones which are put "en prison," tied over until the next coup. Viser au zero is the croupier's constant preoccupation, and we find in this practice another instance of what was said in the beginning about the chances of the punter.

Rows happen mostly in the summer season, when small players and system players swarm around the tables. This is also the busy time for those appointed to watch over the various "martingalistes," for, although the founder of the house, old Blanc, used to say that he would give a million to anybody who could prove that it is possible to win 5 francs at roulette with absolute certainty, still the present administration will not even leave this loophole to chance. Hence a staff of ruined gamblers, salaried by the societe to spot successful "martingalistes," discover in what the system consists and get rid of them if too successful. The administration loves the punter who plays high even if he wins, provided he gambles the whole day. They know then that the money won will come back, and all the rest will follow.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Natural Wood Ornamentation.

If you are contemplating building a house, have all the woodwork in its natural grain and do not profane it with paint or enamel. A sure sign of the advance of culture and taste made by the present generation is the desire for natural wood ornamentation. In the long run it is much more economical than painted wood, or it does not require so much cleaning and no renewal of paint. The oiled wood is prettiest of all, and if any graining is resorted to at all it should be indulged in sparingly. Georgia pine takes an exquisite polish and grain.—Washington Star.

Wanted to Be In It.

Dick Hicks—Sometimes I wish I was an elephant or a giraffe.

Mrs Hicks—Why do you wish that?

Dick Hicks—So I could go to the circus every day.—New York World.

False.

"Speaking of Miss de Flash, what glorious hair she has!"

"That's not connected with the subject at all."—Detroit Tribune.

AN UNCANNY TOWN CLOCK.

Its Strange Behavior Before It Stopped Forever at Half Past 8.

"We've got a town clock in our village that waked folks up more than a little at different times during the past five years," said George May of Coalton, Pa.

"That clock was put into the tower of the May building 25 years ago. It struck the hours regularly for nearly 20 years and then suddenly quit striking. John Gordon, the village jack of all trades, had taken care of the clock ever since it became a feature of the village, but he couldn't tinker the old public indicator of the flight of time so that it would again announce the hours as they passed. The clock ran all right, but it wouldn't strike.

"Now, our folks had got used to depending on hearing the clock strike, and when it became silent there was much regret in town, so much, in fact, that when two years ago the Presbyterian society of our town went around with a paper soliciting subscriptions for the purchase of a town clock to be put in the steeple of their new church people gladly and willingly put down their names, and the clock was bought and put up.

"The church was across the square from the May building, and it was a glad sound when the new clock pealed forth its announcement one day that it was ready to keep the village posted on the hours. It was set going at 12 o'clock noon. Everybody was rejoicing over being able once more to know just how things were going when, at half past one on the day the clock was started, they were thrown into consternation by hearing the old clock in the May building, which hadn't made a sound for three years or more, start in deliberately, and, it seemed defiantly, strike 2.

"It sounds ridiculous to say that the old clock was actuated by vengeful feelings toward the town it had served for so many years because the town had forgotten it for a new and more vigorous timepiece, but it is a fact, all the same, that it took to striking at all hours of the day and night, sometimes immediately preceding the striking of its correct neighbor in the church steeple, sometimes immediately after it, and sometimes at the same time.

"Then again, it would break out two or three times an hour, striking all the way from one stroke up to 48. The clangor it kept up caused people to request the owner of the May building to cease having the old clock wound, but he declined to interfere with it, and it kept on fooling with the new clock and keeping folks busy looking at their watches to see what time it really was until one night a year and a half ago the church caught fire in some way and was burned to the ground, new clock and all.

"The church was one hour burning, and during that time the old clock across the square struck three different times.

"It wasn't until along toward evening the day after the fire that people began to notice that the old clock hadn't struck once since its rival was destroyed. That amazed them, and their amazement grew when the clock remained silent all that night and the next day and did not begin again for nearly a year and a half.

"John Gordon, who had wound the old clock for a quarter of a century, received his aged mother in the village. Along in the early part of May, at just 6 one morning, the clock aroused and astonished everybody again by giving one loud and doleful stroke. Soon afterward it was learned that Gordon's old mother had died at exactly 6 o'clock that morning.

"At the funeral of his mother Gordon became ill, and for the first time since the clock was put in the May building other hands than his had to wind the capricious timepiece. Gordon was sick two weeks, but every one expected to see him on the streets again in a few days, when at half past 8 one evening the old clock tolled out another single stroke.

"John Gordon died at just that hour.

"Then the owner of the clock decided that it should never be wound again. When it ran down and stopped, its hands were at half past 8, and there they will remain as long as they cling to the face of the now silent old clock."—New York Sun.

Winning a Husband.

In his "Book About the Table" Mr. Jeaffreson tells of a young London epicure who was won by a lady through her excellence in making boiled custards.

Three young ladies were staying at his mother's house. Knowing that they had prudential reasons for wishing to marry him—he had a fortune—the young man resolved to select a wife from one of them and to let his choice be determined by their skill in cookery, the art he valued above all others.

Without revealing the purpose of his proposal he craftily broached the subject of cookery, led the girls to boast of their skill and then suggested that they should compete in making boiled custards. Each competitor should have the same materials and opportunities and be allowed a private room for her peculiar kitchen.

The proposal was merrily accepted, and it was also agreed that the young man and his mother should act as jurors to decide on the merits of the custards. When the three custards were produced, Fanny's was so clearly the best that the two jurors did not hesitate to proclaim her the victor.

Three days later Fanny was engaged to the youthful epicure, and three months later they were married. About a year after the marriage it was discovered that in the interval between the agreement for the tournament and the time for entering the lists Fanny had bribed the housekeeper with two sovereigns to furnish her with a half pint of cream, in addition to the specified materials.

She made the victim of her artifice an excellent wife nevertheless and years after was heard to say: "My dear girls are all that I desire. They are clever, lively, lovely and of the sweetest temper. But, what is to me far more important, they are incapable of artifice."

A Triple Russian Tragedy.

One of the most tragic events ever heard of in the business world took place some years ago in St. Petersburg. The agent of a banker, who had been sent to draw the sum of 1,000 rubles, lost the package of bank notes while returning from the bank. The money was picked up by a clerk, who, instead of giving the funds at once to the rightful owner, followed the agent to his destination and ascertained his name. The clerk then returned home, hesitating in his mind how he should act. When he arrived there, a violent quarrel took place between him and his wife, the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, on the following day went to the house of the owner to deliver the money. While there he was told that the agent had committed suicide the night before on account of the loss. Overcome with remorse, the clerk returned home, where he found that during his absence his wife had hanged herself from vexation at not having kept the money. He immediately cut down the body and hung himself with the same rope.—Exchange.

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THE DECK CHAIR.

It Proved an Excuse for a 3000 Mile Neighborly Call.

Story of a Night at Sea on Board a Burning Ship Which Ended Merrily as do all Love Stories.

She was a very proud girl—quite a standoffish sort of girl—and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at things ashore. But I noticed this lady at the very first. I was on deck, prepared to go with the steamship Atalanta to New York city, and I saw her alight from the train some hundred yards distant. I lost her until she stepped upon the gangway, and then I was confirmed in my impression that she was a remarkably handsome girl.

She came on board like a princess and for some minutes disappeared. Presently I felt a strange sensation. She was positively standing beside me. There was no reason why she should have preferred any other locality, but the fact that she came and stood by the side of me certainly deepened the extraordinary impression she had made. Without presuming to stare at her, I got a glimpse of her fine profile and dark, haughty eyes.

The usual scenes were going on about us. I ventured a remark—foolish and trifling no doubt, but hardly deserving the contemptuous silence with which it was received.

The last bell sounded. The gangway was withdrawn, and we began to haul out of dock, but still she stood there and made no sign. I plucked up spirit and asked her if she was going to America—an absurd question, seeing that America was the sole destination of the ship. She turned and looked at me, said nothing and walked away.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me and became quite sociable. She was on deck also until 11 o'clock, but sitting alone, and, so far as I could tell, making no comment upon the mystery of shadows sparkling with lights afloat and ashore which the vessel glided past.

I kept at a respectable distance, but I saw the captain speak to her, and I'm sure he got snubbed for his audacity. So I put it down to pride. I think she made an exception of the stewardess—in fact, I'm sure she did, later on. There is a winning charm about the stewardess to which most ladies yield when a ship gets out to sea.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterward, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast. She was there anyway, and fortune seated her at my elbow. I made some progress with Miss Bradley in furnishing her plate. Oh, she was all right at that first breakfast. The sea was like glass, and the sweet morning air in the channel was very appetizing.

But the neighborly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs and bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no further than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way. By "this sort of thing" I meant the glorious weather, not her monumental frigidity, but I don't think she took the trouble to analyze my conceptions.

All that day she wandered about the deck, with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panorama of the cliff belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awing which had been rigged up on the "promenade." The splendid lines of her figure showed to advantage in a neat gown of homespun. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to nobody. At dinner I got a trifle forward by the aid of baked potatoes, but nothing to boast about.

There were several jolly women among the passengers. And particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. One time in the channel was as good as a picnic, and it seemed as if the prevailing merriment must tantalize Miss Bradley out of her proud reserve. But it didn't.

The next morning, when the steward called me at 6:30 for my bath, a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was lifting and rolling in it considerably. The breakfast table was but thinly attended. Miss Bradley, however, came in and took her place beside me. Come, I thought, she's a good sailor. I'll amuse her with some anecdotes about those who are sick at sea.

I supplied her plate and launched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table, likewise the saloon, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I assumed, to prevent the laughter which must unbend her dignity and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her stateroom. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively cross sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business, and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and "sleep it off." And the deck was not only noisy but vile, but offered indifferent anchorage. Those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the Atalanta wrestled with the waves. It would not do.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return some interloping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep. I stood a good deal of this and in a noble transport of self sacrifice wandered about like a lost dog. But I wouldn't stand it any longer. And I didn't.

I began to evict the intruders at first with great delicacy: "Pray, excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair." Then with less compunction: "I regret that I must disturb you; I'm not feeling very well." And later without ceremony or remorse: "Now, sir; my chair, if you please!"

It came to this, that I got quite "rusty," and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice, "This chair was brought on board for the owner's use. All others keep away." This manifesto brought upon me a great deal of chaff. A petition was got up, requesting me to "take the chair" at a meeting to be held for the purpose of denouncing monopolies. A band of young fools serenaded me with a chorus of "Chair, boys! chair! He'll sleep until tomorrow!" and there were other attempts at fun almost as feeble. They kept this up so persistently that, being out of sorts through the rough weather, and also on account of the prolonged absence of the girl with the dark gray eyes, I became as surly as a bear.

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal, and the saloon banquets were better patronized. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm, and I filled my big pipe as I meandered in the direction of my chair, intending to enjoy myself thoroughly. Imagine my rage when I found the chair absolutely gone! I rushed up and down the deck until I observed that everybody was bursting with laughter. Suddenly under the lee of the captain's cabin I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud gray eyes were dim and lusterless, the full, firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty color. The self reliant mouth sank at the corners and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to press her pallid lips together.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch and murmured in the most die away tone: "Oh, Mr. Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!"

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair forever, to wear it for my sake—not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her up and down the companion stairs, tempted her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about seasickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished, and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she! Oh, it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand. And the captain pestered us, but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the college eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my "wash" all the time.

And so we drew nearer to Sandy Hook. And although I had to sit upon a camp stool while I watched over her in my lawful capacity of landlord of the deck chair I never enjoyed crossing so much in my life, and I've been over the Atlantic about 20 times on business.

But within a day's sail of New York a disaster fell upon the ship, so terrifying, so lurid, so indescribably horrible, that you will think me inconsistent in declaring that it increased my happiness a hundredfold and gave me in one hideous moment all the concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling purple clouds had arisen in the northwest as the night closed in, and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companionway, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, keeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley with all hers to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin reposed against the top of her head, but that ecstasy was vouchsafed to me no longer. As the ship righted, Millicent parted from me, sprang down the few remaining stairs, grabbed at a hand rail and whisked away to her cabin sans adieux.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the Atalanta was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck chair I left strapped to its moorings and took refuge in the smokeroom with half a dozen other white faced fellows.

With the greatest difficulty we got to our staterooms, and I clambered into my berth, simply shedding my topcoat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the sides of the bunk, to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, the crash of hat boxes, bags and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air. The steward came and put the lights out, a red tape proceeding which added to the awfulness of things in general. Then I began to get insufferably warm. It was summer time, and with portholes closed the atmosphere below decks was always stuffy; but never before had I felt such an oppression. I concluded that we had got into the gulf stream, or something of that sort, and they had closed all the ventilators for the sake of keeping the ship water tight.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water bottle, and a careless companion's razor case were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst.

Every moment the air became more unbreathable. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud, "I must get out of this or die!" I flung myself down, taking my chance of the razors, and groped out of the door. A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it me. Peering about me with almost blinded eyes, I perceived that from every stateroom abutting on the saloon one or more passengers had crept out like myself and were standing at each opening like spectors, holding on desperately to anything. The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times the floor was almost perpendicular. Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging from the rail that ran round it, as if I were a trapeze performer. All about there was a pandemonium of tumbling things. The sea thundered against the vessel fearfully, and again and again there was that horrible shudder of the screw.

Near me clung an old gentleman in night attire. "A nice thing this!" he bellowed in my ear. To save discussion I agreed with him that it was very nice indeed.

Across the saloon was the cabin dedicated to Miss Bradley. I detected a ghostly figure there and made my way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand. Her dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible expression.

"Thank God, you have come to me!" she cried, with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during those few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers—I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket! "It's all right!" I shouted. "Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous."

She shook her head. "Oh, the storm is nothing!" she replied.

"Nothing at all!" I assented scoffingly, as if I had been used to "high seas and howling winds" from infancy. But in my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting, making light of it in panic stricken bravado, else why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear? Her face was set like marble; her eyes glared to right and left; her beautifully chiseled nostrils sniffed the down draft from the engine room.

As we stood there in the duskiness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other, she asked, "Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship—nothing?"

Her tone was so changed that I stared at her for a moment through the smother before asking the counter question, "What should there be?"

"What is this smoke?" she whispered hoarsely in my ear. Before I could answer there was a concussion above as if the very heavens had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our feet. I fell with my hand upon some metal work which the carpet did not cover. It was so hot it almost blistered me. I quickly scrambled up, and lifting the almost fainting girl in both my arms staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so there came a rush of water into the saloon, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other. And as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter a cloud of steam arose, adding to the denseness of the prevailing gloom.

The last shock had evoked a wall of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapor floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay, "The boilers have burst, the boilers!"

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself. And I let out an unmanly yell as the wave lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to blue the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England. But you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table and clapped my hand to my injured extremities, but, strange to say, was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all, or perhaps this phenomenon only confirmed a fear. "God help us!" she cried. "The vessel is on fire!"

The word flew like lightning. All rushed pellmell out of the saloon and up the stairs to the deck.

"Save me, Horace!" gasped Millicent. In that moment she called me by that name. "Save me, Horace, for the love of heaven!"

I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full grown woman and must have weighed 11 stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unswerving steps to the companionway with that lovely burden soft and supple in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of devils and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me exposed to the full force of it had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was, with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened down hatches and drive us from the vessel!

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day, the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun, the waves cowering into sullenness, the storm wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck chair gone!

They had found the fire and extinguished it, and with the morning light came the cry of "Land ahead!" from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then, and beyond lay—paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise, such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

* * * * * * *

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They stored the battered hulk of the Atalanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn bridge, but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the Battery and drew near the company's landing stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangways would be run up, and we should have to go ashore. And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my position and my prospects in life, all unimpeachable, she had not confided to me any of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eye. "You were very kind to me last night, Mr. Franklin," she said in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

"Mister?" I stammered, aghast at her coldness.

"I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear"—she hesitated and shook back a tear that seemed ancient to sparkle in her eye as she corrected herself—"I should not like you to—to despise me."

"Oh, Miss—Millicent!" I began.

But she went on firmly: "Of course we must not take seriously anything which circumstances so exceptional—so very, very dreadful indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say 'goodby' now, and—and if—if we never meet again"——

"Millicent!" I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, "don't cozen me after what we have both gone through! You can't say calmly to me, 'If we never meet again;' I say to you, 'Must we ever, ever part?'"

"Yes, we must part, Horace." The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

"Why? Where are you going?"

"To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call"——

Manitoba is some 3,600 miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is 80 miles from the railway. But I did "call," and it came to pass that I settled there too.—Chambers' Journal.

Russian Women.

The Russians exercise great taste and a lavish expenditure on their entertainments. They have hot sitting down suppers, to any hour in the morning, displaying every luxury from Paris and southern Europe. The toilets of the ladies are mostly from Paris, and are very costly, and the display of jewels is very remarkable, particularly of turquoise, diamonds and sapphires. There is much beauty among the fair sex, and, what is even more attractive, a grace, ease and charm of manner which seeks to please as well as to be pleased. There are a natural heartiness and friendliness and a refinement of courtesy, especially to foreigners, which give a charm to Russian society, and I shall always retain a grateful reminiscence of their kind welcome and hospitality. The Russian ladies experience little of the rigor of their long winter. Their usual life during the winter months is a singular one. They keep very late hours (I refer to the fashionable world) and appear to wish to exclude the light of day as far as possible. The fashionable lady rises late, and does not appear in her salon before 2 or 3 o'clock. If it is sunny, and the temperature is not too low, she will generally take an hour's drive in her sleigh. On her return she will find her salon lighted and the curtains drawn, and she will then be prepared to receive her visitors, whom she regales with tea. If going to the opera, she dines early and returns at about 10 o'clock. If going to a ball or party afterward, she rests till it is time to dress, so as to appear at the ball or party at 12, from which she does not get home till between 3 or 4. Suppers are the great fashion at St. Petersburg. They continue till an early hour in the morning. The men play at cards, and the ladies indulge in small talk, but in the winter they rarely manage to retire to rest before 3 or 4 in the morning; consequently they rise late and have not more than two or three hours of daylight to contemplate the snowclad earth and the dismal wintry aspect without.—Lord Augustus Loftus.

The Man With a Theory.

"Did you ever notice," asked a young man, calling attention to a passing Celestial, "that a Chinaman always carries his hands in his pockets when he is passing along the street?"

"No," replied his companion, "I never did."

"Then you haven't been very observant," said the first speaker. "It is so much the rule that I'll agree to give you a dollar for every Chinaman who passes while we stand here with his hands out of his pockets if you will give me 5 cents for every one who has his hands in his pockets." The proposition was agreed to, and the two prepared to watch. Presently a Chinaman came in sight around Goodwin's corner, swinging his hands carelessly. The two young men and two others who had joined them laughed as the Chinaman passed by, unconscious that he was knocking out a pa. theory.

"Just wait," said the man who proposed the bet, and they waited.

In a few minutes another Chinaman was seen going up State street. He then had both hands in his pockets, but glancing at the city hall clock he immediately took out his watch, proceeded to wind it up and passed by with both hands out. Three of the young men laughed, and the other tried to join in the merriment, but his smile was faint and sickly. He managed to get out feebly, "Just wait," and again they waited.

It wasn't long before the next Mongolian hove in sight. He had a bundle in one hand and a cigar in the other. "Just my luck," said the man with a theory. "I always get beaten when I propose a game." He counted out $3 and paid the amount to the fellow that didn't have a theory, and the tour withdrew from the street to celebrate.—Hartford Courant.

Where He Drew the Line.

Judge W. W. Walling, who had been holding court out in the late Judge Marr's old district under a special appointment by the governor, told a characteristic story of Marr. The latter though a sticker for the dignity of the bench, was a great pipe smoker and allowed the attorneys the privilege of smoking in court. On one occasion he was trying a murder case at Carrizo Springs, in which there was much suppressed excitement and so much bad feeling that it was feared trouble might break out at any moment. Late one afternoon, while the opposing counsel were arguing the case and the feelings of the spectators were wrought up to the highest pitch, a solid old citizen sitting just under the judge's stand deliberately filled his pipe, and with a graceful sweep of his arm drew the parlor match across his jeans pants leg in such a fashion as to light it with a loud, sharp crack. The court and jury were startled, and everybody looked around in a startled manner, as if expecting a general fusillade to follow, whereupon Marr quickly apprehended the situation and rebuked the pipe smoker about as follows:

"Gentlemen, the court tolerates smoking in the courtroom. In fact, the court smokes itself, but it must draw the line at gentlemen lighting their pipes with their six shooters."—Galveston News.

A Natural Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness, with the joy of an ambition gratified, of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last?

Nevertheless she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face:

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you began to speak, I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that—you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither had I!"—Life.

A Natural Question.

Clara—Mr. Castleton tried to put his arm around my waist last night.

Maude—Couldn't he get it around?—Detroit Free Press.

MONTE CARLO TRICKS.

THEY REDUCE THE SHOW FOR THE PLAYER TO NEARLY NOTHING.

How Things Are Done at the Great Gambling Establishment—A System Which Leaves Little to Chance and Balks Too Much Good Luck.

The police of Monte Carlo are so admirably organized that a few hours after anybody's arrival the name of the visitor is already reported to the administration of the circle, with of course the address and various details, such as the amount of luggage, the appearance, the price of the room or pension taken, etc. These details are all important to the inspecteur du vetique—a venerable looking old scoundrel whose duty it is to repatriate broken down gamblers. Anybody who has lost every penny he brought with him can on application either recover 10 per cent of his losses or, if the sum is small, his railway fare to the extent of from £4 to £6 is paid. This last is called the vletique and is given against a regular I O U, which has to be refunded before the recipient can be admitted again to the gambling house. We may mention, en passant, that no less than £40,000 is distributed in this guise every year and that no less than £30,000 is actually paid back.

The information of the police in and outside the building is so precise that it is no use for anybody to pretend to have lost £1,000 if he has lost only £50. The statement is accepted with great politeness, only one is asked to walk along the rooms with an inspector and then to wait awhile. Ere long the inspector will return and tell you not only how much, more or less, you have lost, but he will tell you what your game was—single or multiple chances, a "martingale" or at random—and if you protest he will add yet some more information, such as, "You have no luggage; you dine at cheap places," or, "You live at a cheap pension," etc. The above only goes to prove how carefully everything and everybody is watched—the waiters, the hotel proprietors, the railway officials and the croupiers living at boarding houses all send in the results of their observations every day.

Now, as to the precautions against obstinate good luck for punters. The first is in the fact that the gambling house is a cercle, a club, to which admittance is gained on presenting a card issued by the administration for one day only. This card has to be personally renewed every day, and nothing is easier than to refuse this to a too persistent winner. No reason is vouchsafed for the refusal, and the staff of "clouckers out" within easy reach looks too convincing to attempt intrusion or arguments. Should the object lomble punter be too big game for such a summary proceeding there is quite an army of agents provocateurs, both men and women, around each table, and they, according to instructions, pick up a quarrel with the lucky player—generally over a stake—a row ensues, both parties are clouckered out, and then the inspector explains that the rule of the cercle is not to admit again those who make a disturbance and spoil the partie. Recriminations are useless, and as whatever law or justice there is at Monte Carlo is in the hands of the "Societe des Bains de Mer" just as is the police, there is neither protection nor appeal.

It must, however, be explained here that these extreme measures apply only to successful "martingalistes"—system players—or to "lightning" punters—gamblers who come every day for a few minutes, stake three times some maximums, win by some remarkable fluke and go away. These are the most hated, if only because of the superstition as to playing sur le tete du ponte—that is, following en masse the stakes of a lucky player. There have been cases when successive banks have been broken thus. A roulette bank starts generally with from £2,000 to £3,000, according to season, and the bank is considered broken when this sum is lost. Very often when the bank has been broken twice in succession the play is stopped at this particular table and the roulette taken away—another proof of the precautions referred to and as a patent instance that the administration does not believe in the possibility of pure chance. It is either the roulette or the croupier that must be out of gear.

As a matter of fact, a croupier does get out of gear because after a certain time, 15 to 20 minutes, he sets the disk moving and the ball rolling with the same swing, so to say, and the result is that the ball will fall time after time into the same section of the disk. The consequences of this phenomenon have been more than once disastrous on the bank in years past; hence croupiers are changed every half hour, or each 30 coups are made by a fresh hand. Some 800 coups are played daily at each table. As a further proof that the hand can acquire a certain dynamic monotony, if one may use the expression, and a high evenness of impulse may be cited the fact that at the croupiers' school at the Condamnine there is a daily practice of "aiming at zero." It is well known that zero is the bank's chance of winning all other stakes except, of course, its own, and the single ones which are put "en prison," tied over until the next coup. Viser au zero is the croupier's constant preoccupation, and we find in this practice another instance of what was said in the beginning about the chances of the punter.

Rows happen mostly in the summer season, when small players and system players swarm around the tables. This is also the busy time for those appointed to watch over the various "martingalistes," for, although the founder of the house, old Blanc, used to say that he would give a million to anybody who could prove that it is possible to win 5 francs at roulette with absolute certainty, still the present administration will not even leave this loophole to chance. Hence a staff of ruined gamblers, salaried by the societe to spot successful "martingalistes," discover in what the system consists and get rid of them if too successful. The administration loves the punter who plays high even if he wins, provided he gambles the whole day. They know then that the money soon will come back, and all the rest will follow.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Natural Wood Ornamentation.

If you are contemplating building a home, have all the woodwork in its natural grain and do not profane it with paint or enamel. A sure sign of the advance of culture and taste made by the present generation is the desire for natural wood ornamentation. In the long run it is much more economical than painted wood, or it does not require so much cleaning and no renewal of paint. The oiled wood is prettiest of all, and if any grinding is resorted to at all it should be indulged in sparingly. Georgia pine takes an exquisite polish and grain.—Washington Star.

Wanted to Be In It.

Dick Hicks—Sometimes I wish I was an elephant or a giraffe.

Mrs. Hicks—Why do you wish that?

Dick Hicks—So I could go to the circus every day.—New York World.

False.

"Speaking of Miss de Flash, what glorious hair she has!"

"That's not connected with the subject at all."—Detroit Tribune.

AN UNCANNY TOWN CLOCK.

Its Strange Behavior Before It Stopped Forever at Half Past 8.

"We've got a town clock in our village that waked folks up more than a little at different times during the past five years," said George May of Conlton, Pa.

"That clock was put into the tower of the May building 26 years ago. It struck the hours regularly for nearly 20 years and then suddenly quit striking. John Gordon, the village jack of all trades, had taken care of the clock ever since it became a feature of the village, but he couldn't tinker the old public indicator of the flight of time so that it would again announce the hours as they passed. The clock ran all right, but it wouldn't strike.

"Now, our folks had got used to depending on hearing the clock strike, and when it became silent there was much regret in town, so much, in fact, that when two years ago the Presbyterian society of our town went around with a paper soliciting subscriptions for the purchase of a town clock to be put in the steeple of their new church people gladly and willingly put down their names, and the clock was bought and put up.

"The church was across the square from the May building, and it was a glad sound when the new clock peeled forth its announcement one day that it was ready to keep the village posted on the hours. It was set going at 12 o'clock noon. Every body was rejoicing over being able once more to know just how things were going when, at half past one on the day the clock was started, they were thrown into consternation by hearing the old clock in the May building, which hadn't made a sound for three years or more, start in deliberately, and, it seemed defiantly, strike 2.

"It sounds ridiculous to say that the old clock was actuated by vengeful feelings toward the town it had served for so many years because the town had forgotten it for a new and more vigorous timepiece, but it is a fact, all the same, that it took to striking at all hours of the day and night, sometimes immediately preceding the striking of its correct neighbor in the church steeple, sometimes immediately after it, and sometimes at the same time.

"Then again, it would break out two or three times an hour, striking all the way from one stroke up to 48. The clanger it kept up caused people to request the owner of the May building to cease having the old clock wound, but he declined to interfere with it, and it kept on fooling with the new clock and keeping folks busy looking at their watches to see what time it really was until one night a year and a half ago the church caught fire in some way and was burned to the ground, new clock and all.

"The church was one hour burning, and during that time the old clock across the square struck three different times.

"It wasn't until along toward evening the day after the fire that people began to notice that the old clock hadn't struck once since its rival was destroyed. That puzzled them, and their amazement grew when the clock remained silent all that night and the next day and did not strike again for nearly a year and a half.

"John Gordon, who had wound the old clock for a quarter of a century, lived with his aged mother in the village. About in the early part of May, at just 8 one morning, the clock aroused and astonished everybody again by giving one loud and doleful stroke. Soon afterward it was learned that Gordon's old mother had died at exactly 8 o'clock that morning.

"At the funeral of his mother Gordon became ill, and for the first time since the clock was put in the May building other hands than his had to wind the capricious timepiece. Gordon was sick two weeks, but every one expected to see him on the street again in a few days, when at half past 8 one evening the old clock tolled out another single stroke.

"John Gordon died at just that hour.

"Then the owner of the clock decided that it should never be wound again. When it ran down and stopped, its hands were at half past 8, and there they will remain as long as they cling to the face of the now silent old clock."—New York Sun.

Winning a Husband.

In his "Book About the Table" Mr. Jeaffreson tells of a young London epicure who was won by a lady through her excellence in making boiled custards.

Three young ladies were staying at his mother's house. Knowing that they had prudential reasons for wishing to marry him—he had a fortune—the young man resolved to select a wife from one of them and to let his choice be determined by their skill in cookery, the art he valued above all others.

Without revealing the purpose of his proposal he craftily broached the subject of cookery, led the girls to boast of their skill and then suggested that they should compete in making boiled custards. Each competitor should have the same materials and opportunities and be allowed a private room for her peculiar kitchen.

The proposal was merrily accepted, and it was also agreed that the young man and his mother should act as jurors to decide on the merits of the custards. When the three custards were produced, Fanny's was so clearly the best that the two jurors did not hesitate to proclaim her the victor.

Three days later Fanny was engaged to the youthful epicure, and three months later they were married. About a year after the marriage it was discovered that in the interval between the announcement for the tournament and the time for entering the lists Fanny had bribed the housekeeper with two sovereigns to furnish her with a half pint of cream, in addition to the specified materials.

She made the victim of her artifice an excellent wife nevertheless and years after was heard to say: "My dear girls are all that I desire. They are clever, lively, lovely and of the sweetest temper. But, what is to me far more important, they are incapable of artifice."

A Triple Russian Tragedy.

One of the most tragic events ever heard of in the business world took place some years ago in St. Petersburg. The agent of a banker, who had been sent to draw the sum of 1,000 rubles, lost the package of bank notes while returning from the bank. The money was picked up by a clerk, who, instead of giving the funds at once to the rightful owner, followed the agent to his destination and ascertained his name. The clerk then returned home, hesitating in his mind how he should act. When he arrived there, a violent quarrel took place between him and his wife, the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, on the following day went to the house of the owner to deliver the money. While there he was told that the agent had committed suicide the night before on account of the loss. Overcome with remorse, the clerk returned home, where he found that during his absence his wife had hanged herself from vexation at not having kept the money. He immediately sat down the body and hung himself with the same rope.—Exchange.

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Prepare by buying a good Oil Stove or Refrigerator. Perhaps you need a Baby Carriage. These can be had at bargain prices at

VICTOR PHILP'S.

CORNER CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

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VICTORIA H. JOHNSON, New Bedford, Mass.

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Chronic Nasal Catarrh!

"People Say It is a Miracle!"

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Read this Wonderful Statement, sent us by Church & Hamlin, Pharmacists, Cor. Williams and Pleasant Sts., New Bedford, Mass.:

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

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Respectfully yours,

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ANOTHER CHANCE

BETTER and CHEAPER.

We have a number of dozens of Japanese Berry Bowls which we offer for 6c. each for one week.

Those are better bowls than we offered some time ago, and which had such a large sale.

They are nicely decorated in a delicate tint, and are certainly a bargain. Come in and look at them.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

What would Lowell be without the Spindle City? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY FLOOD [illegible]

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

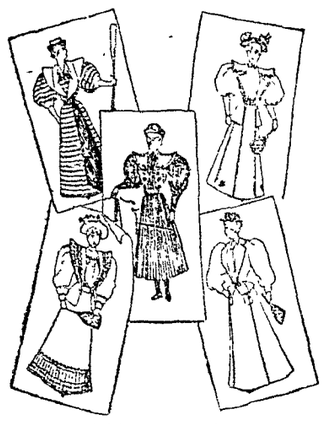
Outing Costumes are Very Much in Evidence.

Mate Leroy Kindly Devotes a Few Interesting Paragraphs to Men's Summer Garments—Cool and Attractive Tennis Gowns—New Fancies in Millinery.

SUMMER BONNETS THAT ARE POEMS.

The upper right picture represents a rough straw hat bent and trimmed with black ribbon, on which jet beads are sewn, and a bunch of cornflowers. A pale blue bow is on the under side. That on the left is of splits, with a loose bow of black ribbon and a bunch of field flowers with flexible stems. The lower right is a jet foundation, with black ribbon loops and pink chiffon rosettes. The center is of straw, with pink crush roses and a large jet studded bow. The toque on the left is of jet with pink roses and two black tips.

Outing garments of every description fill the windows, counters and parlors of the best as well as the more ordinary stores just now, and while they bring comfort to some they bring great heartburning and weariness to others. Some can buy all the cool and dainty garments, and, what is more, they can afford to wear them all in their proper time and place, while the others are condemned by cruel poverty to wear the same old clothes of three seasons that make the owners hot to even think of.



NEW OUTING COSTUMES.

Today I stood in front of a window where were displayed a lot of lovely made up dresses of chambray and lace or embroidery. They were decked with bits of ribbon here and there, and though the material was comparatively cheap the dresses were really elegant. By my side was a young girl of about 16. Her shoes were run over at the side, her sleeves outgrown, and a large package carried by straps showed that she was an errand girl. She stood absolutely entranced before a dainty dress of mauve chambray everlaid with cream point de gene lace and with a sash and shoulder knots of ribbon to match. There was a parasol with this costume made of the same material and color.

The child looked and looked, entirely forgetful of her surroundings, and I could almost follow the workings of her mind as she imagined herself dressed in that gown. She straightened up, and unconsciously took a proud and dignified attitude. Then she smiled and made a deep courtesy to an invisible being. That moment she caught my eye, flushed and hurried off. I felt like moralizing a little, but gave it up, as the day was too warm, and contented myself with thinking that women need more than bread and meat in this world for happiness.

There are outing garments for the men—bless them—in almost as great variety as for women. The most tasteful outing or indeed everyday home and business suit is one where the coat, vest and trousers are of dark blue serge, of rather thin texture, supplemented with a light blue linen shirt and collar of the same, and a white washable tie. The hat may be of straw with a wide brim, or it may be an alpine or a derby felt, with little holes in the crown and band to secure ventilation. The sack coat is certainly cooler looking, whether it is any cooler in reality, than the cutaway. Among the sack coats there are some in light tweeds and cheviots, and mixtures, all in rather light colors, like brown, tan, gray and a sort of ashen blue. But I think the blue serge suit by far the most refined, and it is certainly more universally becoming.

The straw hats for really hot weather have higher crowns than they did last season, and the brims do not remind one quite to much of circular saws. I notice that a number of white vests are worn with the Prince Albert coats. These are of linen, pique and duck. The watch chain is carried straight across these vests from one pocket to another. The Prince Albert coat is no longer cut with a train, and now it looks very much better. The fancy for wearing a white collar with a colored shirt is vulgar and in bad taste, and fewer wear them so. The turn down shirt collar is preferred to the high chokers, and men study their physical comfort to a rare degree this season, though the silk shirts [illegible] their soft collars, which were dressy [illegible] These cut-

have all gone out west or somewhere else, and the abominable Marquis of Allsbury topcoats are shelved not for the season only, but for all time. These horrible nightmares of a tailor's output, bagged in the back and sagged in the pockets, had a general air of disreputable carelessness that made them an eyesore to women. They will never be seen again.

I suppose cravats are also included in a man's wardrobe as necessities, and I will therefore mention that there are too many

NEW IDEAS IN BONNETS.

shapes, styles and colors to remember in hot weather. Soft ties like those worn by children are the favorites for wear with sack suits. These are of soft neutral tints closely and pleasingly mingled. The Teck, four-in-hand and the stock all have their times and places. White muslin ties are neat, and I was astounded to discover that 12 of these cost only 10 cents. They are to be thrown away when soiled, but they always look refined and give a man an air of being bien soigne. There are handkerchiefs of regular Persian patterns and colors for men, but these are not as genteel as a clean white batiste handkerchief. These have hemstitched hems half an inch deep and are unusually large. I may add that the russet shoes are quite as popular as ever and are sharply pointed at the toes.

Outing suits for the feminine part of the world are as varied as the needs of the case demand. There is a blue and white checked linen hopsack suit for tennis. The skirt has rows of heavy stitching done in dark blue saddler silk down each seam. A couple of rackets crossed are worked in blue silk on each side of the skirt, and on each corner of the wide collar to the blazer. There are revers to the blazer of pure white linen and a plaited white linen shirt waist with a woven blue belt.

Another tennis suit is of dark blue bunting. The skirt is cut plain, but the seams are turned in on all edges and hemstitched together with scarlet silk. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped with scarlet silk, and all edges of the quaint basque and the pocket are treated in the same manner, the scallops being small, so as merely to give the appearance of a notched edge. A lighter tennis gown of white serge has four accordion plaited ruffles of white china silk headed by a row of feather stitching in resida green. The skirt is cut to fit the hips plain, except in the back. The blazer has large bishop sleeves with upturned cuffs of the silk. The revers form a wide fichu cape and are of serge with silk ruches and a border of feather stitching. The waist is of puffed china silk, made with a round yoke, and this has a row of clover leaves worked upon it.

A rather neat bicycle suit has a black surah shirt waist, with an Eton jacket and a tan canvas belt. The hat is a sort of derby made of shepherd's plaid, black and shades of brown. The shoes are low, and there are checked stockings in black and brown. The skirt is of surah accordion plaited. This makes a good dustproof suit, but is chiefly remarkable for its oddity. The jacket is of thick silk. This would be nice for Sundays.

A suit for a pretty make believe sailor is of blue serge, with white cross stripes. The skirt is made plain, the sleeves to the elbows only, and the blouse is plaited closely. There is a very wide and stiff collar of white serge, cut in to give it a flare on the shoulder, and there is a turndown collar with the inevitable foul anchor worked [illegible] a soft tie, made of blue surah, and a wide sash of surah, made double and with a stiffish lining. All these costumes may be modified by the leaving off of anything not deemed suitable or becoming or adding some little touch which would adapt the style better to the personality of the wearer.

Almost every day sees some new fancy in millinery. We are told that the days of the microscopic bonnet have passed and that we may expect strange sights at the September openings. I mention a few of the latest fancies. One for a carriage or visiting bonnet was of jet and lace, as to foundation. Over this all around the edge was a series of tiny caterpillar loops of white satin ribbon. There were two wing-like lace and jet ornaments, a few buttercups between them and a tuft of brown feathers above. It was effective. A summery looking hat was of rough brown straw, the brim dented in in half a dozen scallops, and in each nestled a bunch of violets with foliage and stems. A pretty

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE FALL.

bonnet for an elderly lady was of fine bourbon lace picked out with cut jet beads. The lace was gathered full and left to fall in natural folds, and in these there nestled four little crushed bows of chaudron satin ribbon. The strings were of black velvet.

A very modest but stylish bonnet for a young lady was of fine black chip, a plateau shape. On the crown there was a ruche of black pongee, and set above it were two quillings of black chantilly. The strings drew the sides down and bent the front up poke fashion, and under this was another quilling of black lace and a crushed bow of coppery ribbons. But the quaintest bonnet of all is a forerunner of what we are to expect. It is very like the ancient cottage bonnet, being cut to come down over the ears and to form a distinct crown in the back and almost a coal scuttle in front. There are two rosettes of dark blue ribbon, one set each side just above the ear, and the strings tying under the chin match it. The straw is also dark blue. A little bunch of mixed flowers stands pertly up on the top. The inside is faced with bias blue surah, and there is another small bunch of flowers set just above the forehead.

To be in keeping this bonnet requires a decided 1830 costume. The clever young lady who got this bonnet will wear it with a clouded taffeta, blue and gray. The sleeves are large balloon puffs at the top and covered with gray gloves on the lower part. The basque is as old fashioned as the bonnet and has a wide white velvet collar. Inside the collar there is a tucker of white crepe lisse. To throw over her shoulders is a long strip of silver gray taffeta, with no trimming whatever. This is a scarf and is hemmed at the ends. To be in strict keeping the wearer of such a gown should dress her hair in plain bandeaux. The effect is picturesque and pleasing.

A very pretty gown for an immature girl quite took my fancy in one large establishment, and knowing how difficult it is to devise something suitable for the shapeless figures of the young I describe it. The dress was of "thundercloud gray" crepon. The skirt was lifted high on one side, showing an underskirt. Around both was a band of maize satin ribbon. The belt was the same. The waist was "built out" slightly in the lining, and the crepon was drawn over it, the crinkiers lying crosswise to give the appearance of greater width. There were a yoke of lace, set over the crepon, and a standing collar of the same. There were shoulder straps cut off short and turned under to simulate a figaro. The sleeves came but to the elbow and ended there in flaring cuffs, lined with maize satin, and with crepon outside and arranged so that they could be worn up or down as preferred. The skirt was shirred closely in the back. It made a very striking and really artistic dress. The "thundercloud" gray is a new tint and has a sort of sinister look, and in crepon it seems as if lightning might shoot out any moment.

MATE LEROY.

Not Appreciated.

A Detroiter who spent the night at a small stage town in Montana and received his bill after breakfast was more than surprised to find the amount $13.50.

"Provisions must be pretty high out here?" he queried as he counted out the money.

"Waal, no. Purvishuns are both plenty and cheap," was the reply of the complacent landlord.

"Then hired help must be very expensive?"

"Not nigh as expensive as last year."

"Maybe they charge a man $5 for a bed out in this country?" persisted the Detroiter in search of information.

"That would be highway robbery," blandly replied the landlord as he pocketed the cash.

"Well, is this bill for three meals and lodging, then?"

"Great dogs, but what do you take me fur?" exclaimed mine host in great surprise. "Why, no, of course not!"

"But I had no extras as I remember."

"You didn't? Didn't you hear that row on the sidewalk?"

"Yes, I heard a row."

"And wasn't a man shot right at the door?"

"Why, I heard a shot, but made no inquiries."

"Ain't there two dead men lyin' alongside the barn fur you to look at as you go out?"

"I presume so, but what has all this to do with the size of my bill?" demanded the Detroiter.

"Everything, sir! The boys knew you was a stranger to the county and got up a row fur your benefit. It's $5 hot bill and $8.50 fur the killin's, and if you are the man to kick on that you'd better head away fur home and a one hoss town!"—Detroit Free Press.

They've Had Enough.

Factory Inspector Watchorn, according to an exchange, "reports that hardly a train passes through Harrisburg—his home—going east that doesn't carry a carload of foreign speaking emigrants bound for the ports of Philadelphia and New York, where they are taking passage for Europe, evidently having got enough of the coke region and similar Siberian experiences."

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

IMMENSE BUSINESS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE POOR.

French System of Pawnbroking—It is Conducted by the State as a Philanthropic Institution.

Of late the French system of pawnbroking has been receiving attention from philanthropic and charitable workers in this country, who have even begun in a limited way to put into practice some of its ideas.

In Paris there are no private pawnbrokers. A central corporation, with many branches both in Paris and the provinces, has a state monopoly of lending money on movable property. The head officers of this corporation are appointed by the government, and the civil service system reigns over the appointment of its clerks. The profits of the corporation go to the public charities.

The immense capital needed for the business is not money of the state, but is borrowed. A fifth of the sum is supplied by the Comedie Francaise or state theater, which is also a corporation of theatrical artists. Altogether there are 3,000 lenders of money who prefer the mont de piete's certain interest of from 2 to 3 per cent to any heavier speculation. The money thus borrowed by the corporation is loaned out by it at a higher rate of interest to all unfortunates who are fortunate enough to have some property to put in pawn.

The ticket which the clerk will hand you for your watch bears in large type at the top: "The French Republic. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The words beneath in larger letters still are even more consoling, "Mountain of Piety." This is a poetic phrase coined by that pope who first had the idea of freeing people from the grip of usurers. There are people now living in Paris who have had their father's watch or other heirloom soaking on this mountain 40 years. They keep the interest up and hope for better days.

Had it been mattresses, bedclothes, underclothing, tools or any such article of prime necessity, they would have had in these past 40 years three opportunities of getting their property out free. From the first days of the first republic to the present date it has been customary now and then to make a kind of jail delivery of useful objects held in pawn, the money for the purpose coming either from a parliamentary decree or being raised by popular subscription. The last three charities of this kind were in 1850, 1871 and 1879. In 1871 the money came from the English association which, under Sir Richard Wallace, worked to alleviate the miseries of the siege.

Are There Any Wild Camels?

The ungainly appearance of the camel is matched by its obtuseness. Palgrave says of it: "If docile means stupid, well and good. In such a case the camel is the very model of docility. But if the epithet is intended to designate an animal that takes an interest in its rider so far as a beast can, that in some way understands his intentions, that obeys from a sort of fellow feeling with his master, like the horse or elephant, then the camel is by no means docile—very much the contrary. He takes no heed of his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not; walks straight on when once set agoing, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside, and should some tempting green branch allure him out of the path continues to walk on in the new direction because he is too dull to turn back into the right road.

The stupidity of the domesticated camel is perhaps due to its wants being so con-

A SO CALLED WILD CAMEL.

tinuously provided for that it has no necessity for exertion. We are told that the wild camel is remarkable for sagacity and for its keen senses, its sight, hearing and smell being all wonderfully perfect.

Quite recently an English traveler and sportsman, Mr. St. G. Littledale, has been following in the footsteps of great hunters. He had already shot and secured specimens of the bison in the Caucasus and of the great Marco Polo sheep from the upper reaches of the central Asiatic plateau, and he has succeeded in shooting some further specimens of the so called wild camel, of which the skins have been brought back to England.

Is this camel truly wild? Przewalski argues in favor of its being so from certain particulars in which it differs from the tame camel, such as its having no corns on its fore legs and having much smaller humps, the male having no crest or a very small one, the general color being a reddish sandy hue, rare among the domesticated ones, with shorter ears and more grizzled muzzle.

Mr. Littledale warns us that these camels may not, after all, be truly wild, and evidence seems to support the view that they are really descended from individuals which had strayed away or been lost, or, as Cuvier has suggested, had been given their liberty by the Lamas in pursuance of their Buddhist views; that they are, in fact, domesticated camels which have become wild.

The Thermometer.

It is told that Hero of Alexander, who lived about 150 years before Christ, is said to have been the real inventor of the rude "weather tester" used for measuring the heat of the atmosphere, which was continued in use until about the time of the opening of the seventeenth century. About the date last mentioned it was reduced to an instrument more convenient and accurate by one Sanctonio, an Italian, and was afterward much improved by various scientists, especially by Fahrenheit, who, in 1720, added the scale and other important details.

The Cradle Obsolete.

The cradle is fast becoming a curio, especially in its earlier hooded form. The American baby is not cradled, but taught to content itself with a mattress like anyone else, so that the phrase, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," refers to a custom almost obsolete.

The capitol at Washington has cost more than $20,000,000. It covers 3¼ acres, the dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter and is exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, the Invalides in Paris and St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg.

Madagascar is nominally under French protection, only, however, to keep the English from getting it. A French resident general, with a small military escort, resides at the capital.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Our Annual Sale of Printed

SILK REMNANTS

Will Commence on TUESDAY MORNING NEXT, July 10th,

—AND WILL COMPRISE NEARLY—

20,000 YARDS

Of the newest, choicest, and most fashionable designs and colorings made during the present season by the largest silk mill in the United States. In quality they are the regular $1 Goods, and are not sold by the largest houses any less than that price, but we shall place the entire lot on sale on Tuesday Morning Next at the unprecedented price of

Only 49 Cents Per Yard.

Which is less than one-half the price of regular goods. The various designs and colors have all been arranged and matched into Dress Patterns and convenient lengths for Blouse Waists, etc.

Printed Silks continue to be the leading fashionable fabric for ladies' wear and there is not an old style in the entire lot.

On and after Saturday our Merrimack street window will give some idea of the beauty and variety of this assortment. Remember that we have this great sale of Printed Silk Remnants only once a year, and that the sale commences on Tuesday Morning Next. Our Silk Department is convenient to either our Merrimack, Palmer or Middle street entrances.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

SUMMER SUPPLIES

BOYS' AND GIRLS' NIGHT GOWNS,

The best that can be made. If you are going to take the boys or girls away this summer, we can fit them out with the above goods, in various sizes and styles, at just about the price of the cotton. We also carry a big bargain in Gents' Night Gowns at 50c. each. Ladies can always find extra large gowns, cut full, large, long and broad, with deep hem at the bottom and made from extra good cotton, nicely trimmed, at 79c., $1, and $1.25 each. Our regular lines of Ladies' Gowns at 39c., 50c., etc., up to Bridal Gowns worth several dollars, are always complete. We carry in stock Ladies' Extra Large Chemises, Drawers, Skirts, Print and Percale Wrappers, all of these in addition to our lines in regular sizes.

Just Purchased, 1000 Little Children's Medium and Dark, Play, Work or Picnic Dresses.

At less than the cost of the material and making. Dresses at 15, 21, 25, 29, 33, 35, 39, 45, 49, 50c., up to 75c. for large girls. We are closing out all our Misses' and Large Girls' White Dresses at from 50c. to $1.50 below the price asked before July 4th. All our Infants' Silk Hats and Bonnets are marked down to close At Once.

The White and Colored Shirt Waist stock, of our own make, is complete and will be added to from our own workrooms each day. Large ladies wishing 42x44 bust measure in White Lawn Waists, can be fitted from this stock.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

THE BIG HOUSE.

HIGH TIME.

FOR WHAT?

Wednesday will be the Fourth. Isn't it high time that you bought your Light Suit? We are obliged to cut prices in order to reduce our stock. $5.98 will be our price for a big leader today and till all are closed. $8.00 and $10.00 are our prices for great values, worth $12 and $15 each. Our stock is all new and the assortment is large. You see, not having had any of last season's old styles, we had to buy heavily of the new styles in order to fill our counters. We've marked them down. Do you prefer Serges? Then you'll find us headquarters; $7, $8, $10, $12. An American Flag with every 25c. purchase. All pledges fulfilled here.

OPPO. CITY HALL.

J. M. KINGSBURY. No. 312 Bridge Street, Meats and Provisions. (Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM. 182 Merrimack Street, Photographers, Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing Of all kinds. Telephone 39-5. Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

W. A. LEW. 49 John Street. Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE. No. 9 Merrimack Street. Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 2.30, 3 15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.50. p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4 10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8 30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays): SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, ¶6 50, *7 45, *8 50, ¶9 00, *9 40, 11 00 a. m.; 1 40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5 40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5 48, 6 34, ¶6 53, §7 01, §7 18, §7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 03, *9 50, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 43, 3 03, ¶3 03, 4 00, 4 10, 4 43, ¶5 21, *5 43, 6 28, 7.47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 18, 7.27, § 45, *9 16 a. m.; §4 25, §6 03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7 01, 7 45, 11 00 a.m.; 1 40, 4 30, 8 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m., §4 25, §6 03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7 38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.44, 3.59, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02. a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8 13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and ¶8.43. p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, ¶8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; ¶8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞§Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Lowell.

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either sex, any age, in any part of the country, the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

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JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 97 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

P. H. HEELON, 557 and 559 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JOHN W. McEVOY. 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block Attorney at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy, Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Outing Costumes are Very Much in Evidence.

Mate Leroy Kindly Devotes a Few Interesting Paragraphs to Men's Summer Garments—Cool and Attractive Tennis Gowns—New Fancies in Millinery.

SUMMER BONNETS THAT ARE POEMS.

The upper right picture represents a rough straw hat bent and trimmed with black ribbon, on which jet beads are sewn, and a bunch of cornflowers. A pale blue bow is on the under side. That on the left is of splits, with a loose bow of black ribbon and a bunch of field flowers with flexible stems. The lower right is a jet foundation, with black ribbon loops and pink chiffon rosettes. The center is of straw, with pink crush roses and a large jet studded bow. The toque on the left is of *jet with pink roses and two black tips.*

Outing garments of every description fill the windows, counters and parlors of the best as well as the more ordinary stores just now, and while they bring comfort to some they bring great heartburning and weariness to others. Some can buy all the cool and dainty garments, and, what is more, they can afford to wear them all in their proper time and place, while the others are condemned by cruel poverty to wear the same old clothes of three seasons that make the owners hot to even think of.

NEW OUTING COSTUMES.

Today I stood in front of a window where were displayed a lot of lovely made up dresses of chambray and lace or embroidery. They were decked with bits of ribbon here and there, and though the material was comparatively cheap the dresses were really elegant. By my side was a young girl of about 16. Her shoes were run over at the side, her sleeves outgrown, and a large package carried by straps showed that she was an errand girl. She stood absolutely entranced before a dainty dress of mauve chambray overlaid with cream point de gene lace and with a sash and shoulder knots of ribbon to match. There was a parasol with this costume made of the same material and color.

The child looked and looked, entirely forgetful of her surroundings, and I could almost follow the workings of her mind as she imagined herself dressed in that gown. She straightened up, and unconsciously took a proud and dignified attitude. Then she smiled and made a deep courtesy to an invisible being. That moment she caught my eye, flushed and hurried off. I felt like moralizing a little, but gave it up, as the day was too warm, and contented myself with thinking that women need more than bread and meat in this world for happiness.

There are outing garments for the men—bless them—in almost as great variety as for women. The most tasteful outing or indeed everyday home and business suit is one where the coat, vest and trousers are of dark blue serge, of rather thin texture, supplemented with a light blue linen shirt and collar of the same, and a white washable tie. The hat may be of straw with a wide brim, or it may be an alpine or a derby felt, with little holes in the crown and band to secure ventilation. The sack coat is certainly cooler looking, whether it is any cooler in reality, than the cutaway. Among the sack coats there are some in light tweeds and cheviots, and mixtures, all in rather light colors, like brown, tan, gray and a sort of ashen blue. But I think the blue serge suit by far the most refined, and it is certainly more universally becoming.

The straw hats for really hot weather have higher crowns than they did last season, and the brims do not remind one quite so much of circular saws. I notice that a number of white vests are worn with the Prince Albert coats. These are of linen, pique and duck. The watch chain is carried straight across these vests from one pocket to another. The Prince Albert coat is no longer cut with a train, and now it looks very much better. The fancy for wearing a white collar with a colored shirt is vulgar and in bad taste, and fewer wear them so. The turn down shirt collar is preferred to the high chokers, and men study their physical comfort to a rare degree this season, though the silk shirts with their soft collars, which were dressy [illegible], are no longer seen. Those outing [illegible] with the [illegible] extensions [illegible] have all gone out west or somewhere else, and the abominable Marquis of Ailsbury topcoats are shelved not for the season only, but for all time. These horrible nightmares of a tailor's output, bagged in the back and sagged in the pockets, had a general air of disreputable carelessness that made them an eyesore to women. They will never be seen again.

I suppose cravats are also included in a man's wardrobe as necessities, and I will therefore mention that there are too many

NEW IDEAS IN BONNETS.

shapes, styles and colors to remember in hot weather. Soft ties like those worn by children are the favorites for wear with sack suits. These are of soft neutral tints closely and pleasingly mingled. The Teck, four-in-hand and the stock all have their times and places. White muslin ties are neat, and I was astounded to discover that 12 of these cost only 10 cents. They are to be thrown away when soiled, but they always look refined and give a man an air of being bien soigne. There are handkerchiefs of regular Persian patterns and colors for men, but these are not as genteel as a clean white batiste handkerchief. These have hemstitched hems half an inch deep and are unusually large. I may add that the russet shoes are quite as popular as ever and are sharply pointed at the toes.

Outing suits for the feminine part of the world are as varied as the needs of the case demand. There is a blue and white checked linen hopsack suit for tennis. The skirt has rows of heavy stitching done in dark blue saddler silk down each seam. A couple of rackets crossed are worked in blue silk on each side of the skirt, and on each corner of the wide collar to the blazer. There are revers to the blazer of pure white linen and a plaited white linen shirt waist with a woven blue belt.

Another tennis suit is of dark blue bunting. The skirt is cut plain, but the seams are turned in on all edges and hemstitched together with scarlet silk. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped with scarlet silk, and all edges of the quaint basque and the jacket are treated in the same manner, the scallops being small, so as merely to give the appearance of a notched edge. A lighter tennis gown of white serge has four accordion plaited ruffles of white china silk headed by a row of feather stitching in reseda green. The skirt is cut to fit the hips plain, except in the back. The blazer has large bishop sleeves with upturned cuffs of the silk. The revers form a wide fichu cape and are of serge with silk ruffles and a border of feather stitching. The waist is of puffed china silk, made with a round yoke, and this has a row of clover leaves worked upon it.

A rather neat bicycle suit has a black surah shirt waist, with an Eton jacket and a tan canvas belt. The hat is a sort of derby made of shepherd's plaid, black and shades of brown. The shoes are low, and there are checked stockings in black and brown. The skirt is of surah accordion plaited. This makes a good dustproof suit, but is chiefly remarkable for its oddity. The jacket is of thick silk. This would be nice for Sundays.

A suit for a pretty make believe sailor is of blue serge, with white cross stripes. The skirt is made plain, the sleeves to the elbows only, and the blouse is plaited closely. There is a very wide and stiff collar of white serge, cut in to give it a flare on the shoulder, and there is a turndown collar with the inevitable foul anchor worked upon it. There are besides a soft tie, made of blue surah, and a wide sash of surah, made double and with a stiffish lining. All these costumes may be modified by the leaving off of anything not deemed suitable or becoming or adding some little touch which would adapt the style better to the personality of the wearer.

Almost every day sees some new fancy in millinery. We are told that the days of the microscopic bonnet have passed and that we may expect strange sights at the September openings. I mention a few of the latest fancies. One for a carriage or visiting bonnet was of jet and lace, as to foundation. Over this all around the edge was a series of tiny caterpillar loops of white satin ribbon. There were two winglike lace and jet ornaments, a few buttercups between them and a tuft of brown feathers above. It was effective. A summery looking hat was of rough brown straw, the brim dented in in half a dozen scallops, and in each nestled a bunch of violets with foliage and stems. A pretty

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE FALL.

bonnet for an elderly lady was of fine bourbon lace picked out with cut jet beads. The lace was gathered full and left to fall in natural folds, and in these there nestled four little crushed bows of chaudron satin ribbon. The strings were of black velvet.

A very modest but stylish bonnet for a young lady was of fine black chip, a plateau shape. On the crown there was a ruche of black pongee, and set above it were two quillings of black chantilly. The strings drew the sides down and bent the front up poke fashion, and under this was another quilling of black lace and a crushed bow of coppery ribbons. But the quaintest bonnet of all is a forerunner of what we are to expect. It is very like the ancient cottage bonnet, being cut to come down over the ears and to form a distinct crown in the back and almost a coal scuttle in front. There are two rosettes of dark blue ribbon, one set each side just above the ear, and the strings lying under the chin match it. The straw is also dark blue. A little bunch of mixed flowers stands pertly up on the top. The inside is faced with bias blue surah, and there is another small bunch of flowers set just above the forehead.

To be in keeping this bonnet requires a decided 1830 costume. The clever young lady who got this bonnet will wear it with a clouded taffeta, blue and gray. The sleeves are large balloon puffs at the top and covered with gray gloves on the lower part. The basque is as old fashioned as the bonnet and has a wide white velvet collar. Inside the collar there is a tucker of white crepe lisse. To throw over her shoulders is a long strip of silver gray taffeta, with no trimming whatever. This is a scarf and is hemmed at the ends. To be in strict keeping the wearer of such a gown should dress her hair in plain bandeaux. The effect is picturesque and pleasing.

A very pretty gown for an immature girl quite took my fancy in one large establishment, and knowing how difficult it is to devise something suitable for the shapeless figures of the young I describe it. The dress was of "thundercloud gray" crepon. The skirt was lifted high on one side, showing an underskirt. Around both was a band of maize satin ribbon. The belt was the same. The waist was "built out" slightly in the lining, and the crepon was drawn over it, the crinkles lying crosswise to give the appearance of greater width. There were a yoke of lace, set over the crepon, and a standing collar of the same. There were shoulder straps cut off short and turned under to simulate a figaro. The sleeves came but to the elbow and ended there in flaring cuffs, lined with maize satin, and with crepon outside and arranged so that they could be worn up or down as preferred. The skirt was shirred closely in the back. It made a very striking and really artistic dress. The "thundercloud" gray is a new tint and has a sort of sinister look, and in crepon it seems as if lightning might shoot out any moment.

MATE LEROY.

Not Appreciated.

A Detroiter who spent the night at a small stage town in Montana and received his bill after breakfast was more than surprised to find the amount $18.50.

"Provisions must be pretty high out here?" he queried as he counted out the money.

"Waal, no. Purvishuns are both plenty and cheap," was the reply of the complacent landlord.

"Then hired help must be very expensive?"

"Not nigh as expensive as last year."

"Maybe they charge a man $5 for a bed out in this country?" persisted the Detroiter in search of information.

"That would be highway robbery," blandly replied the landlord as he pocketed the cash.

"Well, is this bill for three meals and lodging, then?"

"Great dogs, but what do you take me fur?" exclaimed mine host in great surprise. "Why, no, of course not!"

"But I had no extras I remember."

"You didn't? Didn't you hear that row on the sidewalk?"

"Yes, I heard a row."

"And wasn't a man shot right at the door?"

"Why, I heard a shot, but made no inquiries."

"And hain't there two dead men lyin alongside the barn fur you to look at as you go out?"

"I presume so, but what has all this to do with the size of my bill?" queried the Detroiter.

"Everything, sir! The boys knew you was a stranger to the county and got up a row fur your benefit. It's $5 hotel bill and $8.50 for the killin's, and if you are the man to kick on that you'd better head away fur home and a one hoss town!"—Detroit Free Press.

They've Had Enough.

Factory Inspector Watchorn, according to an exchange, "reports that hardly a train passes through Harrisburg—his home—going east that doesn't carry a carload of foreign speaking emigrants bound for the ports of Philadelphia and New York, where they are taking passage for Europe, evidently having got enough of the coke region and similar districts' extortions."

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

IMMENSE BUSINESS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE POOR.

French System of Pawnbroking—It Is Conducted by the State as a Philanthropic Institution.

Of late the French system of pawnbroking has been receiving attention from philanthopic and charitable workers in this country, who have even begun in a limited way to put into practice some of its ideas.

In Paris there are no private pawnbrokers. A central corporation, with many branches both in Paris and the provinces, has a state monopoly of lending money on movable property. The head officers of this corporation are appointed by the government, and the civil service system reigns over the appointment of its clerks. The profits of the corporation go to the public charities.

The immense capital needed for the business is not money of the state, but is borrowed. A fifth of the sum is supplied by the Comedie Francaise or state theater, which is also a corporation of theatrical artists. Altogether there are 3,000 lenders of money who prefer the mont de piete's certain interest of from 2 to 3 per cent to any heavier speculation. The money thus borrowed by the corporation is loaned out by it at a higher rate of interest to all unfortunates who are fortunate enough to have some property to put in pawn.

The ticket which the clerk will hand you for your watch bears in large type at the top: "The French Republic. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The words beneath in larger letters still are even more consoling, "Mountain of Piety." This is a poetic phrase coined by that pope who first had the idea of freeing people from the grip of usurers. There are people now living in Paris who have had their father's watch or other heirloom soaking, on this mountain 40 years. They keep the interest up and hope for better days.

Had it been mattresses, bedclothes, underclothing, tools or any such article of prime necessity, they would have had in these past 40 years three opportunities of getting their property out free. From the first days of the first republic to the present date it has been customary now and then to make a kind of jail delivery of useful objects held in pawn, the money for the purpose coming either from a parliamentary decree or being raised by popular subscription. The last three charities of this kind were in 1850, 1871 and 1879. In 1871 the money came from the English association which, under Sir Richard Wallace, worked to alleviate the miseries of the siege.

Are There Any Wild Camels?

The ungainly appearance of the camel is matched by its obtuseness. Palgrave says of it: "If docile means stupid, well and good. In such a case the camel is the very model of docility. But if the epithet is intended to designate an animal that takes an interest in its rider so far as a beast can, that in some way understands his intentions, that obeys from a sort of fellow feeling with his master, like the horse or elephant, then the camel is by no means docile—very much the contrary. He takes no heed of his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not; walks straight on when once set agoing, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside, and should some tempting green branch allure him out of the path continues to walk on in the new direction because he is too dull to turn back into the right road.

The stupidity of the domesticated camel is perhaps due to its wants being so continuously provided for that it has no necessity for exertion. We are told that the wild camel is remarkable for sagacity and for its keen senses, its sight, hearing and smell being all wonderfully perfect.

A SO CALLED WILD CAMEL.

Quite recently an English traveler and sportsman, Mr. St. G. Littledale, has been following in the footsteps of great hunters. He had already shot and secured specimens of the bison in the Caucasus and of the great Marco Polo sheep from the upper reaches of the central Asiatic plateau, and he has succeeded in shooting some further specimens of the so called wild camel, of which the skins have been brought back to England.

Is this camel truly wild? Przewalski argues in favor of its being so from certain particulars in which it differs from the tame camel, such as its having no corns on its fore legs and having much smaller humps, the male having no crest or a very small one, the general color being a reddish sandy hue, rare among the domesticated ones, with shorter ears and more grizzled muzzle.

Mr. Littledale warns us that these camels may not, after all, be truly wild, and evidence seems to support the view that they are really descended from individuals which had strayed away or been lost, or, as Cuvier has suggested, had been given their liberty by the Lamas in pursuance of their Buddhist views; that they are, in fact, domesticated camels which have become wild.

The Thermometer.

It is told that Hero of Alexander, who lived about 150 years before Christ, is said to have been the real inventor of the rude "weather tester" used for measuring the heat of the atmosphere, which was continued in use until about the time of the opening of the seventeenth century. About the date last mentioned it was reduced to an instrument more convenient and accurate by one Sanctorio, an Italian, and was afterward much improved by various scientists, especially by Fahrenheit, who, in 1720, added the scale and other important details.

The Cradle Obsolete.

The cradle is fast becoming a curio, especially in its earlier hooded form. The American baby is not cradled, but taught to content itself with a mattress like anyone else, so that the phrase, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," refers to a custom almost obsolete.

The capitol at Washington has cost more than $30,000,000. It covers 3½ acres, the dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter and is exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, the Invalides in Paris and St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg.

Madagascar is nominally under French protection, only, however, to keep the English from getting it. A French resident general, with a small military escort, resides at the capital.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Our Annual Sale of Printed

SILK REMNANTS

Will Commence on TUESDAY MORNING NEXT, July 10th,

—AND WILL COMPRISE NEARLY—

20.000 YARDS

Of the newest, choicest, and most fashionable designs and colorings made during the present season by the largest silk mill in the United States. In quality they are the regular $1 Goods, and are not sold by the largest houses any less than that price, but we shall place the entire lot on sale on Tuesday *Morning Next* at the unprecedented price of

Only 49 Cents Per Yard.

Which is less than one-half the price of regular goods. The various designs and colors have all been arranged and matched into Dress Patterns and convenient lengths for Blouse Waists, etc.

Printed Silks continue to be the leading fashionable fabric for ladies' wear and there is not an old style in the entire lot.

On and after Saturday our Merrimack street window will give some idea of the beauty and variety of this assortment. Remember that we have this great sale of Printed Silk Remnants only once a year, and that the sale commences on Tuesday Morning Next. Our Silk Department is convenient to either our Merrimack, Palmer or Middle street entrances.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

SUMMER SUPPLIES

BOYS' AND GIRLS' NIGHT GOWNS,

The best that can be made. If you are going to take the boys or girls away this summer, we can fit them out with the above goods, in various sizes and styles, at just about the price of the cotton. We also carry a big bargain in Gents' Night Gowns at 50c. each. Ladies can always find extra large gowns, cut full, large, long and broad, with deep hem at the bottom and made from extra good cotton, nicely trimmed, at 79c., $1, and $1.25 each. Our regular lines of Ladies' Gowns at 39c., 50c., etc., up to Bridal Gowns worth several dollars, are always complete. We carry in stock Ladies' Extra Large Chemises, Drawers, Skirts, Print and Percale Wrappers, all of these in addition to our lines in regular sizes.

Just Purchased, 1000 Little Children's Medium and Dark, Play, Work or Picnic Dresses.

At less than the cost of the material and making. Dresses at 15, 21, 25, 29, 33, 35, 39, 45, 49, 50c., up to 75c. for large girls. We are closing out all our Misses' and Large Girls' White Dresses at from 50c. to $1.50 below the price asked before July 4th. All our Infants' Silk Hats and Bonnets are marked down to close At Once.

The White and Colored Shirt Waist stock, of our own make, is complete and will be added to from our own workrooms each day. Large ladies wishing 42x44 bust measure in White Lawn Waists, can be fitted from this stock.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

THE BIG HOUSE.

HIGH TIME. FOR WHAT?

Wednesday will be the Fourth. Isn't it high time that you bought your Light Suit? We are obliged to cut prices in order to reduce our stock. $5.98 will be our price for a big leader today and till all are closed. $8.00 and $10.00 are our prices for great values, worth $12 and $15 each. Our stock is all new and the assortment is large. You see, not having had any of last season's old styles, we had to buy heavily of the new styles in order to fill our counters. We've marked them down. Do you prefer Serges? Then you'll find us headquarters; $7, $8, $10, $12. An American Flag with every 25c. purchase. All pledges fulfilled here.

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JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street. COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros.)

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Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.50, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 6.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays): SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, ¶6 50, *7 45, *8 50, ¶9 00, *9 40, 11 00 a. m.; 1 40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5 40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5 48, 6 34, ¶6 53, §7 01, §7 18, §7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 03, *9 50, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 43, 3 03, ¶3 03, 4 06, 4 10, 4 33, ¶5 21, *5 43, 6 28, 7.47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 18, 7.27, 8 45, *9 16 a. m.; §4 25, §6 03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7 01, 7 45, 11 00 a.m.; 1 40, 4 20, 8 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m., §4 21, 6 03, p.m. *Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.26, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.73 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.41, 3.59, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02. a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8 13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and †8.43. p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ §Daily for Montreal.

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JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Masonic Block, Attorney at Law.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St. Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

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DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moore' Pharmacy, Gorham Cor. Appleton St.

THE CORPSE SAT UP.

A Watcher's Grewsome Experience In the Room of a Dead Friend.

"I am not a believer in the supernatural," said a young man to a writer for The Courier-Journal, "but every time I see a copy of Wilkie Collins' novel, 'The Woman In White,' I get the creeps, for it recalls one of the most awful experiences in my life. I boarded in the southern portion of the city, at the home of a widow, in whose family was an interesting youth about 16 years old. He and I were exceedingly fond of one another, perhaps from the fact that he was afflicted with epilepsy, and I was the only person about the house who understood how to relieve him and was able to handle him without his hurting himself while in convulsions. He did not live long after I knew him and died in my arms in one of his attacks. The incident I am speaking of occurred on one of the very coldest nights in January. The boy had died at noon, and the family sat up with the corpse until midnight, when I relieved them in the watch, requesting all to retire, as I loved the boy so well I felt it my duty to stay near him in death. An hour passed, and I picked up a copy of 'The Woman In White' to while away the somber watch. I drew near the fireplace and turned up the lamp a little higher, as the rest of the room was very dark, and a window was raised back of the corpse on the cooling board. After all had gone to bed the realization of the somber situation obtruded itself upon me, and as I perused the novel its contents were not calculated to reassure me. I thought about everything possible, and for the first time in my life I began to quake with fear.

"I was in such a condition of mind that the dropping of a pin would have been noted at once, and the creaking of a piece of furniture or the swaying of a shutter would have sent terror through my heart. In this overwrought state of mind I heard a slight noise and turned toward the corpse, when, awful to relate, I saw my friend raise his hands, throw back the pall and sit stark upright. The eyes, which had never been closed, looked searchingly about the room until they rested on me, the open mouth contracted, and the countenance took a distorted expression. Without pausing I dashed from the room into the dark corridors.

"When I reached my bedroom, I fell in a swoon, which must have lasted several hours, for on awakening I saw the sun just tingeing the eastern horizon. Finding myself on the floor with the novel clinched in my hand recalled the dreadful scene, and pulling myself up from the floor I rang a call bell for a servant. The servant came, and we descended to the parlor after I had told him what had happened. Yes, I had actually experienced that dreadful scene, for the corpse was found lying across the bier. We went over to it. The muscles were all relaxed, and it appeared sleeping peacefully. It was laid back as it had been arranged by loving friends. As I could not explain the phenomenon I had witnessed, I went for a physician. He said the boy had been dead all the time, but that the muscles contracted during his fit had been relaxed in my presence. We agreed not to tell the circumstance to the family, but it is true in every particular, and when I think of the awful scene even in daytime I am filled with terror.

"I have never got into 'The Woman In White' farther than three chapters, and I do not think now that I shall ever finish the story that is so intimately associated with this awful ghost story in real life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Great Palace.

According to Bishop Liutprand of Cremona, in his account of his embassy to the court of Nicephorus Phocas, the golden chamber of Constantinople was the most splendid part of the whole palace. If Justin rebuilt it, Theophilus and Constantine VII did much for its decoration. Theophilus made a silver table "for the accommodation of the guests and the adornment of the palace," in which so many foreigners and courtiers feasted with the emperor. A great chandelier hung from the center of the hall over the table.

The famous golden tree, so often mentioned in accounts of the palace, was constructed by Theophilus. "Birds sitting on the branches sung by some mechanism, the air being supplied by concealed passages." The walls were ornamented with mirrors and colored tiles, "affording the more pleasure to the guests owing to the delicious nature of the viands." Besides making the silver doors—into the Tripeton—Constantine VII ornamented the walls and ceiling of the Chrysotriklinos with flowers and leaves, framed in silver circles.

In the golden chamber the most striking object must have been the Pentapyrgion, of which unluckily no accurate description has survived. It was "a magnificent structure of wood covered with gold Within and without it was hung a great variety of decorations, golden ornaments and the imperial robes" At the feast of Easter it was the custom that a small table should be placed for the emperor in the Pentapyrgion, while the foreign embassadors whom he invited dined at the golden table below him. Thus it would seem to have been a sort of throne arranged for the purposes of a dining hall.—Scottish Review.

They Do, They Do.

"There must be in the hearts of all children," said a father, "an innate love for dirt They may be the children of flat dwellers and living in a street in which no blade of grass ever peeps, but at the first opportunity they take to the earth with keen enjoyment. Let the authorities tear up the street pavement and dig a trench for a water pipe. The ridge of earth that the men throw up is to the children a mountain range of delight. They dig in it, and they toss it about, and bring water out of their houses and make mud pies of it gladly and as naturally as though they had been born and reared in some place where the earth comes to the surface. Surely all children like to play in the dirt."—New York Sun.

Particular With Their Bank Notes.

It may be of interest to readers to know that the paper for the Bank of England notes is made from new white linen—never from rags or from anything that has been in use before. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on an automatic dial.—St. Louis Republic.

Turkey has for some time been planning a great exhibition to be held in Constantinople in 1896. The sultan has just decided to postpone it until 1897 or 1898 on account of the milennial exhibition, which is to be held at Pesth in 1896, and at which Turkey will be an extensive exhibitor.

No Credentials Needed.

Maid—Gentleman in the parlor wants to see you, ma'am.

Mrs. de Avnoo—A gentleman?

Maid—Oh, yes, ma'am, he's a real gentleman. He chucked me under the chin, ma'am.—New York Weekly.

Making a Record.

"Sir," said the proud young soubrette, "I positively refuse to marry you."

"I wasn't aware that I had ever asked you," said the plutocrat.

"Of course you haven't. But when I tell my friends and the press that I refused to marry you it will be so, don't you see?"—Indianapolis Journal.

CHARGING THE GUNS.

How Brave Men Have Met Their Fate on the Battlefield.

A line of battle on the other side of the open is an unknown quantity. If a charge is ordered, one does not figure on his chances of being hit. If there is a line of earthworks with an abatis in front and artillery posted at intervals, a charge means that about every fifth man will be killed or wounded. Those who escape the shells, bullets, grapeshot and canister will always regard it in the light of a miracle. In a charge of cavalry against cavalry the dash of it carries one along without thought. It is an infantry charge against field guns which have got warmed up to their work that calls for every iota of pluck in a soldier's makeup.

Here on the north bank of the shallow creek we have thrown up a breastwork of rails, logs, bushes, stones and dirt to cover the brigade front. A boy could jump it at any spot, but when the enemy breaks out of the woods over there and advances across the old pasture our defense will save 300 lives.

We have a strong position, and the enemy knows it. Before sending a body of infantry up against us he will batter away with artillery and at least make gaps in our defense. Our guns are blazing away to the right and left of us, but we have none on our front. The ground is too low for effective work. We are waiting, waiting, waiting, every man ready, but only a little skirmishing on our front. Of a sudden 500 men spring to their feet with exclamations of anger and disgust. We can see a battery coming into action on the high ground half a mile away and infantry moving out to support it. One, three, six guns gallop up with the horses under the lash, unlimber and load, and within 60 seconds the first shell comes screaming over our heads, flying not more than six feet too high. Bang! bang! bang! go the other guns, one after another, and after three or four shots apiece they get their distance and time their fuses, and we are under a plunging fire. Solid shot would tear through the breastwork and wound and kill, but the casualties would be few. The scream of a shell shatters the nerves. It may not hit any one as it strikes, but its explosion may maim and kill a dozen.

An aid dashes to the rear; a battery comes galloping up; shouts of disappointment run up and down the line. It would be folly for our battery to unlimber here on the low ground. That plunging fire would dismount every gun in 10 minutes. It hurries off to the left, looking for a better site, and down the line comes the order for the Fifth to make ready for a charge. There are 750 men of us. The enemy probably has that number lying down behind the guns. We don't figure on them, however, but on the six fieldpieces. We shall be under their fire the minute we stand up. There is half a mile of ground to be traversed. They will cut the fuses short and use shell on us for the first quarter of a mile. Then will come grape and canister, and a little later they will double shot the guns. The ping of a bullet is not a pleasant sound, but the wailing of grape and the spiteful hiss of canister bring a chill. You remember to have seen men on the field killed by these missiles, and you recall the hideous nature of the fatal wounds.

We seem to wait for a lull in the firing, but it does not come. Men cannot be held here inactive 10 minutes longer. Death and wounds follow the bursting of every shell, and those untouched are fiercely demanding to know if we are to be sacrificed without firing a shot in reply. It's death to charge those guns—death to remain lying on our faces behind the breastwork. Here we go! Every man in the old Fifth leaps to his feet and vaults over the breastwork and falls into double line on the other side. We instinctively dress to the right, come to a "front" and move forward. Every one of the six guns is immediately turned upon us, and we break from "common time" to "quick time" without orders.

Am I afraid? Yes and no. A shell is a murderous missile, but I am not in direct range of any one of the guns. It is the grape and canister I dread. We are sweeping forward like a wave rolling in upon the beach, but it seems to me that we only crawl. Everybody is crying out: "Faster! Faster! Why don't we charge?" We have covered half the ground when the lines suddenly spring forward. Every man begins to shout and cheer, and the sole idea is to reach the guns as soon as possible Now we get grape and canister in double charges. It is as if 10,000 whips were cutting through the air in every direction. Men bend forward, clinch their teeth and think only of the finish.

We are close upon the guns—we are among them—we are shooting and clubbing and using the bayonet! The infantry supports rise up off the ground and charge us, and it becomes the fight of a mob. Round and round circles the mob, every man fighting on his own hook and the smoke making the hour seem like twilight, and no man realizes when the end comes. The firing, shouting and rushing about gradually die away, the smoke cloud lifts and drifts off, and a great cheer leaps from the lips of the living. Two acres of ground are thickly dotted with the dead and wounded, but in the center, like the black spot in the bullseye, are five of the six guns we made the rush for. They are ours. We hold the guns and the position, and tomorrow the old Fifth will be proudly mentioned in brigade, division and corps reports. At what sacrifice? War has no credit and debit. We fight and die for the glory of it. M. QUAD.

Two Kinds of Hoodoo.

"I wouldn't have them peacock's feathers stuck up there if it was my place," said the superstitious man as he leaned against the bar and shook his dripping umbrella.

"Why, what's the matter with the feathers?" asked the bartender. "Ain't they pretty?"

"They'll hoodoo the place, that's all—very onlucky."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed another man who was drinking alone.

"That's what I say," said the bartender.

"But I knowed a man that stuck up peacock feathers in his saloon, and a man was killed there before morning"

"Put down that umbrella!" yelled the bartender and two others in a breath.

"That's all right. I ain't a-hurting nobody," and the superstitious man raised the umbrella over his head as if examining its ribs.

"Put down that umbrella!" roared the bartender, rushing down toward the end of the counter.

"And he a-talkin about peacock's feathers," growled the other man angrily.

But the man with the umbrella had fled.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mother's Answer.

When Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, on the ground that he was insane. His mother, being applied to and requested to write a strong letter on the subject, answered, "Well, but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters?"—Green Bag.

He Was Reckless.

"How did young Lovett get such an awful cold?"

"He was all wrapped up in that Boston girl at the party last night."—New York World.

MONEY NOT THE ONLY THING.

English Society Circles Into Which Wealth Alone Could Not Penetrate.

There is a marked difference between the main body of the Americans who annually invade London nowadays and those who used to be seen years ago. Time was when the traveling Americans did not care for the society, preferring to do the sights as speedily as possible and hurry off to other show places. Now visitors from the land of the free consider themselves quite as much in the social swim as any lord or lady in the peerage, are "up" in all the ways and customs of society and are regarded by London swelldom as representative Americans. In general these are the sightseers of the past grown anglicized and their sons and daughters. I regard Mr. Astor as a fair sample of the new American in England. His money of course enables him to do anything he likes. He might stand on his head on the top of the Duke of York's column or play leap frog down Pall Mall with Mr Vanderbilt.

It is doubtful, by the bye, if either of these performances would make him a cause of more pitying smiles and compassionate shoulder shrugs than his forced intrusion into London journalism or his ostentatious purchase of the Duke of Westminster's Thames bank villa. He has too much money to let the people who find it pleasant to know him show what they really think of his desertion of his own country. And I rather suspect that he knows very few who are great enough in themselves to be indifferent to the money power he wields.

There is a class of noblemen among the English aristocracy who are above any and all outside influences altogether—men whom gold does not dazzle. I regard them as the highest type of nobility in every sense, and I consider the Duke of Northumberland as a striking instance of the sort of man I mean. The Duke of Rutland in another. The poorest, humblest American, were he a gentleman, might enter the society of these noblemen and be cordially received by them. But all the wealth of the Astors and Vanderbilts combined could not get recognition for its possessors from the same men were there no other recommendation.

And I am morally certain of one thing—buying and hiring grand houses in England by foreigners for no rhyme or reason but the exhibition of a bit of vulgar swagger would not be in any sense a credential of respectability to them. Much the reverse, I should imagine. As for the Duke of Westminster, he is a shrewd man of business, and like all the Grosvenors has as keen an eye to the main chance as a horse dealer or a patent medicine drummer. Yet I cannot somehow think that any very lasting friendship has sprung up between his grace and the American purchaser of Cliveden. Indeed the reported controversy concerning the right of property in the visitors' book would seem to negative the presumption of the existence of very amicable relations. I often wonder how men like Mr. Astor can wish to fill a fourth or fifth rate position in England instead of the first place in America. He cannot at one moment rely on the fact that he is an American, and therefore the equal of any man, and at the next set up as a English country squire or a London editor, and therefore several pegs below the dukes and other nobility. He must make his choice.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Curious Electrical Phenomena.

Petroleum spirit, or benzine, is largely used in the silk and wool industries and in "chemical cleaning" works as a solvent for greasy impurities. It is extremely volatile and inflammable and has often been suspected of being the cause of those mysterious fires which occasionally break out in works and factories where it is much used. The ignition of this spirit has now been shown to be "spontaneous" and to be caused by electrical excitation. In certain states of the atmosphere, especially when it is cold and dry, the spirit becomes excited and exhibits sparks and flashes of light to the accompaniment of crackling sounds, and the ignition of the spirit may take place at any moment.

Kissling, in Germany, recommends that a small quantity of some kind of soap, soluble in petroleum, shall be dissolved in it, and maintains that this will prevent the electrical excitation, even when so little as 0.2 to 0.3 is added. The use of soap in spirit that is in a state of excitation always averts the danger of ignition. This form of activity in petroleum spirit is never observed in moist or warm weather, the conditions of which tend to carry off or prevent the manifestation of electricity, and the soap probably provides the necessary moisture, water being otherwise nonmiscible with petroleum spirit.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Perilous Mining.

The Carrara marble quarries, which are 400 or 500 in number, are situated far above the town in the midst of the grandest and most savage scenery. The soft aerial hues which distance lends to the mountains disappear on nearer approach The great peaks stand up against the sky in fantastic forms. No trees or vendure clothe their naked sides, no flowers grow, no water flows to fertilize that soil. The 6,000 quarrymen who are busy here appear as ants crawling on the vast hillsides The marble is quarried by dynamite. Every moment explosions rend the air, and huge fragments fly up as if expelled from a volcano. Often the mine has to be placed in the perpendicular face of a precipice. Then the workman is lowered by a rope and hangs suspended, 'like the samphire gatherer, 'twixt earth and heaven. A dreadful trade." About 160,000 tons of marble are annually exported, of which most goes to America. The quantity is inexhaustible.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Of What Is "Bee Comb" Composed?

Bee comb, or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets," which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiment carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively proves that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.—St. Louis Republic.

He Ate Angleworms.

"I have heard of eating snails and grubworms," said L. D. Daniels, "but I never knew of but one man who ever ate angle worms. He was a negro and preferred the slimy creatures to any dish that could be set before him. They were not prepared in any way before cooking, but placed alive in a hot skillet, with the bottom well greased and fried until they were crisp and brown. They looked appetizing, but I could never be induced to eat any of them, notwithstanding the negro's evident relish and the fact that they looked much better than a dish of snails."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Early Release Likely.

Little Dick—Mamma wanted me to take piano lessons, but I coaxed her to let me have a fiddle.

Little Dot—Do you like a fiddle?

Little Dick—No, but I think she'll get tired of that quicker than a piano.—Good News.

MIRRORS AND MAGIC.

FROM THE CLEAR POOL DOWN TO THE MODERN FRENCH PLATE.

Ancient Mirrors of Metal, Which Pliny Claims Were Preceded by Those of Glass. More Modern History on the Subject—Belief In Magic Cures.

It has often been said that with a sufficient amount of research or ingenuity the germ of all inventions could be traced to our first parents in the garden of Eden. No one will be surprised, therefore, in learning from Milton that no sooner had Eve first opened her eyes upon the world than she wandered off to a clear pool, where she hung entranced over the reflection of her own charms. In one of her subsequent guileless confessions to Adam she declares that had not the voice of God called her away to find a companion in him and in love for him to lose all sight of self she would doubtless have lingered there, enamored with her own beauty, and perchance have shared the fabled Narcissus' fate.

Nature's mirror, over which Eve hung enraptured, failed to satisfy the demands of her daughters, and human ingenuity was soon called upon to produce a more convenient substitute. From the various specimens of antique mirrors preserved in museums learned men have concluded that the honor of this invention can justly be ascribed to the Egyptians, who used highly polished looking glasses of brass, bronze or other metals. Those mentioned in the Pentateuch, where the Hebrew women are reported to have carried mirrors out of Egypt and into the wilderness, were small and round and furnished with handles, which were more varied in form and device than the looking glasses themselves.

Although all the very ancient mirrors now extant are of metal, Pliny claims that glass mirrors were found at Sidon, and Praxiteles, the renowned Greek sculptor, who lived four centuries before Christ, is the supposed discoverer of the utility of silver as a reflective medium in the manufacture of choice mirrors Previous to his time and to the introduction of the metallic Egyptian looking glasses, in mythic ages, we find that Polyphemus, the one eyed Cyclops, could perform his toilet satisfactorily only when the surface of the sea was perfectly smooth. The demigod or hero Perseus, in his search for Medusa, the Gorgon whose glance had the power of turning the beholder to stone, carefully held his shield in front of him and only saw the reflection of the ghastly snake locked head, which he successfully severed and bore away in triumph.

From earliest times magic properties have been ascribed to certain mirrors, and the Thessalian soothsayers and witches have even been reported to have possessed magic looking glasses, by whose subtle agency they could compel the moon—that great mirror—to leave her exalted position in the sky and descend to earth

Still farther east, in Japan, the "Land of the Rising Sun," the mirror has been used for many centuries and is one of the requisite articles for divine worship. Emblematic of the purity of the worshiper and of the transparency of his motives in proffering his requests, the mirror was formerly laid before the altar near which the faithful votary stood to recite his prayers.

As the years rolled on, and eastern civilization gradually made its way into the barbarous west, the demand for mirrors of all shapes and sizes rapidly increased, and an old chronicler of the days of Charlemagne states that they were then used by all classes, and that even the clergy had adopted the prevailing fashion, some of the holy men wearing small mirrors set in their shoes, that they might incessantly contemplate the beauty of their vestments.

Six hundred years later, in the fourteenth century, the first glass mirrors were manufactured in Europe, at the celebrated glass works on the island of Murano, near Venice, and this establishment long monopolized the right of producing these articles of commerce. Compared to the huge flawless mirrors of the present age, these first glass productions were very rude contrivances indeed, as is proved by the specimen preserved in the apartments of Queen Mary in Holyrood castle.

Henry III of France not only visited the manufactories at Murano, but was so delighted with all the wonders he saw there that he issued patents of nobility for the two directors of the glass works, and his successor, Henry IV, was quite overcome by the gift of a glass mirror from the republic of Venice at his accession to the throne. Restricted at first, as we have seen, to Murano, the manufacture of mirrors was eventually introduced in France, where the works of St. Gobin have attained great renown for the beauty, size and general excellence of their mirrors, which were sold at almost fabulous prices. And it was a Frenchman, Thebart, who first discovered the art of casting huge sheets of plate glass as [illegible] are seen today.

During the middle ages the superstitions of all former times were rife, and even in the beginning of the renaissance supernatural powers were still ascribed to certain magical or astrological mirrors, which were still fashioned of metal and upon which myterious cabalistic signs were faintly traced When properly used—that is to say, with exact observance of the multitudinous imaginary laws and signs by which they were supposed to be governed—these mirrors were said to effect magical cures.

In the far east a few of these magic mirrors are still to be found, and here is a description of the ceremonies observed to secure the recovery of a patient stricken with an otherwise incurable disease: After inscribing sundry potent passages of the Koran upon the magic mirror it was perfumed and placed in the hand of the sick man, who was enjoined to gaze fixedly at his reflection while certain prayers were recited around his bed. These prayers were ended by a special invocation to the spirits of the earth and sky, and when the ceremony was over, if all the participants had faithfully performed the parts assigned them, the patient was sure to be entirely freed from the disease. There are other magic mirrors which are supposed to be gifted with the power of predicting the future, of effacing wrinkles, exorcising evil spirits, procuring intercourse with the heavenly host, preserving health and even of assuring perpetual youth to all those fortunate enough to bask in their reflected rays.—H. E. Gresber in New York Post.

Changed.

"Marry me or die!" he hissed.

"Neether," she coldly rejoined.

They parted. Years passed. They met again. Meanwhile she had graduated.

"Hast thou a different answer now?" he demanded.

"Yes."

His heart swelled with hope.

"Speak, I pray thee," he urged.

"Neyther," she said.—Detroit Tribune.

Brooklyn has eight miles of water front, where over $300,000,000 worth of goods are stored every year. It is the fourth American city in manufactures, producing nearly $200,000,000 a year.

Expect every man to do his duty and with all your expectation expect to be disappointed.—Galveston News.

HUNTING FOR BABY.

At 9 o'clock in the morning we rounded the corner of the mountain and turned into the valley. Half a mile away on our left and sitting close into the hill and surrounded with half grown trees was Baker's cabin. The Indians had 24 hours the start of us. Signal fires had told us that they had not gone up the valley, but would they pass this cabin so near the trail and restrain their hand already stained with blood? The main body might not halt, but halt a dozen warriors were force enough to wipe out the family.

We halted and looked for smoke curling above the trees from the chimney, but there was none. Under a tree in a field stood two horses, but no human being was in sight. Presently the horses caught sight of us and neighed. Did you ever hear a horse signal his loneliness by a neigh? It is so long drawn, and there is such a sorrowful quaver to it, that it seems to ring in your ears for days afterward. Wounded horses used to neigh that way on the battlefield after midnight, and you may have heard the sound on the wide prairie when a faithful team horse had broken down and been turned out and left to his fate.

We had a foreboding as we drew near the house. One of the heavy window shutters was creaking dismally on its hinges in the morning breeze, and the shattered door told of the work of tomahawks and battering ram. We knew the spectacle which would greet us as we stepped inside, but how many bodies would there be? A settler who came riding down the valley just then joined us at the door of the cabin and whispered with white face:

"It happened yesterday morning. I heard the firing, but dared not come down to his help There will be Baker, his wife, a girl of 10 and a baby boy a year old—all wiped out!"

After a bit we went in. Man and wife lay in the middle of the floor, the girl in a corner. It was no need to bend over them to see if life remained Bullets and tomahawks had made sure work of it, and three more scalps had been added to the belts of the renegade Indians from the reservation. We had carried the bodies out doors for burial when the settler came out and said:

"I have looked high and low, but can't find the baby. It must have been here, but what can have become of it?"

We searched the house, but there was no trace. The Indians would not have hampered themselves with a baby when on the warpath. If alive when they entered the house, they would have shown it no mercy nor flung the little body out. The man had a winchester, the woman a revolver.

While they were firing from the broken door they had been shot down by warriors who sneaked up to the side window.

"Look for the baby," whispered the settler. "Baker loved that baby as his life He may have carried it into the woods and then been cut off before he could get back to it."

The hundred men of us hitched our horses, formed in a long line and swept through the thickets in rear of the house quite up to the foot of the hills There was no sign of the child. Then the line swung around to the right, and we swept back to the east until clear of the bushes. We were just breaking clear when a cry was raised, and a minute later the captain of the troop had baby in his arms and was pushing through the men toward the house. It was dressed, but had no extra covering, and it had rested under a thick bush for 24 hours. The men cheered and cheered as the officer sat down on the doorstep with his burden, but he held up a hand and solemnly said:

"Hush, men—he's dying! We have come too late!"

So it was. Whether it was the cold of the night, the lack of nourishment or the fear which must have come to its heart we could not tell, but within 10 minutes its life went out, and with reverential hands the wee baby was laid beside those waiting for burial. Just before death came it opened its big blue eyes, looked around at the bearded faces bending forward, and there was a smile on its face as the light went out. Faces were turned aside, and it seemed a long five minutes before the captain said:

"Wiped out, even to the baby! Men, get the grass dug and the bodies in, and we will ride on."

There were tears and mutterings and vows of vengeance as we hurried through with our sorrowful task, though but few men there had wives and children. Do you remember what the philanthropists said of next day's work? We cut off a band of 10 of the renegades, drove them into a ravine, and not a man escaped. They shouted to us again and again that they surrendered. They threw down their rifles and held up their hands, but their only answer was the pop, pop of the carbines till the last target was riddled. The philanthropists took good care to state all that, but it was the soldiers who afterward told what was discovered when we prowled among the bodies—told it in whispers and with tears in their eyes. Three of them had the scalps of white victims at their belts—the scalps of Baker, his wife and fair haired daughter. A father's love and the hand of God had prevented baby's scalp from keeping the company of the others. We wished them alive that we might kill them over again, and as we rode away we saw the wolf and the buzzard making ready for their feast. M. QUAD.

Probably Not.

Old Mr. Williams was subject to fits of what he called "righteous anger" on slight provocation, and at such times, as he was naturally talkative, his tongue often ran away with him.

"There's Square Peters' son," he roared to his gentle little wife. "Wuthless feller t' be writin books about furrin lands 'stid o' stayin t' hum, whar he b'longs. The square showed me one o' his books t'other day—all about Spain 'twas; bound in red silk an sprinkled thick with picters. 'Edition de Looks,' the square called it, an I reckon there's more looks than sense in it, true enough.

"I tell ye what 'tis," concluded Mr. Williams, roaring still louder as his wife remained silent, "I ain't got no opinion o' sech goin's on. Eight dollars was the price o' that book, an I wouldn't buy it. Why," said the old man, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair, "I wouldn't buy that book if I was starvin! No, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

The Dutiful Patient.

Yesterday at 4 p. m., as I turned into a cafe restaurant on the boulevards, I espied Champoireau finishing his dessert.

"What! Still at table at this time of day?"

"Let me explain. This is my third lunch."

"No!"

"Yes. Just think! My doctor allows me to smoke only one cigar after every meal. Consequently, in order to smoke to my heart's content, I go in for six meals a day!"—Journal Amusant.

Comparison.

Elsie—Just look at the lovely engagement ring Jack gave me.

Isabel—Why, who would have thought your finger as large as mine!—Detroit Tribune.

GOOD HEALTH.

HOW TO KEEP THE FEET PAINLESS.

Easy Fitting Shoes a Source of Happiness—Art for Amateurs—Sunk Carving For Intaglio.

Too many of us know full well what it is to suffer with feet that ache, burn and in other ways refuse to pleasantly perform the tasks assigned them. Standing much upon the feet causes them to swell, walking heats them, and both troubles are exhaustive when unrelieved

One should be unaware that one has feet. No one can accomplish the day's duties and pleasures in a satisfactory manner when conscious that the feet are not thoroughly in order for service. The following recommendations from Golden Days contain valuable aids to securing that perfect condition which is necessary to health and happiness:

Two or three hot foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will give great ease and comfort. Tired feet find a warm salt bath almost as restful as an hour's lay off. Take a little wooden tub—every bathroom should have one—fill it with warm water, drop in a cupful of sea or common table salt; paddle around in this impromptu shore bath for a time, dry the feet on a towel that will produce friction, then slip your 10 toes into a fresh pair of stockings, and if before your bath you have been ready to "drop" you will feel almost "made over," as it were, after this operation.

A tonic very much in favor with women who are obliged to stand a great deal is the spirit bath. Alcohol and neutral spirits are both fine. Pour into palms and rub feet vigorously. Professional dancers, men who are noted pedestrians and acrobats, keep in good condition by using spirit baths. Bathing the feet in alcohol, after one has been exposed to cold and damp, will often prevent serious colds.

As hot water causes the feet to swell, it is well after a hot bath to rub them and then use slippers while exercising. This will save one from an unpleasant tightness that wearing a snug fitting shoe after a bath is bound to emphasize. Many women find instant relief from fatigue by simply plunging the feet into very cold water. Alum and water, it is said, will take out the painful sensation caused by overfatigue.

The old fashioned foot bath of mustard and water, many mothers believe, will sidetrack a fever, cure a genuine nervous headache and produce sleep.

Learn to Laugh.

"Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere and is a nuisance as well," says a family doctor.

Camphor For a Cough.

Two or three drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar will often quiet the paroxysms of cough in sleeping children. For this and its value as an external application in bruises, sprains, muscular soreness, etc., a fair sized bottle should always be on hand.

WOOD CARVING.

A Pretty and Very Easy Variety Is the Sunk Carving or Intaglio.

Intaglio or sunk carving is extensively used for furniture, especially for finishing off those parts which are to be ornamented and not too expensively. To do this The Art Interchange directs as follows: Take a good nicely planed panel, and having "placed" the design then with a small gouge cut into the wood. This differs from ordinary carving, just as steel engraving or etching differs from wood engraving As you go on have a piece of putty by you to press into the incision, and by thus taking proofs see how well you are cutting. This is the most cleanly of all cuts. It may be practiced with care in a drawing room.

When finished on dark wood, the effect may be heightened by taking gold paint or powder mixed with gum water and touching up the inside of the cutting. White, red and light blue or yellow paints are also employed for such a purpose. In carving a pair of bellows one side may be in relief. That which is to hang against the wall should be in intaglio.

With a little practice intaglio can be executed as rapidly as one can sketch with a pencil and as easily. In carving intaglio many hold the gouge in the left hand and hammer it with the palm of the right.

To carve a casket or box do so while it is in pieces or apart—that is, make it or have it made in dovetail or tailed and mitred and after carving join it together. This rule should be followed as regards brackets or any other articles in pieces.

Many beginners give themselves a great deal of needless trouble by working on made up articles. There are many things which can be made elegant by carving. An ordinary wooden bowl, such as is used in many kitchens, when carved in relief resembles the mazer bowls which were so much valued during the middle ages Holly is an exquisite wood for this purpose. When finished, the whole bowl may be stained to a rich brown color. Then with a camel's hair brush, using the greatest possible care to prevent the darker fluid from spreading over the lighter, paint in the ground with ebony stain or very good jet black ink. Apply two coats of the latter, the second after the first is perfectly dry. Then when quite dry oil the whole.

Hollywood spoons are pretty when delicately carved. Panels can be made up into chests, cabinets, boxes, backs of chairs, dados or wainscots or doors. With very thin panels you can carve an album or book cover. If they are very broad and thin, split it carefully into two pieces or make it of two such pieces and glue them together after carving.

His Use.

"I don't see what business a kicker has on earth," said the irritable man.

"Oh," replied the philosopher, "he is very useful!"

"How?"

"He makes you appreciate the people who are good natured."—Washington Star.

Estimate, of Course.

"Miss Alice?" said one. "Why, she must weigh at least 130 pounds."

"Nonsense! She doesn't either," hastily spoke up one of the young men present.

And then everybody asked him how he knew.—Somerville Journal.

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THE CORPSE SAT UP.

A Watcher's Grewsome Experience In the Room of a Dead Friend.

"I am not a believer in the supernatural," said a young man to a writer for The Courier-Journal, "but every time I see a copy of Wilkie Collins' novel, 'The Woman In White,' I get the creeps, for it recalls one of the most awful experiences in my life. I boarded in the southern portion of the city, at the home of a widow, in whose family was an interesting youth about 16 years old. He and I were exceedingly fond of one another, perhaps from the fact that he was afflicted with epilepsy, and I was the only person about the house who understood how to relieve him and was able to handle him without his hurting himself while in convulsions. He did not live long after I knew him and died in my arms in one of his attacks. The incident I am speaking of occurred on one of the very coldest nights in January. The boy had died at noon, and the family sat up with the corpse until midnight, when I relieved them in the watch, requesting all to retire, as I loved the boy so well I felt it my duty to stay near him in death. An hour passed, and I picked up a copy of 'The Woman In White' to while away the somber watch. I drew near the fireplace and turned up the lamp a little higher, as the rest of the room was very dark, and a window was raised back of the corpse on the cooling board. After all had gone to bed the realization of the somber situation obtruded itself upon me, and as I perused the novel its contents were not calculated to reassure me. I thought about everything possible, and for the first time in my life I began to quake with fear.

"I was in such a condition of mind that the dropping of a pin would have been noted at once, and the creaking of a piece of furniture or the swaying of a shutter would have sent terror through my heart. In this overwrought state of mind I heard a slight noise and turned toward the corpse, when, awful to relate, I saw my friend raise his hands, throw back the pall and sit stark upright. The eyes, which had never been closed, looked searchingly about the room until they rested on me, the open mouth contracted, and the countenance took a distorted expression. Without pausing I dashed from the room into the dark corridors.

"When I reached my bedroom, I fell in a swoon, which must have lasted several hours, for on awakening I saw the sun just tingeing the eastern horizon. Finding myself on the floor with the novel clinched in my hand recalled the dreadful scene, and pulling myself up from the floor I rang a call bell for a servant. The servant came, and we descended to the parlor after I had told him what had happened. Yes, I had actually experienced that dreadful scene, for the corpse was found lying across the bier. We went over to it. The muscles were all relaxed, and it appeared sleeping peacefully. It was laid back as it had been arranged by loving friends. As I could not explain the phenomenon I had witnessed, I went for a physician. He said the boy had been dead all the time, but that the muscles contracted during his fit had been relaxed in my presence. We agreed not to tell the circumstance to the family, but it is true in every particular, and when I think of the awful scene even in daytime I am filled with terror.

"I have never got into 'The Woman In White' farther than three chapters, and I do not think now that I shall ever finish the story that is so intimately associated with this awful ghost story in real life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Great Palace.

According to Bishop Liutprand of Cremona, in his account of his embassy to the court of Nicephorus Phocas, the golden chamber of Constantinople was the most splendid part of the whole palace. If Justin rebuilt it, Theophilus and Constantine VII did much for its decoration. Theophilus made a silver table "for the accommodation of the guests and the adornment of the palace," in which so many foreigners and courtiers feasted with the emperor. A great chandelier hung from the center of the hall over the table.

The famous golden tree, so often mentioned in accounts of the palace, was constructed by Theophilus. "Birds sitting on the branches sung by some mechanism, the air being supplied by concealed passages." The walls were ornamented with mirrors and colored tiles, "affording the more pleasure to the guests owing to the delicious nature of the viands." Besides making the silver doors—into the Triputon—Constantine VII ornamented the walls and ceiling of the Chrysotriklinos with flowers and leaves, framed in silver circles.

In the golden chamber the most striking object must have been the Pentapyrgion, of which unluckily no accurate description has survived. It was "a magnificent structure of wood covered with gold. Within and without it was hung a great variety of decorations, golden ornaments and the imperial robes." At the feast of Easter it was the custom that a small table should be placed for the emperor in the Pentapyrgion, while the foreign embassadors whom he invited dined at the golden table below him. Thus it would seem to have been a sort of throne arranged for the purposes of a dining hall. —Scottish Review.

They Do, They Do.

"There must be in the hearts of all children," said a father, "an innate love for dirt. They may be the children of flat dwellers and living in a street in which no blade of grass ever peeps, but at the first opportunity they take to the earth with keen enjoyment. Let the authorities tear up the street pavement and dig a trench for a water pipe. The ridge of earth that the men throw up is to the children a mountain range of delight. They dig in it, and they toss it about, and bring water out of their houses and make mud pies of it gladly and as naturally as though they had been born and reared in some place where the earth comes to the surface. Surely all children like to play in the dirt."—New York Sun.

Particular With Their Bank Notes.

It may be of interest to readers to know that the paper for the Bank of England notes is made from new white linen—never from rags or from anything that has been in use before. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on an automatic dial.—St. Louis Republic.

Turkey has for some time been planning a great exhibition to be held in Constantinople in 1896. The sultan has just decided to postpone it until 1897 or 1898 on account of the millennial exhibition, which is to be held at Pesth in 1896, and at which Turkey will be an extensive exhibitor.

No Credentials Needed.

Maid—Gentleman in the parlor wants to see you, ma'am.

Mrs. de Avnoo—A gentleman?

Maid—Oh, yes, ma'am, he's a real gentleman. He chucked me under the chin, ma'am.—New York Weekly.

Making a Record.

"Sir," said the proud young soubrette, "I positively refuse to marry you."

"I wasn't aware that I had ever asked you," said the plutocrat.

"Of course you haven't. But when I tell my friends and the press that I refused to marry you it will be so, don't you see?" —Indianapolis Journal.

CHARGING THE GUNS.

How Brave Men Have Met Their Fate on the Battlefield.

A line of battle on the other side of the open is an unknown quantity. If a charge is ordered, one does not figure on his chances of being hit. If there is a line of earthworks with an abatis in front and artillery posted at intervals, a charge means that about every fifth man will be killed or wounded. Those who escape the shells, bullets, grapeshot and canister will always regard it in the light of a miracle. In a charge of cavalry against cavalry the dash of it carries one along without thought. It is an infantry charge against field guns which have got warmed up to their work that calls for every iota of pluck in a soldier's makeup.

Here on the north bank of the shallow creek we have thrown up a breastwork of rails, logs, bushes, stones and dirt to cover the brigade front. A boy could jump it at any spot, but when the enemy breaks out of the woods over there and advances across the old pasture our defense will save 800 lives.

We have a strong position, and the enemy knows it. Before sending a body of infantry up against us he will batter away with artillery and at least make gaps in our defense. Our guns are blazing away to the right and left of us, but we have none on our front. The ground is too low for effective work. We are waiting, waiting, waiting, every man ready, but only a little skirmishing on our front. Of a sudden 500 men spring to their feet with exclamations of anger and disgust. We can see a battery coming into action on the high ground half a mile away and infantry moving out to support it. One, three, six guns gallop up with the horses under the lash, unlimber and load, and within 60 seconds the first shell comes screaming over our heads, flying not more than six feet too high. Bang! bang! bang! go the other guns, one after another, and after three or four shots apiece they get their distance and time their fuses, and we are under a plunging fire. Solid shot would tear through the breastwork and wound and kill, but the casualties would be few. The scream of a shell shatters the nerves. It may not hit any one as it strikes, but its explosion may maim and kill a dozen.

An aid dashes to the rear; a battery comes galloping up; shouts of disappointment run up and down the line. It would be folly for our battery to unlimber here on the low ground. That plunging fire would dismount every gun in 10 minutes. It hurries off to the left, looking for a better site, and down the line comes the order for the Fifth to make ready for a charge. There are 750 men of us. The enemy probably has that number lying down behind the guns. We don't figure on them, however, but on the six fieldpieces. We shall be under their fire the minute we stand up. There is half a mile of ground to be traversed. They will cut the fuses short and use shell on us for the first quarter of a mile. Then will come grape and canister, and a little later they will double shot the guns. The ping of a bullet is not a pleasant sound, but the wailing of grape and the spiteful hiss of canister bring a chill. You remember to have seen men on the field killed by these missiles, and you recall the hideous nature of the fatal wounds.

We seem to wait for a lull in the firing, but it does not come. Men cannot be held here inactive 10 minutes longer. Death and wounds follow the bursting of every shell, and those untouched are fiercely demanding to know if we are to be sacrificed without firing a shot in reply. It's death to charge those guns—death to remain lying on our faces behind the breastwork. Here we go! Every man in the old Fifth leaps to his feet and vaults over the breastwork and falls into double line on the other side. We instinctively dress to the right, come to a "front" and move forward. Every one of the six guns is immediately turned upon us, and we break from "common time" to "quick time" without orders.

Am I afraid? Yes and no. A shell is a murderous missile, but I am not in direct range of any one of the guns. It is the grape and canister I dread. We are sweeping forward like a wave rolling in upon the beach, but it seems to me that we only crawl. Everybody is crying out: "Faster! Faster! Why don't we charge?" We have covered half the ground when the lines suddenly spring forward. Every man begins to shout and cheer, and the sole idea is to reach the guns as soon as possible. Now we get grape and canister in double charges. It is as if 10,000 whips were cutting through the air in every direction. Men bend forward, clinch their teeth and think only of the finish.

We are close upon the guns—we are among them—we are shooting and clubbing and using the bayonet! The infantry supports rise up off the ground and charge us, and it becomes the fight of a mob. Round and round circles the mob, every man fighting on his own hook and the smoke making the hour seem like twilight, and no man realizes when the end comes. The firing, shouting and rushing about gradually die away, the smoke cloud lifts and drifts off, and a great cheer leaps from the lips of the living. Two acres of ground are thickly dotted with the dead and wounded, but in the center, like the black spot in the bullseye, are five of the six guns we made the rush for. They are ours. We hold the guns and the position, and tomorrow the old Fifth will be proudly mentioned in brigade, division and corps reports. At what sacrifice? War has no credit and debit. We fight and die for the glory of it. M. QUAD.

Two Kinds of Hoodoo.

"I wouldn't have them peacock's feathers stuck up there if it was my place," said the superstitious man as he leaned against the bar and shook his dripping umbrella.

"Why, what's the matter with the feathers?" asked the bartender. "Ain't they pretty?"

"They'll hoodoo the place, that's all—very unlucky."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed another man who was drinking alone.

"That's what I say," said the bartender.

"But I knowed a man that stuck up peacock feathers in his saloon, and a man was killed there before morning."

"Put down that umbrella!" yelled the bartender and two others in a breath.

"That's all right. I ain't a-hurting nobody," and the superstitious man raised the umbrella over his head as if examining its ribs.

"Put down that umbrella!" roared the bartender, rushing down toward the end of the counter.

"And he a-talkin about peacock's feathers," growled the other man angrily.

But the man with the umbrella had fled.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mother's Answer.

When Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, on the ground that he was insane. His mother, being applied to and requested to write a strong letter on the subject, answered, "Well, but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters?"—Greenling.

He Was Reckless.

"How did young Lovett get such an awful cold?"

"He was all wrapped up in that Boston girl at the party last night."—New York World.

MONEY NOT THE ONLY THING.

English Society Circles Into Which Wealth Alone Could Not Penetrate.

There is a marked difference between the main body of the Americans who annually invade London nowadays and those who used to be seen years ago. Time was when the traveling Americans did not care for the society, preferring to do the sights as speedily as possible and hurry off to other show places. Now visitors from the land of the free consider themselves quite as much in the social swim as any lord or lady in the peerage, are "up" in all the ways and customs of society and are regarded by London swelldom as representative Americans. In general these are the sightseers of the past grown anglicized and their sons and daughters. I regard Mr. Astor as a fair sample of the new American in England. His money of course enables him to do anything he likes. He might stand on his head on the top of the Duke of York's column or play leap frog down Pall Mall with Mr. Vanderbilt.

It is doubtful, by the bye, if either of these performances would make him a cause of more pitying smiles and compassionate shoulder shrugs than his forced intrusion into London journalism or his ostentatious purchase of the Duke of Westminster's Thames bank villa. He has too much money to let the people who find it pleasant to know him show what they really think of his desertion of his own country. And I rather suspect that he knows very few who are great enough in themselves to be indifferent to the money power he wields.

There is a class of noblemen among the English aristocracy who are above any and all outside influences altogether—men whom gold does not dazzle. I regard them as the highest type of nobility in every sense, and I consider the Duke of Northumberland as a striking instance of the sort of man I mean. The Duke of Rutland is another. The poorest, humblest American, were he a gentleman, might enter the society of these noblemen and be cordially received by them. But all the wealth of the Astors and Vanderbilts combined could not get recognition for its possessors from the same men were there no other recommendation.

And I am morally certain of one thing—buying and hiring grand houses in England by foreigners for no rhyme or reason but the exhibition of a bit of vulgar swagger would not be in any sense a credential of respectability to them. Much the reverse, I should imagine. As for the Duke of Westminster, he is a shrewd man of business, and like all the Grosvenors has as keen an eye to the main chance as a horse dealer or a patent medicine drummer. Yet I cannot somehow think that any very lasting friendship has sprung up between his grace and the American purchaser of Cliveden. Indeed the reported controversy concerning the right of property in the visitors' book would seem to negative the presumption of the existence of very amicable relations. I often wonder how men like Mr. Astor can wish to fill a fourth or fifth rate position in England instead of the first place in America. He cannot at one moment rely on the fact that he is an American, and therefore the equal of any man, and at the next set up as a English country squire or a London editor, and therefore several pegs below the dukes and other nobility. He must make his choice.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Curious Electrical Phenomena.

Petroleum spirit, or benzine, is largely used in the silk and wool industries and in "chemical cleaning" works as a solvent for greasy impurities. It is extremely volatile and inflammable and has often been suspected of being the cause of those mysterious fires which occasionally break out in works and factories where it is much used. The ignition of this spirit has now been shown to be "spontaneous" and to be caused by electrical excitation. In certain states of the atmosphere, especially when it is cold and dry, the spirit becomes excited and exhibits sparks and flashes of light to the accompaniment of crackling sounds, and the ignition of the spirit may take place at any moment.

Kissling, in Germany, recommends that a small quantity of some kind of soap, soluble in petroleum, shall be dissolved in it, and maintains that this will prevent the electrical excitation, even when so little as 0.2 to 0.3 is added. The use of soap in spirit that is in a state of excitation always averts the danger of ignition. This form of activity in petroleum spirit is never observed in moist or warm weather, the conditions of which tend to carry off or prevent the manifestation of electricity, and the soap probably provides the necessary moisture, water being otherwise non-miscible with petroleum spirit.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Perilous Mining.

The Carrara marble quarries, which are 400 or 500 in number, are situated far above the town in the midst of the grandest and most savage scenery. The soft aerial hues which distance lends to the mountains disappear on nearer approach. The great peaks stand up against the sky in fantastic forms. No trees or verdure clothe their naked sides, no flowers grow, no water flows to fertilize that soil. The 6,000 quarrymen who are busy here appear as ants crawling on the vast hillsides. The marble is quarried by dynamite. Every moment explosions rend the air, and huge fragments fly up as if expelled from a volcano. Often the mine has to be placed in the perpendicular face of a precipice. Then the workman is lowered by a rope and hangs suspended, "like the samphire gatherer, 'twixt earth and heaven. A dreadful trade." About 160,000 tons of marble are annually exported, of which most goes to America. The quantity is inexhaustible.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Of What Is "Bee Comb" Composed?

Bee comb, or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets," which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiment carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively proves that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.—St. Louis Republic.

He Ate Angleworms.

"I have heard of eating snails and grubworms," said L. D. Daniels, "but I never know of but one man who ever ate angleworms. He was a negro and preferred the slimy creatures to any dish that could be set before him. They were not prepared in any way before cooking, but placed alive in a hot skillet, with the bottom well greased and fried until they were crisp and brown. They looked appetizing, but I could never be induced to eat any of them, notwithstanding the negro's evident relish and the fact that they looked much better than a dish of snails."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Early Release Likely.

Little Dick—Mamma wanted me to take piano lessons, but I coaxed her to let me have a fiddle.

Little Dot—Do you like a fiddle?

Little Dick—No, but I think she'll get tired of that quicker than a piano.—Good News.

MIRRORS AND MAGIC.

FROM THE CLEAR POOL DOWN TO THE MODERN FRENCH PLATE.

Ancient Mirrors of Metal, Which Pliny Claims Were Preceded by Those of Glass. More Modern History on the Subject—Belief In Magic Cures.

It has often been said that with a sufficient amount of research or ingenuity the germ of all inventions could be traced to our first parents in the garden of Eden. No one will be surprised, therefore, in learning from Milton that no sooner had Eve first opened her eyes upon the world than she wandered off to a clear pool, where she hung entranced over the reflection of her own charms. In one of her subsequent guileless confessions to Adam she declares that had not the voice of God called her away to find a companion in him and in love for him to lose all sight of self she would doubtless have lingered there, enamored with her own beauty, and perchance have shared the fabled Narcissus' fate.

Nature's mirror, over which Eve hung enraptured, failed to satisfy the demands of her daughters, and human ingenuity was soon called upon to produce a more convenient substitute. From the various specimens of antique mirrors preserved in museums learned men have concluded that the honor of this invention can justly be ascribed to the Egyptians, who used highly polished looking glasses of brass, bronze or other metals. Those mentioned in the Pentateuch, where the Hebrew women are reported to have carried mirrors out of Egypt and into the wilderness, were small and round and furnished with handles, which were more varied in form and device than the looking glasses themselves.

Although all the very ancient mirrors now extant are of metal, Pliny claims that glass mirrors were found at Sidon, and Praxiteles, the renowned Greek sculptor, who lived four centuries before Christ, is the supposed discoverer of the utility of silver as a reflective medium in the manufacture of choice mirrors. Precious to his time and to the introduction of the metallic Egyptian looking glasses, in mythic ages, we find that Polyphemus, the one eyed Cyclops, could perform his toilet satisfactorily only when the surface of the sea was perfectly smooth. The demigod or hero Perseus, in his search for Medusa, the Gorgon whose glance had the power of turning the beholder to stone, carefully held his shield in front of him and only saw the reflection of the ghastly snake locked head, which he successfully severed and bore away in triumph.

From earliest times magic properties have been ascribed to certain mirrors, and the Thessalian soothsayers and witches have even been reported to have possessed magic looking glasses, by whose subtle agency they could compel the moon—that great mirror—to leave her exalted position in the sky and descend to earth.

Still farther east, in Japan, the "Land of the Rising Sun," the mirror has been used for many centuries and is one of the requisite articles for divine worship. Emblematic of the purity of the worshiper and of the transparency of his motives in proffering his requests, the mirror was formerly laid before the altar near which the faithful votary stood to recite his prayers.

As the years rolled on, and eastern civilization gradually made its way into the barbarous west, the demand for mirrors of all shapes and sizes rapidly increased, and an old chronicler of the days of Charlemagne states that they were then used by all classes, and that even the clergy had adopted the prevailing fashion, some of the holy men wearing small mirrors set in their shoes, that they might incessantly contemplate the beauty of their vestments.

Six hundred years later, in the fourteenth century, the first glass mirrors were manufactured in Europe, at the celebrated glass works on the island of Murano, near Venice, and this establishment long monopolized the right of producing these articles of commerce. Compared to the huge flawless mirrors of the present age, these first glass productions were very rude contrivances indeed, as is proved by the specimen preserved in the apartments of Queen Mary in Holyrood castle.

Henry III of France not only visited the manufactories at Murano, but was so delighted with all the wonders he saw there that he issued patents of nobility for the two directors of the glass works, and his successor, Henry IV, was quite overcome by the gift of a glass mirror from the republic of Venice at his accession to the throne. Restricted at first, as we have seen, to Murano, the manufacture of mirrors was eventually introduced in France, where the works of St. Gobin have attained great renown for the beauty, size and general excellence of their mirrors, which were sold at almost fabulous prices. And it was a Frenchman, Thebaut, who first discovered the art of casting huge sheets of plate glass such as are seen today.

During the middle ages the superstitions of all former times were rife, and even in the beginning of the renaissance supernatural powers were still ascribed to certain magical or astrological mirrors, which were still fashioned of metal and upon which mysterious cabalistic signs were faintly traced. When properly used—that is to say, with exact observance of the multitudinous imaginary laws and signs by which they were supposed to be governed—these mirrors were said to effect magical cures.

In the far east a few of these magic mirrors are still to be found, and here is a description of the ceremonies observed to secure the recovery of a patient stricken with an otherwise incurable disease: After inscribing sundry potent passages of the Koran upon the magic mirror it was perfumed and placed in the hand of the sick man, who was enjoined to gaze fixedly at his reflection while certain prayers were recited around his bed. These prayers were ended by a special invocation to the spirits of the earth and sky, and when the ceremony was over, if all the participants had faithfully performed the parts assigned them, the patient was sure to be entirely freed from the disease. There are other magic mirrors which are supposed to be gifted with the power of predicting the future, of effacing wrinkles, exorcising evil spirits, procuring intercourse with the heavenly host, preserving health and even of assuring perpetual youth to all those fortunate enough to bask in their reflected rays.—H. E. Grosbe in New York Post.

Changed.

"Marry me or die!" he hissed.

"Neither," she coldly rejoined.

They parted. Years passed. They met again. Meanwhile she had graduated.

"Hast thou a different answer now?" he demanded.

"Yes."

His heart swelled with hope.

"Speak, I pray thee," he urged.

"Noythor," she said.—Detroit Tribune.

Brooklyn has eight miles of water front, where over $100,000,000 worth of goods are stored every year. It is the fourth American city in manufactures, producing nearly $900,000,000 a year.

Expect every man to do his duty and with all your expectation expect to be disappointed.—Galveston News.

HUNTING FOR BABY.

At 9 o'clock in the morning we rounded the corner of the mountain and turned into the valley. Half a mile away on our left and sitting close into the hill and surrounded with half grown trees was Baker's cabin. The Indians had 24 hours the start of us. Signal fires had told us that they had not gone up the valley, but would they pass this cabin so near the trail and restrain their hand already stained with blood? The main body might not halt, but half a dozen warriors were force enough to wipe out the family.

We halted and looked for smoke curling above the trees from the chimney, but there was none. Under a tree in a field stood two horses, but no human being was in sight. Presently the horses caught sight of us and neighed. Did you ever hear a horse signal his loneliness by a neigh? It is so long drawn, and there is such a sorrowful quaver to it, that it seems to ring in your ears for days afterward. Wounded horses used to neigh that way on the battlefield after midnight, and you may have heard the sound on the wide prairie when a faithful team horse had broken down and been turned out and left to his fate.

We had a foreboding as we drew near the house. One of the heavy window shutters was creaking dismally on its hinges in the morning breeze, and the shattered door told of the work of tomahawks and battering ram. We knew the spectacle which would greet us as we stepped inside, but how many bodies would there be? A settler who came riding down the valley just then joined us at the door of the cabin and whispered with white face:

"It happened yesterday morning. I heard the firing, but dared not come down to his help. There will be Baker, his wife, a girl of 10 and a baby boy a year old—all wiped out!"

After a bit we went in. Man and wife lay in the middle of the floor, the girl in a corner. It was no need to bend over them to see if life remained. Bullets and tomahawks had made sure work of it, and three more scalps had been added to the belts of the renegade Indians from the reservation. We had carried the bodies out doors for burial when the settler came out and said:

"I have looked high and low, but can't find the baby. It must have been here, but what can have become of it?"

We searched the house, but there was no trace. The Indians would not have hampered themselves with a baby when on the warpath. If alive when they entered the house, they would have shown it no mercy nor flung the little body out. The man had a winchester, the woman a revolver.

While they were firing from the broken door they had been shot down by warriors who sneaked up to the side window.

"Look for the baby," whispered the settler. "Baker loved that baby as his life. He may have carried it into the woods and then been cut off before he could get back to it."

The hundred men of us hitched our horses, formed in a long line and swept through the thickets in rear of the house quite up to the foot of the hills. There was no sign of the child. Then the line swung around to the right, and we swept back to the east until clear of the bushes. We were just breaking clear when a cry was raised, and a minute later the captain of the troop had baby in his arms and was pushing through the men toward the house. It was dressed, but had no extra covering, and it had rested under a thick bush for 24 hours. The men cheered and cheered as the officer sat down on the doorstep with his burden, but he held up a hand and solemnly said:

"Hush, men—he's dying! We have come too late!"

So it was. Whether it was the cold of the night, the lack of nourishment or the fear which must have come to its heart we could not tell, but within 10 minutes its life went out, and with reverential hands the wee baby was laid beside those waiting for burial. Just before death came it opened its big blue eyes, looked around at the bearded faces bending forward, and there was a smile on its face as the light went out. Faces were turned aside, and it seemed a long five minutes before the captain said:

"Wiped out, even to the baby! Men, get the grass dug and the bodies in, and we will ride on."

There were tears and mutterings and vows of vengeance as we hurried through with our sorrowful task, though but few men there had wives and children. Do you remember what the philanthropists said of next day's work? We cut off a band of 10 of the renegades, drove them into a ravine, and not a man escaped. They shouted to us again and again that they surrendered. They threw down their rifles and held up their hands, but their only answer was the pop, pop of the carbines till the last target was riddled. The philanthropists took good care to state all that, but it was the soldiers who afterward told what was discovered when we prowled among the bodies—told it in whispers and with tears in their eyes. Three of them had the scalps of white victims at their belts—the scalps of Baker, his wife and fair haired daughter. A father's love and the hand of God had prevented baby's scalp from keeping the company of the others. We wished them alive that we might kill them over again, and as we rode away we saw the wolf and the buzzard making ready for their feast. M. QUAD.

Probably Not.

Old Mr. Williams was subject to fits of what he called "righteous anger" on slight provocation, and at such times, as he was naturally talkative, his tongue often ran away with him.

"There's Square Peters' son," he roared to his gentle little wife. "Worthless feller t' be writin books about furrin lands 'stid o' stayin t' hum, whar he b'longs. The squire showed me one o' his books t'other day—all about Spain 'twas; bound in red silk an sprinkled thick with picters. 'Edition de Looks,' the square called it, an I reckon there's more looks than sense in it, true enough.

"I tell ye what 'tis," concluded Mr. Williams, roaring still louder as his wife remained silent, "I ain't got no opinion o' such goin's on. Eight dollars was the price o' that book, an I wouldn't buy it. Why," said the old man, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair, "I wouldn't buy that book if I was starvin! No, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

The Dutiful Patient.

Yesterday at 4 p. m., as I turned into a cafe restaurant on the boulevards, I espied Champoiseau finishing his dessert.

"What! Still at table at this time of day?"

"Let me explain. This is my third lunch."

"No!"

"Yes. Just think! My doctor allows me to smoke only one cigar after every meal. Consequently, in order to smoke to my heart's content, I go in for six meals a day!"—Journal Amusant.

Comparison.

Elsie—Just look at the lovely engagement ring Jack gave me.

Isabel—Why, who would have thought your finger as large as mine?—Detroit Tribune.

GOOD HEALTH.

HOW TO KEEP THE FEET PAINLESS.

Easy Fitting Shoes a Source of Happiness—Art for Amateurs—Sunk Carving For Intaglio.

Too many of us know full well what it is to suffer with feet that ache, burn and in other ways refuse to pleasantly perform the tasks assigned them. Standing much upon the feet causes them to swell, walking heats them, and both troubles are exhaustive when unrelieved.

One should be unaware that one has feet. No one can accomplish the day's duties and pleasures in a satisfactory manner when conscious that the feet are not thoroughly in order for service. The following recommendations from Golden Days contain valuable aids to securing that perfect condition which is necessary to health and happiness:

Two or three hot foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will give great ease and comfort. Tired feet find a warm salt bath almost as restful as an hour's lay off. Take a little wooden tub—every bathroom should have one—fill it with warm water, drop in a cupful of sea or common table salt; puddle around in this impromptu shore bath for a time, dry the feet on a towel that will produce friction, then slip your 10 toes into a fresh pair of stockings, and if before your bath you have been ready to "drop" you will feel almost "made over," as it were, after this operation.

A tonic very much in favor with women who are obliged to stand a great deal is the spirit bath. Alcohol and neutral spirits are both fine. Pour into palms and rub feet vigorously. Professional dancers, men who are noted pedestrians and acrobats, keep in good condition by using spirit baths. Bathing the feet in alcohol, after one has been exposed to cold and damp, will often prevent serious colds.

As hot water causes the feet to swell, it is well after a hot bath to rub them and then use slippers while exercising. This will save one from an unpleasant tightness that wearing a snug fitting shoe after a bath is bound to emphasize. Many women find instant relief from fatigue by simply plunging the feet into very cold water. Alum and water, it is said, will take out the painful sensation caused by overfatigue.

The old fashioned foot bath of mustard and water, many mothers believe, will sidetrack a fever, cure a genuine nervous headache and produce sleep.

Learn to Laugh.

"Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere and is a nuisance as well," says a family doctor.

Camphor For a Cough.

Two or three drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar will often quiet the paroxysms of cough in sleeping children. For this and its value as an external application in bruises, sprains, muscular soreness, etc., a fair sized bottle should always be on hand.

WOOD CARVING.

A Pretty and Very Easy Variety Is the Sunk Carving or Intaglio.

Intaglio or sunk carving is extensively used for furniture, especially for finishing off those parts which are to be ornamented and not too expensively. To do this The Art Interchange directs as follows: Take a good nicely planed panel, and having "placed" the design then with a small gouge cut into the wood. This differs from ordinary carving, just as steel engraving or etching differs from wood engraving. As you go on have a piece of putty by you to press into the incision, and by thus taking proofs see how well you are cutting. This is the most cleanly of all cuts. It may be practiced with care in a drawing room.

When finished on dark wood, the effect may be heightened by taking gold paint or powder mixed with gum water and touching up the inside of the cutting. White, red and light blue or yellow paints are also employed for such a purpose. In carving a pair of bellows one side may be in relief. That which is to hang against the wall should be in intaglio.

With a little practice intaglio can be executed as rapidly as one can sketch with a pencil and as easily. In carving intaglio many hold the gouge in the left hand and hammer it with the palm of the right.

To carve a casket or box do so while it is in pieces or apart—that is, make it or have it made in dovetail or tailed and mitred and after carving join it together. This rule should be followed as regards brackets or any other articles in pieces.

Many beginners give themselves a great deal of needless trouble by working on made up articles. There are many things which can be made elegant by carving. An ordinary wooden bowl, such as is used in many kitchens, when carved in relief resembles the mazer bowls which were so much valued during the middle ages. Holly is an exquisite wood for this purpose. When finished, the whole bowl may be stained to a rich brown color. Then with a camel's hair brush, using the greatest possible care to prevent the darker fluid from spreading over the lighter, paint in the ground with ebony stain or very good jet black ink. Apply two coats of the latter, the second after the first is perfectly dry. Then when quite dry oil the whole.

Holly wood spoons are pretty when delicately carved. Panels can be made up into chests, cabinets, boxes, backs of chairs, dados or wainscots or doors. With very thin panels you can carve an album or book cover. If they are very broad and thin, split it carefully into two pieces or make it of two such pieces and glue them together after carving.

His Use.

"I don't see what business a kicker has on earth," said the irritable man.

"Oh," replied the philosopher, "he is very useful!"

"How?"

"He makes you appreciate the people who are good natured."—Washington Star.

Estimate, of Course.

"Miss Alice?" said one. "Why, she must weigh at least 180 pounds."

"Nonsense! She doesn't either," hastily spoke up one of the young men present.

And then everybody asked him how he knew.—Somerville Journal.

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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,
Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of
Lager and Stock Ales
In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 318-4.
CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

Stained and Varnished interiors will soon be a thing of the past.
The latest style is to use
B. & K.
CLEAR TONED
INTERIOR PAINTS
The delicate party colors of which harmonize with the newest shades of wall papers.
They dry with flat finish and can be cleaned with soap and water.
SOLD ONLY AT
C. B. Coburn & Co.'s
63-71 Market Street.

Drain's Bargain Store.
Nearly everybody is obliged to buy DRY GOODS of some description. Why not patronize the place where there are real bargains.
DRAIN'S,
111 Gorham Street.

Summer is at Hand.
HOT WEATHER WILL PROVE TROUBLESOME.
Do you want your house cool and comfortable? Call at W. A. MACK'S and see his line of Oil and Gas Stoves.
Buy your Kitchen Utensils here and get modern goods at lowest prices.
Biggest Stove Store in the City.
W. A. Mack & Co.,
25 SHATTUCK STREET.

DR. KELLEY,
SURGEON-DENTIST

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 7.

SUN RISES	4 15	MOON SETS	10 30 PM
SUN SETS	7 23	FULL SEA	2 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	15 08		2 45 PM

Forecast for New England: Local rains and thunder storms, followed by clearing weather; cooler and fair tonight; south winds, shifting to north.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

It will cost $20,000 to hold a special election on the Meigs bill.

Miss Luttie M. Harmon has gone to Old Orchard and Saco, Me.

Mrs. A. M. Briggs has returned from a long visit in California and Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Chandler has accepted a position as book-keeper for S. P. Pike.

Mr. Runels has 30 men at work cutting the stone for the curbing of city hall lot.

Hugh Duffy was the first player in the big league to make his 100th hit this season.

Mrs. Hedvig Lovejoy sailed today for a three months' visit to her former home in Sweden.

Services were held in all the Catholic churches last evening, it being the First Friday of the month.

It is said that Mitchell Adams of Ward Four will be a candidate for alderman on the republican ticket.

Rev. E. E. Thomas of Castleton, New York, preaches at the John Street church at 10.30 a. m. tomorrow.

The Xaverian Brothers will open a school in Worcester. The school is in Monsignor Griffins' parish.

According to the notice posted the polls will open at 7 a. m. and close at 4 p. m., in the special election in Ward Six July 17th.

For "odd jobs" we have varnish, stains, ready mixed paints in all colors. Do your own jobbing. A. L. Kittredge & Co. will furnish you these lines of goods on demand.

The First Corps of Cadets went into camp today, Corp. Thomas Talbot and Privates Victor I. Cumnock and J. P. Battles of this city marched into camp with the corps.

All the large stores in the city were closed last evening, according to the custom adopted each year, of closing the stores on Friday evenings during the summer months.

Walter Parks, living on D street, was injured by a pile of lumber falling on him last night. A number of buildings are in progress of construction here and the Parks boy and several companions were playing about the lumber.

The Saturday half holiday has now become an established summer institution. It is so satisfactory that many people would like to see it prevail throughout the year. This perhaps, is one of the early reforms of the future.—Globe.

The last productions of the opera "Said Pasha" were given today. Monday "The Mascot," Aubran's tuneful and favorite opera will be put on, and judging from the fine rehearsals already held it will be an excellent performance.

The annual picnic of the Unitarian society was held at Willow Dale yesterday and was attended by about 100 people. Those present enjoyed themselves about the grove and in the dance hall, where the Union orchestra furnished music for dancing.

The following officers of Lowell Encampment, I. O. O. F., were publicly installed Thursday evening: Chief Patriarch, John Hodge; Senior Warden, Charles Wilson; and Junior Warden, George H. Frye. After the exercises supper was served in the banquet hall.

The Lowell Trust company has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent. to stockholders of record June 30th. Same will be paid by check July 14th. Besides this, an amount equal to two per cent. has been added to the surplus account of the bank.

There will be a gospel, temperance and no license rally at the Worthen Street Baptist church, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, addressed by Rev. E. T. Curnick, H. H. Warner and others under the auspices of Eastern Middlesex District lodge, I. O. G. T. All are invited to attend.

An election of lieutenant in Co M, Ninth Regiment, will soon occur. Lieut. McNulty will probably be promoted to first lieutenant. The candidates for second lieutenant are First. Sergt. Joseph Gillow and Third Sergeant George Wilson, the latter at one time lieutenant in the Mechanic Phalanx.

Mr S. St. Onge, formerly of this city, the manager of J. L. Chalifoux's store in Birmingham, Ala., is on his way to this city. He will stop at Toledo, Ohio, to visit Denis Long. He will then join his children here. Mr. St. Onge is about to start in business for himself in Providence, R. I. His absence will be regretted by his many friends of Birmingham, Ala., who wish him success in all his undertakings.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Society of St. Paul's church was held yesterday when the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. W. H. Lincoln; vice presidents, Mrs. Emulus Thompson, Mrs. Isaac Allard, Mrs. Fred Morrison, Mrs. Sam Arnold, Mrs W. D. Brown; secretary, Mrs. J. F. Savage; treasurer, Miss Martha Bradley; committee to solicit members, Miss Eliza Holgate; managers, Miss Carrie E. Bacheller, Mrs. Jas. Murphy, Mrs. S. T. Brown, Miss Helena Fielding, Mrs. J. E. Turner, Mrs. J. Clark Glidden, Mrs. William Holgate, Mrs. Chas. Young, Mrs. Dixon; flower committee, Miss Annie Mosher, Miss Lillian Winn, Miss Lilly Keniston, Miss Mabel Chase, Miss Florence Hartshorn, Miss May Mowatt, Miss Ida Scarlett and Mrs. C. S. Mansur.

No Cause for Alarm.

The fourth company of the Boys' Brigade of the Worthen Street M. E. church marched down town this morning to take the cars for the Fowler farm in Middlesex village. As they marched along to the sound of the drum people asked if there was a strike in Lowell and had the troops been called out.

The Plumbers' Union.

The following officers have been elected for the Master Plumbers' association: Thomas Costello, president; Stephen H. Jones, secretary; Charles H. Hobson, secretary; Peter F. Conaton, treasurer. The following firms are members of the association: T. Costello & Co., S. H. Jones, the H. R. Barker Manufacturing Co., Farrell & Conaton, D. H. Wilson & Co., Drury & Green, H. H. Wilder & Co., Scott & O'Day, Desmaris Brothers, J. H. Cocker, W. F. Enwright, John H. Barry, A. C. Ladd, E. A. Nichols, W. McLarney & Co., James Caddell and J. W. Stewart

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

If nervous, try Old Hundred cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fred F. Evans is going to Weirs, N. H., in about ten days.

The Middlesex mills will shut down the 21st for a short time

Rev. Eldridge Mix, D. D., of Worcester, will preach at the Kirk street church.

The valuation of new buildings by the assessors since May 1 will equal $75,000.

Rev. R. Wilson of Providence, will preach at the Berean church, Moore street.

Mrs. Caleb L. Smith and family have gone to York beach for the month of July.

Court Gen. Butler, A. O. F., had its newly elected officers installed last night.

The altar boys of St. Patrick's church will enjoy an outing in Methuen next Wednesday.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

The Westminster Presbyterian church pulpit will be supplied by Rev. J. C. Bryan of Pittsburg, Pa.

A civil service examination for applicants for clerkships in the post office will be held some time next month.

The Universalist churches will unite tomorrow with the First church and Rev. G. L. Perin, D. D., will preach.

The Hosford Square bicycle club will have a run to Lynn tomorrow leaving Hosford square at 7.30 a. m.

P. J. Hoar, attorney-at-law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

The condition of Dr L. J. Martel, of Lewiston who is suffering from an attack of blood poisoning, is much improved. He is considered entirely out of danger.

Ladd & Whitney circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., will hold a lawn party July 17th, at the residence of Mrs. O. C. Johnson corner of Wannalancit and Oliver streets.

Lowell lodge, I. O. O. F., had its new officers installed by D. D. G. M., Leo Miller, assisted by Allen Buckminster as grand marshal, F. C Cragie, grand guide and Fred Silver, grand warden, last night.

George E. Hooper who was in business in 1886 where Robertson Bros. now keep on Central street, has returned to Lowell after eight years in Colorado. He is enthusiastic over the western country. He will return in September.

Rev. Smith Baker will deliver the charge to the pastor at the installation of Rev. Dr. Heath, over the North Congregational church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., next Tuesday, and then go to the Christian Endeavor convention at Cleveland, O.

Contractor Barton is pushing the work on the foundation for the East Merrimack street bridge. Work is kept up at night for then the Concord river is low, the water from the canals being shut off. In driving piles for the foundation a ledge is struck at a depth of twenty feet.

Jewett & Swift received word yesterday that no shipments of beef had been made from Chicago yesterday, and that no live-stock had been received. The wholesale price of beef remains about the same as it has been for two or three days, but the supply in this city is gradually becoming exhausted.

The harp upon which Miss Annie Frank Libby played at the Highland club, Wednesday evening, is one of the finest in the country, and was one of the exhibition of harps at the World's fair. It was brought to this country by Paderewski himself, and was made by the greatest firm of instrument makers in Europe. Miss Libby is a harpist who fills engagements the entire season. She is the guest of her brother, Paymaster Libby of the Shaw hosiery.

The Fourth of July is over and nearly every merchant has the "blues" over the slim holiday trade. One merchant is bound to make people happy. Wm. Wade, 23 Merrimack street, two doors below the post office, is offering bargains in boots and shoes, so remarkable that competition is out of the question. What do you think of ladies' button boots at 25 cents a pair? and other goods at corresponding prices. Do not think of trading elsewhere until you call at Wade's, 23 Merrimack street.

Mr. Joseph F. Wiggin and Mr. Wm. H. Barker of Boston, with Mr. L. Roger Wentworth of Somerville, have been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Middlesex as commissioners to sell the Samuel Welsh estate, No. 356 Parker street, between Stevens and Pine streets; and next Wednesday afternoon promptly at 3 o'clock, rain or shine, J. E Conant & Co. will strike it off to the highest bidder. There's a modern 2½ story house of 10 rooms, stable and one acre of land.

The land upon which the Ladd and Whitney monument and the statue of Victory stand was sold to the city of Lowell, June 12, 1846, by the Merrimack company and the proprietors of the locks and canals for $1. It was provided that the land should be forever maintained as a public square, neatly enclosed and fenced and ornamented with shade trees. It is said that the opponents of the removal of the statue of Victory are claiming that the city council has not the authority to delegate its power in the discontinuance of a public street or square.

The alleged failure to report "speak easy" drug stores is said to have caused some members of the police department to be criticized by superior officers.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Has No Authority.

City Solicitor Hogan, so it is said, believes that the city hall commission has no authority to make the proposed changes at Monument square. Should the enclosure be removed it follows that the place will undoubtedly be paved as a street, and hence, it seems, that the power to make the proposed changes is vested in the city council.

Some Big Attachments

Among the new entries on the attachment book at the registry of deeds are the following: Rev. C. J. Wigren vs F. O. Townsend, the driver of hook and ladder No. 3, Palmer street, for $20,000. This is the outcome of the accident in Merrimack square some weeks ago. George S. Campbell vs. Hattie Guthrie for $2000; Honora O'Brien, Catharine M. Savage and Ellen T. O'Hearn vs. Mary E. and Daniel J. Manning for $5000; M. A. Smith vs. George A. Murphy for $800; Robert Daley vs Elmon B. Rose for $3000; M. A. Smith vs. Thomas E. Ward et al. for $800; M. A. Smith vs. John Welch et als. for $800.

A Little "Beauty" Book

150 pages on skin and scalp, care of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of moles, wrinkles, pimples, superfluous hair, eczema and all skin blemishes, in short the result of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin. Price 10c mailed.

John H. Woodbury
Dermatological Institute,
Established 1870. 125 W. 42d St., N. Y.

MORE INSURANCE FACTS.

AN INSURER PROPOUNDS SOME KNOTTY QUESTIONS.

Broadside at the Insurance Companies' Answer to THE SUN'S Recent Article on Co-insurance and Its Serious Defects

The recent article in THE SUN on the co-insurance plan of fire insurance companies and the answer of the companies to that article published in yesterday's SUN has attracted considerable attention. The following letter is of considerable interest in relation to the same subject.

Mr. Editor: THE SUN of yesterday published an article on the co-insurance clause in insurance policies, which, from the quotation marks used may be presumed to have contained the exact language of the company on this point. A close perusal of the article, however, and a little reflection will give rise to a reasonable doubt that the explanation makes the term very much clearer. For instance, to quote from the article, "Full co insurance means that the assured must keep his property insured for its full value, or he must be a co-insurer to the extent of the deficit." Suppose he does insure for full value in one company, does this satisfy the provision? and will he get the full face value of his policy in case of total loss? If that is so then the co insurance clause is conditional and upon compliance with its terms, namely: insurance for full value, even though the risk be entirely in one company, the clause loses its force altogether. In such a case will there be any occasion for arbitration? In other words if a man insures a building worth, when the policy is taken, $5000 for $10,000 will he get the $10,000 because he was careful to insure for full value? Suppose he has a sixty, seventy or eighty per cent co-insurance clause will he get even $6000, $7000 or $8000 in case of total loss? He has paid premiums on $10,000 with the consent of the company who want him to increase the amount. Is it not true, rather that he will get 60, 70 or 80 per cent of the actual value estimated after the fire by two appraisers who, as a rule, never saw the building?

Again to quote, "If his property is worth $10,000 and he has but $8000 insurance he becomes a co-insurer for $2000 and contributes his proportion in case of partial loss. In event of total loss he collects full insurance."

Consider the ambiguous terms in this provision, property worth $10,000, when, at the time when the policy is taken out, or at the time of loss? Determined by whom? the assessors who often undervalue property, or by two appraisers who determine its value after it has ceased to be?

Again, "In event of total loss he collects the full insurance. Does fire insurance mean the face value of the policy, or the actual cash value of the building at the time of fire?"

Let some insurance agent answer these questions as he does business and I am inclined to think that property owners will marvel more than ever where they are at.

AN INSURER.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Bro. Isadore of Baltimore is spending the vacation at the home of the Xaverian Brothers on Varney street.

Rev. O. H. Denney and Mrs. Denney of the Mt. Vernon church, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Pratt at Squirrel island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Smith will enjoy a month's rest at Fryeburg, Me.

Mr. Charles F. Wolcott goes to Newport, Vt., next week.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, P. R., of St. Patrick's church, and Rev. Wm. O'Brien, pastor of St. Michael's church, sailed today for Europe, and will be gone for several weeks.

Miss Eliza McDaniels, Miss Charlotte McDaniels, Miss Lucy Nesmith and the Misses Hastings are at Kennebunkport.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hobson left today for Bay View, Gloucester.

Miss Mollie Raynes of Sherman street has gone to Truro, Me.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, Co. C. B. Rogers, Col. J. W. Deffenbough and J. W. Leroux of the Maryland state normal board, visited Lowell yesterday, and were shown over the municipal buildings by Supt. Bray and Clerk Kidder of the lands and buildings department.

Rev. J. O. Campbell has gone to western Pennsylvania for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stanley left today on a ten days' vacation which will be spent at Marblehead.

Mr. Forrest Connor is summering at Keene, N. H.

Miss Abbie Smith and Miss Nellie Sullivan of the Bon Marche millinery department start this evening on a four weeks' vacation.

Miss Helen E. Ryan of Waterbury is visiting her sisters in this city.

J. E. SHANLEY & CO.

The Mystery Solved at Last—We Remain in Our Present Quarters a Few Weeks Longer.

We have kept our word with the public. We have conducted a bona fide sale from the beginning, although we somewhat mystified you as to our future business intentions. There were many doubtful and skeptical, as to the honesty and reality of our advertisements, thinking it perhaps a catch penny sale, like all of the others. But to all such and to the general public we are pleased to announce that we have leased the new Odd Fellows' block, Nos. 158, and 160 Merrimack street which we expect to occupy about August 1st. But in the mean time we shall hold a second sale. A grand removal sale. Everything must be cleaned out, as our stay is short. Space will not admit of only a few quotations. spool cotton, 2c spool, silk do, nainsook cambric 3 1-2c, best English silesia 12½ cents, velvetine binding 4c a yard, dress braid 3c a yard, best 37½c French satines 19c, best 47½c Organdies beauties only 19c, black and blue storm serge 46 inches wide, 75c quality, only 56 cents, wrappers, shirt waists, corsets, gloves, hosiery, silk mitts, laces and parasols, will be closed out with a grand rush, as we are determined not to take any goods with us. Be on hand Monday morning. Sale commences at 8 o'clock sharp.

J. E. SHANLEY & Co.,
Merrimack street,
Removal sale.

The Xaverian Bros.' house on Varney street has had a story added to afford more accommodations. Six rooms and a hall are added. The exterior has been painted and it is a fine looking building now.

Mrs. A. Mireault and her daughter Lauretta, and son Ferdinand, left this morning for Prince Edwards' island. They will be gone until October

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated napkins and platters with a pound of our high grade tea. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Emerson, tailor 65 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for summer wear.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 454-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THOROUGHLY WHIPPED.

Dick O'Brien Unable to Stand the Punches From Walcott's Fists.

BOSTON, July 7.—Lovers of the courageous man, as shown by prowess in the squared circle, haven't seen such a satisfying battle in this city in years as that of last night between Dick O'Brien and Joe Walcott.

It was a corking battle from the first call of time until, frustrated at every point, outpointed, disfigured, nonplussed and a thoroughly beaten man, O'Brien fell on his face and succumbed. He didn't quit and he wasn't knocked out in the ordinary sense of the word. He was punched out. Hammered so hard that he dropped from sheer exhaustion and lost consciousness.

Walcott proved the wonder that his friends have always claimed him to be, but which has been denied by many on the score of his gameness. Despite the many blows of his adversary, he fought on with all the desperation of the gamest of white men. He had a terrific battle from the start, and unless the possessor of a stout heart would surely succumb to the blows which O'Brien landed time and again on his face and jaw.

O'Brien took a terrible punching, his jaw, eyes and body showing the awfully telling blows from the negro. Walcott did not bear a mark, but doubtless his body will be sore for many a day, for O'Brien's right hand was sent there innumerable times.

It was a peculiar fight. First one would have an advantage, and then the tide would change and his opponent, who a minute before seemed to be rapidly growing groggy, would suddenly make a dying effort, and his friends would cheer, for it looked then as though he would end the fight.

The lads were in grand condition, and no fault could be found with either man, for they plainly showed that they had trained most faithfully. The darky looked like the diminutive giant in picture books, the muscles of his black body standing out like whipcords, while O'Brien, standing a foot over him, surely looked as though he would be an easy winner, if size counted for anything. O'Brien was favored by the spectators.

Waives All Rights.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Eva L. Manr who figured as the wife of Robert Ray Hamilton, gave a quit claim deed yesterday to Edmund L. Baylies and Gilbert M. Speir, representing the Hamilton estate, yielding all her rights to the estate for the sum of $10,000. The deed contains a clause by which she agrees not to prosecute any appeal or assert any claim as the widow of the late Robert Ray Hamilton.

Kelly Army Stranded.

VANCEBURG, Ky., July 7.—General Kelly and his army of commonwealers are stranded at Moose Landing, 10 miles above here, where they were left by the captain of the towboat Connell. Twenty refused to give up possession of the barge and the captain concluded to call the assistance of the United States marshal. The army is foraging off the farmers and causing great uneasiness among them.

Hyannis, Mass.

A Complete Wreck

Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Malaria Distress in the Stomach.

Good Reason For a High Opinion of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I am willing my statement of the benefit I have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla shall be printed for the good of others. I think I was a complete wreck, as I was suffering from rheumatism, malaria, and had a severe attack of the grip. Before I had used the whole of one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a decided improvement; my stomach in particular being very much better. I had not been able to eat half a cracker without suffering terrible distress. Now I am entirely cured of dyspepsia, have gained 15 lbs., and do the work for 5 in family." MRS. EMELINE A. BEARSE, Hyannis, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

-THE-

H. R. Barker M'fg Co.

Guarantees this.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD,
Nos. 333 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

MANY TO CHOOSE FROM.

Lawrence Postmaster Race Is Not Yet Ended.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Quite an active contest is going on over the Lawrence postmastership, which will become vacant in the course of a few days.

The candidates for the place are D. F. Kelly, D. F. Dolan, C. T. Briggs, Jr., John C Sanborn, D. F. McCarthy, J. J. Donovan, ex-Postmaster Patrick Murphy and J. J. Murray.

Representative Stevens has not yet decided whom he will select for the place, but expects to make his recommendation to the postmaster general in the course of a few days.

Mr. Stevens declines to discuss the various candidates to give any intimation as to their chances.

Just Remember This.

One minute before trains pull out of the Union station, in Boston, the big iron gates, through which a person passes from the depot proper to the train shed, are closed. You can storm and threaten, but the gateman must obey orders.

Physicians Registration Act.

The law providing for the registration of doctors takes effect in 1895. By January of next year all physicians who are qualified under the statute must be registered. Graduation from a college of repute or three years' practice. This and a successful examination is the only means of securing the legal right to practice medicine. This law will cut off many who have been doctoring as specialists for years together with a lot of faith curists, christian scientists and others.

M. J. Landers of Harvard Medical school is taking a summer course in surgery at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.

Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Tan Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,
Central and Middle Streets.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.
10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.
5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.
Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is new made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S ∴ CASH ∴ GROCERY,
New No. 140 Corham St.

You must eat SOMETHING and it is simply a question of WHAT and WHERE to get it. The question is answered by

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor

FRANCIS W. QUA.
No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A nice location for a doctor or light professional business. Inquire at THE SUN office.

A TICKET TO THE BEACH FREE.

Any one making a Cash Purchase at our store to the amount of $15 will be given a Railroad Ticket to Lynn Beach FREE, good July 21st, on any train during the day. Make your purchase now and go at our expense.

This is Refrigerator weather, and those who have not already bought will do well to call on us.

Baby Carriages so low that all can afford to buy.

Straw Matting away down.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,
New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

WARM WEATHER SUPPLIES.

FOOTWEAR.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's White Canvas Shoes of Every Description.

TENNIS SHOES,

Canvas, Tan and Black; Russet Goat and Russia Leather; all at Reduced Prices.

Rubber Co.'s Tennis Shoes.

Black, White, and Striped.

Boys' and Youths' Red Rubber Soled, Tennis Oxfords,

Toilet Slippers and low shoes for old and young. Comfort Shoes for ladies and gentlemen. Our large stock has everything in Shoes. Visit our store for your wants and save yourself time and worry,

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall

THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

CHOICE CUTS OF

FRESH SALMON, 20c.

SPRING LAMB,

LEG 20c., FOREQUARTER 10c

—AT—

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

The Circus Has Gone

But There is Enough of That

Fine Claret

Left At

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Near Palmer St. - Telephone 452-3.

LOWELL LAGER by the case. Call and get our Wine circular.

J. M. KINGSBURY,
No. 373 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM.
182 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
Room 1, Shattuck's New Block,
Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing
Of all kinds. Telephone 39-5. Prescott Street
Lowell, Mass.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

W. H. DAVIS,

Merchant Tailor,

Has a Large Assortment of

Nice Cloths,
Clay Diagonals,
Scotch Suitings, etc.

W. H. DAVIS,
50 CENTRAL ST.

H. M. BOLTON,
139 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

W. A. LEW.
49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE.
No. 9 Merrimack Street.
Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

EDWARD CAWLEY,
Office, 131 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal
of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Sun Rises......4 15 | Moon Sets....10 30 pm
Sun Sets.......7 21 | Full Sea { ..2 15 am / ..2 45 pm
Length of Day..15 06 |

Forecast for New England: Local rains and thunder storms, followed by clearing weather; cooler and fair tonight; south winds, shifting to north.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

It will cost $20,000 to hold a special election on the Meigs bill.

Miss Luttie M. Harmon has gone to Old Orchard and Saco, Me.

Mrs. A. M. Briggs has returned from a long visit in California and Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Chandler has accepted a position as book-keeper for S. P. Pike.

Mr. Runels has 30 men at work cutting the stone for the curbing of city hall lot.

Hugh Duffy was the first player in the big league to make his 100th hit this season.

Mrs. Hedvig Lovejoy sailed today for a three months' visit to her former home in Sweden.

Services were held in all the Catholic churches last evening, it being the First Friday of the month.

It is said that Mitchell Adams of Ward Four will be a candidate for alderman on the republican ticket.

Rev. E. E. Thomas of Castleton, New York, preaches at the John Street church at 10.30 a. m. tomorrow.

The Xaverian Brothers will open a school in Worcester. The school is in Monsignor Griffins' parish.

According to the notice posted the polls will open at 7 a. m. and close at 4 p. m., in the special election in Ward Six July 17th.

For "odd jobs" we have varnish, stains, ready mixed paints in all colors. Do your own jobbing. A. L. Kittredge & Co. will furnish you these lines of goods on demand.

The First Corps of Cadets went into camp today, Corp. Thomas Talbot and Privates Victor I. Cumnock and J. P. Battles of this city marched into camp with the corps.

All the large stores in the city were closed last evening, according to the custom adopted each year, of closing the stores on Friday evenings during the summer months.

Walter Parks, living on D street, was injured by a pile of lumber falling on him last night. A number of buildings are in progress of construction here and the Parks boy and several companions were playing about the lumber.

The Saturday half holiday has now become an established summer institution. It is so satisfactory that many people would like to see it prevail throughout the year. This perhaps, is one of the early reforms of the future.—Globe.

The last productions of the opera "Said Pasha" were given today. Monday "The Mascot,"·Aubran's tuneful and favorite opera will be put on, and judging from the fine rehearsals already held it will be an excellent performance.

The annual picnic of the Unitarian society was held at Willow Dale yesterday and was attended by about 100 people. Those present enjoyed themselves about the grove and in the dance hall, where the Union orchestra furnished music for dancing.

The following officers of Lowell Encampment, I. O. O. F., were publicly installed Thursday evening: Chief Patriarch, John Hodge; Senior Warden, Charles Wilson; and Junior Warden, George H. Frye. After the exercises supper was served in the banquet hall.

The Lowell Trust company has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent. to stockholders of record June 30th. Same will be paid by check July 14th. Besides this, an amount equal to two per cent. has been added to the surplus account of the bank.

There will be a gospel, temperance and no license rally at the Worthen Street Baptist church, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, addressed by Rev. E. T. Curnick, H. H. Warner and others under the auspices of Eastern Middlesex District lodge, I. O. G. T. All are invited to attend.

An election of lieutenant in Co.M, Ninth Regiment, will soon occur. Lieut. McNulty will probably be promoted to first lieutenant. The candidates for second lieutenant are First Sergt. Joseph Gillow and Third Sergeant George Wilson, the latter at one time lieutenant in the Mechanic Phalanx.

Mr S. St. Onge, formerly of this city, the manager of J. L. Chalifoux's store in Birmingham, Ala, is on his way to this city. He will stop at Toledo, Ohio, to visit Denis Long. He will then join his children here. Mr. St. Onge is about to start in business for himself in Providence, R. I. His absence will be regretted by his many friends of Birmingham, Ala., who wish him success in all his undertakings.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Society of St. Paul's church was held yesterday when the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. W. H. Lincoln; vice presidents, Mrs. Emulus Thompson, Mrs. Isaac Allard, Mrs. Fred Morrison, Mrs. Sam Arnold, Mrs.W. D. Brown; secretary, Mrs. J. T. Savage; treasurer, Miss Martha Bradley; committee to solicit members, Miss Eliza Holgate; managers, Miss Carrie E. Bacheller, Mrs. Jas. Murphy, Mrs. S. T. Brown, Miss Helena Fielding, Mrs. J. E. Turner, Mrs. J. Clark Glidden, Mrs. William Holgate, Mrs. Chas. Young, Mrs. Dixon; flower committee, Miss Annie Mosher, Miss Lillian Winn, Miss Lilly Keniston, Miss Mabel Chase, Miss Florence Hartshorn, Miss May Mowatt, Miss Ida Scarlett and Mrs. C. S. Mansur.

No Cause for Alarm.

The fourth company of the Boys' Brigade of the Worthen Street M. E. church marched down town this morning to take the cars for the Fowler farm in Middlesex village. As they marched along to the sound of the drum people asked if there was a strike in Lowell and had the troops been called out.

The Plumbers' Union.

The following officers have been elected for the Master Plumbers' association: Thomas Costello, president; Stephen H. Jones, secretary; Charles H. Hobson, secretary; Peter F. Conaton, treasurer. The following firms are members of the association: T. Costello & Co., S. H. Jones, the H. R. Barker Manufacturing Co., Farrell & Conaton, D. H. Wilson & Co., Drury & Green, H. H. Wilder & Co., Scott & O'Day, Desmaris Brothers, J. H. Cooker, W. F. Epwright, John H. Barry, A. C. Ladd, E. A. Nichols, W. McLarney & Co., James Caddell and J. W. Stewart.

DuCohn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

If nervous, try Old Hundred cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fred F. Evans is going to Weirs, N. H., in about ten days.

The Middlesex mills will shut down the 21st for a short time.

Rev. Eldridge Mix, D. D., of Worcester, will preach at the Kirk street church.

The valuation of new buildings by the assessors since May 1 will equal $75,000.

Rev. R. Wilson of Providence, will preach at the Berean church, Moore street.

Mrs. Caleb L. Smith and family have gone to York beach for the month of July.

Court Gen. Butler, A. O. F., had its newly elected officers installed last night.

The altar boys of St. Patrick's church will enjoy an outing in Methuen next Wednesday.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

The Westminster Presbyterian church pulpit will be supplied by Rev. J. C. Bryan of Pittsburg, Pa.

A civil service examination for applicants for clerkships in the post office will be held some time next month.

The Universalist churches will unite tomorrow with the First church and Rev. G. L. Perin, D. D., will preach.

The Hosford Square bicycle club will have a run to Lynn tomorrow leaving Hosford square at 7.30 a. m.

P. J. Hoar, attorney-at-law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner of Palmer street.

A true, life like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

The condition of Dr L. J. Martel, of Lewiston who is suffering from an attack of blood poisoning, is much improved. He is considered entirely out of danger.

Ladd & Whitney circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., will hold a lawn party July 17th, at the residence of Mrs. O. C. Johnson corner of Wannalancit and Oliver streets.

Lowell lodge, I. O. O. F., had its new officers installed by D. D. G. M., Leo Miller, assisted by Allen Buckminster as grand marshal, F. C. Cragle, grand guide and Fred Silver, grand warden, last night.

George E. Hooper who was in business in 1886 where Robertson Bros. now keep on Central street, has returned to Lowell after eight years in Colorado. He is enthusiastic over the western country. He will return in September.

Rev. Smith Baker will deliver the charge to the pastor at the installation of Rev. Dr. Heath, over the North Congregational church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., next Tuesday, and then go to the Christian Endeavor convention at Cleveland, O.

Contractor Barton is pushing the work on the foundation for the East Merrimack street bridge. Work is kept up at night for then the Concord river is low, the water from the canals being shut off. In driving piles for the foundation a ledge is struck at a depth of twenty feet.

Jewett & Swift received word yesterday that no shipments of beef had been made from Chicago yesterday, and that no livestock had been received. The wholesale price of beef remains about the same as it has been for two or three days, but the supply in this city is gradually becoming exhausted.

The harp upon which Miss Annie Frank Libby played at the Highland club, Wednesday evening, is one of the finest in the country, and was one of the exhibition of harps at the World's fair. It was brought to this country by Paderewski himself, and was made by the greatest firm of instrument makers in Europe. Miss Libby is a harpist who fills engagements the entire season. She is the guest of her brother, Paymaster Libby of the Shaw hosiery.

The Fourth of July is over and nearly every merchant has the "blues" over the slim holiday trade. One merchant is bound to make people happy. Wm. Wade, 23 Merrimack street, two doors below the post office, is offering bargains in boots and shoes, so remarkable that competition is out of the question. What do you think of ladies' button boots at 25 cents a pair? and other goods at corresponding prices. Do not think of trading elsewhere until you call at Wade's, 23 Merrimack street.

Mr. Joseph F. Wiggin and Mr. Wm. H. Barker of Boston, with Mr. L. Roger Wentworth of Somerville, have been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Middlesex as commissioners to sell the Samuel Welsh estate, No. 356 Parker street, between Stevens and Pine streets; and next Wednesday afternoon promptly at 3 o'clock, rain or shine, J. E. Conant & Co. will strike it off to the highest bidder. There's a modern 2½ story house of 10 rooms, stable and one acre of land.

The land upon which the Ladd and Whitney monument and the statue of Victory stand was sold to the city of Lowell, June 12, 1846, by the Merrimack company and the proprietors of the locks and canals for $1. It was provided that the land should be forever maintained as a public square, neatly enclosed and fenced and ornamented with shade trees. It is said that the opponents of the removal of the statue of Victory are claiming that the city council has not the authority to delegate its power in the discontinuance of a public street or square.

The alleged failure to report "speak easy" drug stores is said to have caused some members of the police department to be criticized by superior officers.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Has No Authority.

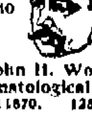
City Solicitor Hogan, so it is said, believes that the city hall commission has no authority to make the proposed changes at Monument square. Should the enclosure be removed it follows that the place will undoubtedly be paved as a street, and hence, it seems, that the power to make the proposed changes is vested in the city council.

Some Big Attachments.

Among the new entries on the attachment book at the registry of deeds are the following: Rev. C. J. Wigren vs. F. O. Townsend, the driver of hook and ladder No. 3, Palmer street, for $20,000. This is the outcome of the accident in Merrimack square some weeks ago. George S. Campbell vs. Hattie Guthrie for $2000; Honora O'Brien, Catharine M. Savage and Ellen T. O'Hearn vs. Mary E. and Daniel J. Manning for $5000; M. A. Smith vs. George A. Murphy for $800; Robert Daley vs. Elmon B. Rose for $3800; M. A. Smith vs. Thomas E. Ward et al. for $800; M. A. Smith vs. John Welch et als. for $800.

A Little "Beauty" Book

150 pages on skin and scalp, care of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of moles, wrinkles, pimples, superfluous hair, eczema and all skin blemishes. In short the result of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin. Price 10c. mailed.



WHO IS IT?

John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, Established 1870. 128 W. 42d St., N.Y.

MORE INSURANCE FACTS.

AN INSURER PROPOUNDS SOME KNOTTY QUESTIONS.

Broadside at the Insurance Companies' Answer to THE SUN'S Recent Article on Co-Insurance and Its Serious Defects.

The recent article in THE SUN on the co-insurance plan of fire insurance companies and the answer of the companies to that article published in yesterday's SUN has attracted considerable attention. The following letter is of considerable interest in relation to the same subject.

Mr. Editor: THE SUN of yesterday published an article on the co-insurance clause in insurance policies, which, from the quotation marks used may be presumed to have contained the exact language of the company on this point. A close perusal of the article, however, and a little reflection will give rise to a reasonable doubt that the explanation makes the term very much clearer. For instance, to quote from the article, "Full co-insurance means that the assured must keep his property insured for its full value, or he must be a co-insurer to the extent of the deficit." Suppose he does insure for full value in one company, does this satisfy the provision? and will he get the full face value of his policy in case of total loss? If that is so then the co insurance clause is conditional and upon compliance with its terms, namely: insurance for full value, even though the risk be entirely in one company, the clause loses its force altogether. In such a case will there be any occasion for arbitration? In other words if a man insures a building worth, when the policy is taken, $5000 for $10,000 will he get the $10,000 because he was careful to insure for full value? Suppose he has a sixty, seventy or eighty per cent co-insurance clause will he get even $6000, $7000 or $8000 in case of total loss? He has paid premiums on $10,000 with the consent of the company who want him to increase the amount. Is it not true, rather that he will get 60, 70 or 80 per cent. of the actual value estimated after the fire by two appraisers who, as a rule, never saw the building?

Again to quote, "If his property is worth $10,000 and he has but $8000 insurance he becomes a co-insurer for $2000 and contributes his proportion in case of partial loss. In event of total loss he collects full insurance."

Consider the ambiguous terms in this provision, property worth $10,000, when, at the time when the policy is taken out, or at the time of loss? Determined by whom? the assessors who often undervalue property, or by two appraisers who determine its value after it has ceased to be?

Again, "In event of total loss he collects the full insurance. Does fire insurance mean the face value of the policy, or the actual cash value of the building at the time of fire?"

Let some insurance agent answer these questions as he does business and I am inclined to think that property owners will marvel more than ever where they are at.

AN INSURER.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Bro. Isadore of Baltimore is spending the vacation at the home of the Xaverian Brothers on Varney street.

Rev. O. H. Denney and Mrs. Denney of the Mt. Vernon church, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Pratt at Squirrel island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Smith will enjoy a month's rest at Fryeburg, Me.

Mr. Charles F. Wolcott goes to Newport, Vt., next week.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, P. R., of St. Patrick's church, and Rev. Wm. O'Brien, pastor of St. Michael's church, sailed today for Europe, and will be gone for several weeks.

Miss Eliza McDaniels, Miss Charlotte McDaniels, Miss Lucy Nesmith and the Misses Hastings are at Kennebunkport.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hobson left today for Bay View, Gloucester.

Miss Mollie Raynes of Sherman street has gone to Truro, Me.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, Co. C. B. Rogers, Col. J. W. Deffenbough and J. W. Leroux of the Maryland state normal board, visited Lowell yesterday, and were shown over the municipal buildings by Supt. Bray and Clerk Kidder of the lands and buildings department.

Rev. J. O. Campbell has gone to western Pennsylvania for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stanley left today on a ten days' vacation which will be spent at Marblehead.

Mr. Forrest Connor is summering at Keene, N. H.

Miss Abbie Smith and Miss Nellie Sullivan of the Bon Marche millinery department start this evening on a four weeks' vacation.

Miss Helen E. Ryan of Waterbury is visiting her sisters in this city.

J. E. SHANLEY & CO.

The Mystery Solved at Last—We Remain In Our Present Quarters a Few Weeks Longer.

We have kept our word with the public. We have conducted a bona fide sale from the beginning, although we somewhat mystified you as to our future business intentions. There were many doubtful and skeptical, as to the honesty and reality of our advertisements, thinking it perhaps a catch penny sale, like all of the others. But to all such and to the general public we are pleased to announce that we have leased the new Odd Fellows' block, Nos. 158, and 160 Merrimack street which we expect to occupy about August 1st. But in the mean time we shall hold a second sale. A grand removal sale. Everything must be cleaned out, as our stay is short. Space will not admit of only a few quotations: spool cotton, 2c spool, silk 8c, lining cambric 3 1-2c, best English silesia 12½ cents, velvetine binding 4c a yard, dress braid 3c a yard, best 37½c French satines 19c, best 37½c Organdies beauties only 19c, black and blue storm serge 46 inches wide, 75c quality, only 56 cents, wrappers, shirt waists, corsets, gloves, hosiery, silk mits, laces and parasols, will be closed out with a grand rush, as we are determined not to take any goods with us. Be on hand Monday morning. Sale commences at 8 o'clock sharp.

J. E. SHANLEY & CO.,
Merrimack street,
Removal sale.

The Xaverian Bros.' house on Varney street has had a story added to afford more accommodations. Six rooms and a hall are added. The exterior has been painted and it is a fine looking building now.

Mrs. A. Mireault and her daughter Lauretta, and son Ferdinand, left this morning for Prince Edwards' Island. They will be gone until October.

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated nappies and platters with a pound of our high grade tea. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

Louis Alexander,

formerly of Fifth avenue, New York, successor to Erickson, tailor, 61 Central street, has received the latest novelties in foreign and domestic suitings, coatings, and trouserings, for summer wear.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. H. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 90-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THOROUGHLY WHIPPED.

Dick O'Brien Unable to Stand the Punches From Walcott's Fists.

BOSTON, July 7.—Lovers of the courageous man, as shown by prowess in the squared circle, haven't seen such a satisfying battle in this city in years as that of last night between Dick O'Brien and Joe Walcott.

It was a corking battle from the first call of time until, frustrated at every point, outpointed, disfigured, nonplussed and a thoroughly beaten man, O'Brien fell on his face and succumbed. He didn't quit and he wasn't knocked out in the ordinary sense of the word. He was punched out. Hammered so hard that he dropped from sheer exhaustion and lost consciousness.

Walcott proved the wonder that his friends have always claimed him to be, but which has been denied by many on the score of his gameness. Despite the many blows of his adversary, he fought on with all the desperation of the gamest of white men. He had a terrific battle from the start, and unless the possessor of a stout heart would surely succumb to the blows which O'Brien landed time and again on his face and jaw.

O'Brien took a terrible punching, his jaw, eyes and body showing the awfully telling blows from the negro. Walcott did not bear a mark, but doubtless his body will be sore for many a day, for O'Brien's right hand was sent there innumerable times.

It was a peculiar fight. First one would have an advantage, and then the tide would change and his opponent, who a minute before seemed to be rapidly growing groggy, would suddenly make a dying effort, and his friends would cheer, for it looked then as though he would end the fight.

The lads were in grand condition, and no fault could be found with either man, for they plainly showed that they had trained most faithfully. The darky looked like the diminutive giant in picture books, the muscles of his black body standing out like whipcords, while O'Brien, standing a foot over him, surely looked as though he would be an easy winner, if size counted for anything. O'Brien was favored by the speculators.

Waives All Rights.

NEW YORK, July 7. Eva L. Mann who figured as the wife of Robert Ray Hamilton, gave a quit claim deed yesterday to Edmund L. Baylies and Gilbert M. Spair, representing the Hamilton estate, yielding all her rights to the estate for the sum of $10,000. The deed contains a clause by which she agrees not to prosecute any appeal or assert any claim as the widow of the late Robert Ray Hamilton.

Kelly Army Stranded.

VANCEBURG, Ky., July 7.—General Kelly and his army of commonwealers are stranded at Moose Landing, 10 miles above here, where they were left by the captain of the towboat Connell. Twenty refused to give up possession of the barge and the captain concluded to call the assistance of the United States marshal. The army is foraging off the farmers and causing great uneasiness among them.

Hyannis, Mass.

A Complete Wreck

Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Malaria Distress in the Stomach.

Good Reason For a High Opinion of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I am willing my statement of the benefit I have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla shall be printed for the good of others. I think I was a complete wreck, as I was suffering from rheumatism, malaria, and had a severe attack of the grip. Before I had used the whole of one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a decided improvement: my stomach in particular being very much better. I had not been able to eat half a cracker without suffering terrible distress. Now I am entirely cured of dyspepsia, have gained 15 lbs., and do the work for 6 in family." MRS. EMELINE A. BEARSE, Hyannis, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

-THE-

H. R. Barker M'f'g Co.

Guarantees this.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 329 to 345 Central St

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.

Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Ten Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

NEW BUTTER.

20 lb. Tubs - - - 18c. lb.
10 lb. Tubs - - - 19c. lb.
5 lb. Tubs - - - 20c. lb.
Fancy Creamery Prints, 22c. lb.

The Butter is new made and warranted strictly pure. We DON'T sell any oleo or butterine. Come now before it gets higher.

FARLEY'S :. CASH :. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

You must eat SOMETHING and it is simply a question of WHAT and WHERE to get it. The question is answered by

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 190 Middlesex St. New No. 465.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH..............Proprietor

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

MANY TO CHOOSE FROM.

Lawrence Postmaster Race Is Not Yet Ended.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Quite an active contest is going on over the Lawrence postmastership, which will become vacant in the course of a few days.

The candidates for the place are D. F. Kelly, D. F. Dolan, C. T. Briggs, Jr., John C. Sanborn, D. F. McCarthy, J. J. Donovan, ex-Postmaster Patrick Murphy and J. J. Murray.

Representative Stevens has not yet decided whom he will select for the place, but expects to make his recommendation to the postmaster general in the course of a few days.

Mr. Stevens declines to discuss the various candidates to give any intimation as to their chances.

Just Remember This.

One minute before trains pull out of the Union station, in Boston, the big iron gates, through which a person passes from the depot proper to the train shed, are closed. You can storm and threaten, but the gateman must obey orders.

Physicians Registration Act.

The law providing for the registration of doctors takes effect in 1895. By January of next year all physicians who are qualified under the statute must be registered. Graduation from a college of repute or three years' practice. This and a successful examination is the only means of securing the legal right to practice medicine. This law will cut off many who have been doctoring as specialists for years together with a lot of faith curists, christian scientists and others.

M. J. Landers of Harvard Medical school is taking a summer course in surgery at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston.

OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A nice location for a doctor or light professional business. Inquire at THE SUN office.

A TICKET TO THE BEACH FREE.

Any one making a Cash Purchase at our store to the amount of $15 will be given a Railroad Ticket to Lynn Beach FREE, good July 21st, on any train during the day. Make your purchase now and go at our expense.

This is Refrigerator weather, and those who have not already bought will do well to call on us.

Baby Carriages so low that all can afford to buy.

Straw Matting away down.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number. 35 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

WARM WEATHER SUPPLIES.

FOOTWEAR.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's White Canvas Shoes of Every Description.

TENNIS SHOES,

Canvas, Tan and Black; Russet Goat and Russia Leather; all at Reduced Prices.

Rubber Co.'s Tennis Shoes.

Black, White, and Striped.

Boys' and Youths' Red Rubber Soled, Tennis Oxfords,

Toilet Slippers and low shoes for old and young. Comfort Shoes for ladies and gentlemen. Our large stock has everything in Shoes. Visit our store for your wants and save yourself time and worry,

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall

THE POLAR REFRIGERATOR

Is the best. As a preserver of food it has no superior, and for economy of ice it has no equal. We have been the agents for these goods in Lowell for the past five years and can recommend them to our customers as perfect and sure to give satisfaction in every respect. Do not buy a Refrigerator or Ice Chest till you have examined our line. We can sell you anything you need in the housefurnishing line at prices that will convince you that you can save money by trading with us. Look our stock over before you purchase.

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

CHOICE CUTS OF

FRESH SALMON, 20c.

SPRING LAMB,

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